THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A. D. [illegible] n Franklin

March/April '95

Working Mom Reba McEntire

Robert Schuller: "How I Pray"

Dr. Denis Burkitt: A Passion for Preventing Disease

Easter Lore

Healing Power of Gardens

Exercise vs. Aging

Letters from Jack London

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promote the good health of our readers. Of course, we also want you to enjoy reading, laugh at our cartoons and humor, play our games, answer our quizzes, stay updated on medical discoveries, and seek help for your personal health problems.

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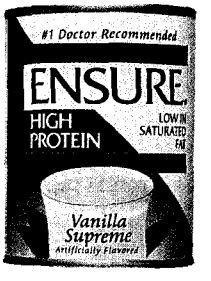

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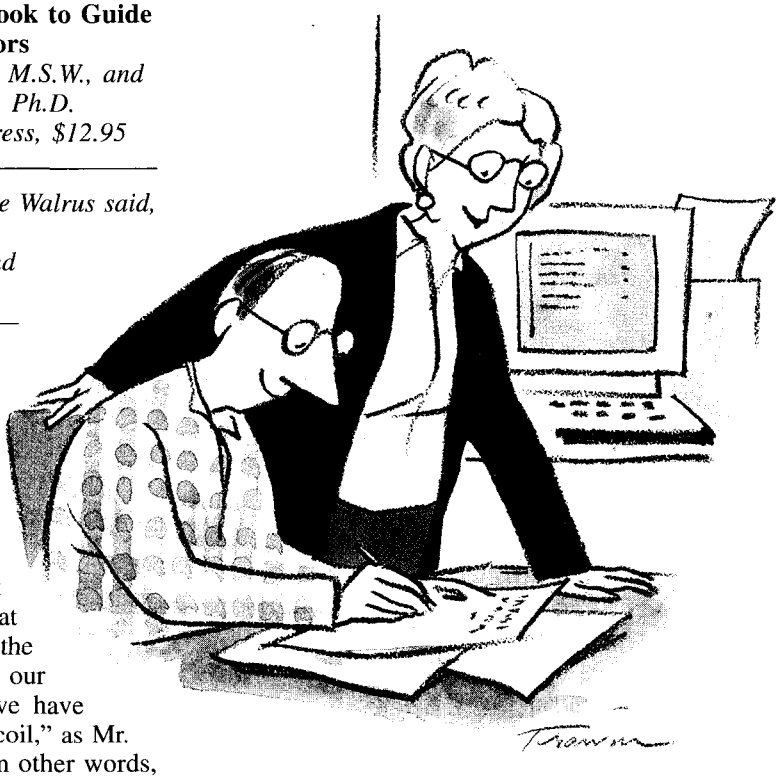
POST BOOK SHELF

BEFORE YOU GO...

"Here today and gone tomorrow" is no idle quote. Tomorrow is definitely not the ideal time to take care of those final wishes.

Illustrated by Don Trawin

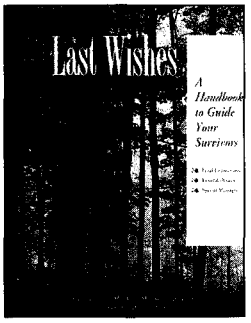
Last Wishes: A Handbook to Guide Your Survivors
by Lucinda Page Knox, M.S.W., and Michael D. Knox, Ph.D.
160 pages, Ulysses Press, $12.95



"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and
sealing wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is
boiling hot—
And what to do before
the fat lady sings."

This may not be an exact quote from Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, but it's close enough. It will at least serve to introduce the solemn subject of getting our affairs in order before we have "shuffled off this mortal coil," as Mr. Shakespeare phrased it. In other words, before we *die*, if I may be so blunt.

First, should you shuffle off tomorrow (heaven forbid), could your survivors locate your will? We are assuming, of course, that you have made out a will and not left your survivors to battle over every buck.



Second, could they also lay their hands readily upon documents necessary for preparing an accurate and detailed obituary? The embellishments they might add to your journey through life could have you turning in your grave. Also, if you preferred to be buried in your 1924 Stutz Bearcat and you left nothing in writing, chances are you would end up in plain old terra firma.

How about the no small matter of addresses and phone numbers of your friends, the organizations you belong to, your life insurance policies, your organ donation wishes, or a summary of your assets?

Taking time to put these concerns on paper, and putting the paper where it can easily be found, will spare your relatives the painful (depending, of course, on the total of your assets summarization) decisions about funeral and burial details.

A common observation at many funerals is that he or she "wouldn't have wanted it that way." Unfortunately, there's not a heck of a lot he or she can do about it at that stage of life's little game. As Moliere wrote, "We only die once, and for such a long time."

And how about your wishes on life-sustaining procedures in the event of a terminal condition? I know what you're thinking; we are *all* in a terminal condition. But some conditions are more terminal than others. Or are you planning to heed the observation of Somerset Maugham, who said, "Death is a very dull, dreary affair, and my advice to you is to have nothing to do with it"?

Then what about your life insurance policies, checking accounts, name and address of your bank (or banks), account numbers, location of your bank book? The same for savings account or certificates of deposit. Investment or brokerage accounts. Location of stocks, bonds, mutual funds, or real estate records. How about debts owed to you, debts (heaven forbid again) you may owe? Credit card accounts? Income tax returns; your preparer and his or her address? Do you have "frequent flier" miles left over—which you won't be needing now, thanks to the wings you'll be sprouting of your very own (we hope)? Some airlines allow you to bequeath those miles to your spouse, or to another close relative.

Finally, don't put off to the last minute that special message you may want to leave to family members and friends. The last minute may leave your hand shaky to the point where a specialist in hieroglyphics or a doctor who writes prescriptions has to be called in to translate your scrawlings.

You have surely heard the story of the uncle who wrote, "I have promised my nephew, Bill, that I would mention him in my will. So hello, Bill."

Whether your messages are that succinct or more involved, right now, today, this very minute, would not be too early to put those thoughts on paper and then put the paper with the other important documents where your

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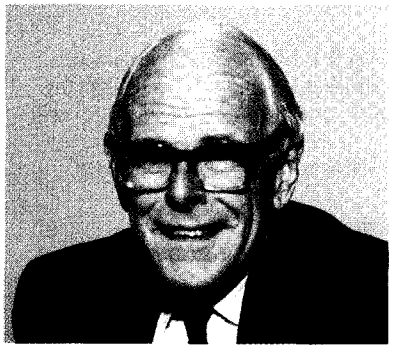
Reba McEntire—is riding the crest of popularity in lead roles as favorite female country vocalist, Annie Oakley, and plain old mom. **38**

Home is Where the "Art" is—as *Post* cover illustrators depict those oh-so-familiar family situations. **58**



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(Cover photograph by Jonathan Exley)

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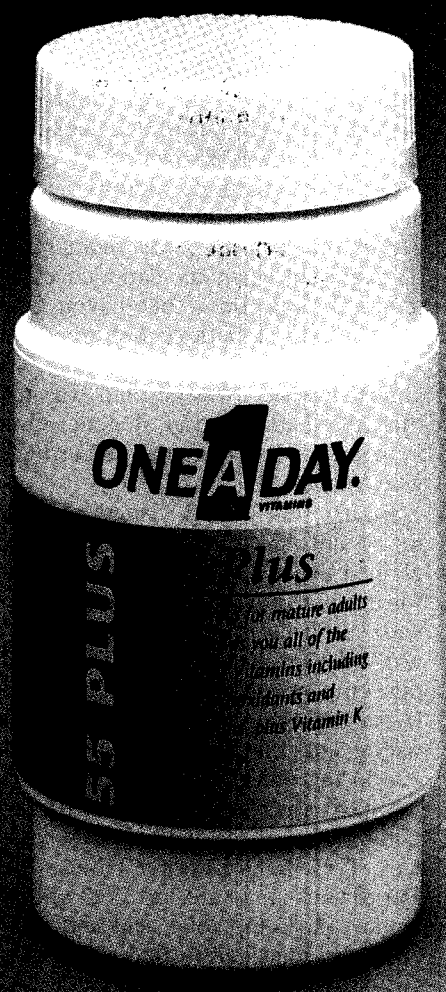

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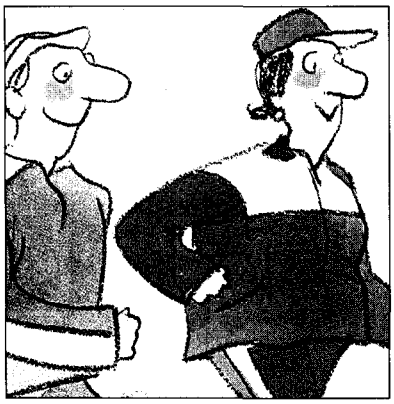

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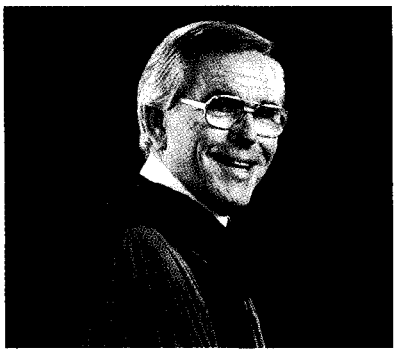

A Personal Look at Prayer—Dr. Robert Schuller discusses how he prays and why he believes in it. **36**

Letters

B_{12} All You Can B_{12}!

I am writing to thank you for the interesting reports which appeared in the July/August '94 edition of *The Saturday Evening Post*. My interest stems from the fact that B_{12} deficiency is an inherited disorder in my family and in the late 1950s/early 1960s, a research project was carried out by a London medical school.

My grandmother was 49 years old when she commenced vitamin B_{12} injections in 1949—she was admitted to the hospital with suspected leukemia. (Her mother was known to have suffered badly with pernicious anemia and subsequently died in 1941 of cancer of the stomach.) My mother was 63 years old when she commenced vitamin B_{12} injections, but having read your article, I believe her treatment was started *too late*. At the time, she almost lost her eyesight and was told that she had macular degeneration. Perhaps she had a retinal hemorrhage; who knows?

Earlier this year, I visited my doctor (I am 46 years of age) and explained that I felt very tired and asked for a blood test to establish whether I was suffering from B_{12} deficiency. I was told I was much too young and that only people in their 80s suffered B_{12} deficiency. I told him he was wrong and that research was carried out on my family 30-odd years ago.

I have always believed that prevention is better than cure. I now know why I crave Kellogg's Honey Nut Cornflakes—they are fortified with vitamins, including folic acid and B_{12}! I have also managed to find supplementary vitamins, which also contain folic acid and B_{12}. If foods are fortified with added vitamins, as you suggest in your article, then B_{12} deficiency and the chronic ill health associated with it should be consigned to the past.

Once again, thank you for your most interesting article.

Maureen A. Blows
Kent, England

Best Friend Lost

As my husband had been suffering with emphysema for a number of years, your article, "Breakthrough for Emphysema Patients" in the Nov./Dec. 1994 issue about Dr. Cooper and his lung volume reduction surgery, was of great interest to us.

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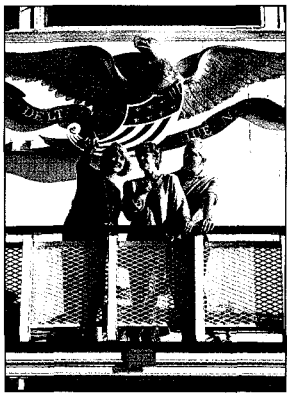

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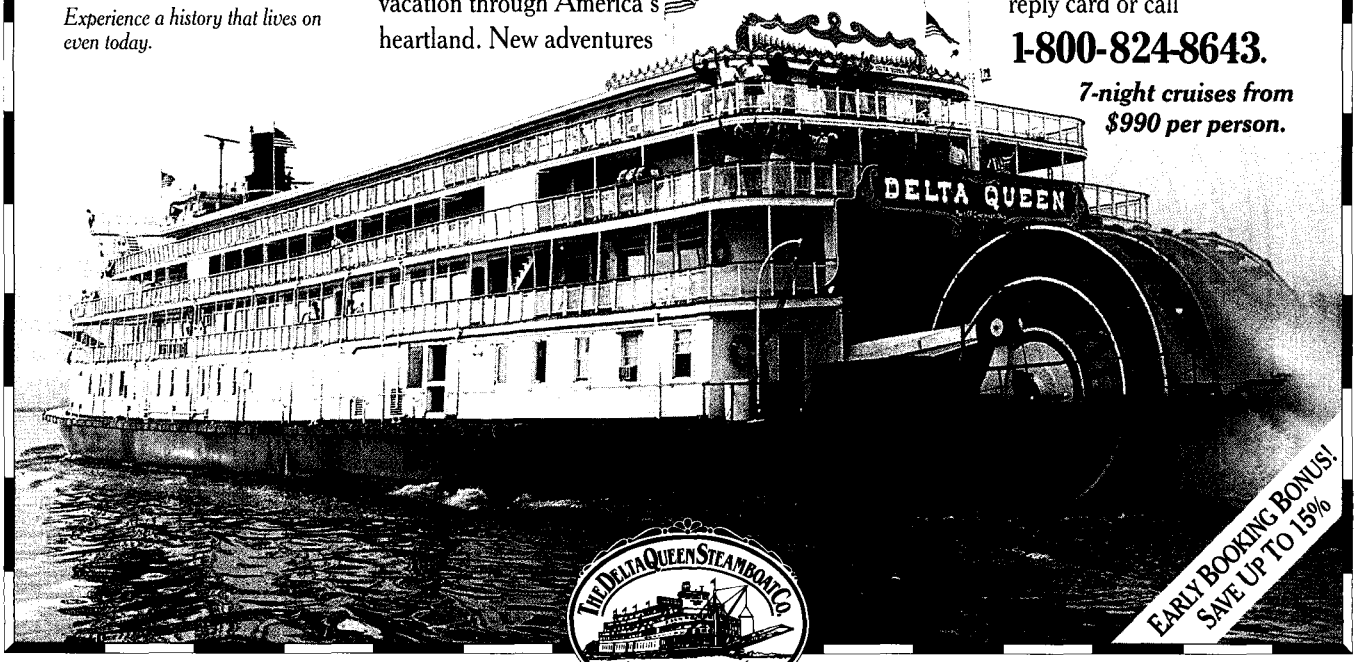

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We showed the article to our pulmonary doctor, and he in turn got in touch with a thoracic surgeon.

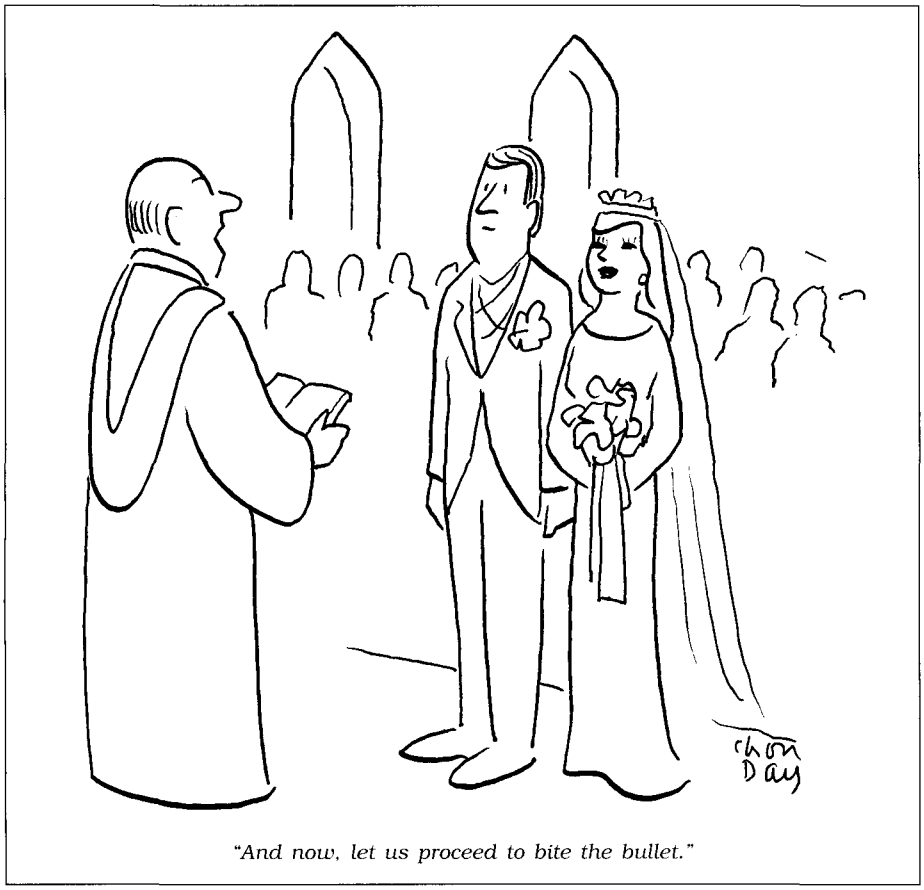
Without any preparation, my husband had this surgery on November 11, never left intensive care, and passed away on November 20. We were married 46 years in October, and I have lost my best friend. We were so optimistic he would have a better life after this surgery.

At this point, I wish we would have contacted Dr. Cooper's office. Had we done so, maybe my husband would be here today with me.

Patricia Williams
Newton, New Jersey

Editor's note: We were sorry to learn of your husband's untimely death. Dr. Cooper sent us this response to your thoughtful letter:

"My sympathies go out to Mrs. Williams and her family for the loss of her husband. In spite of the best preparation, some postoperative complications and deaths will inevitably occur when performing major surgery on patients with severe lung disease. Nonetheless, we have been convinced over the years that a carefully supervised preoperative exercise program can significantly reduce the risks of major surgery. Patients with emphysema may get quite breathless with only minimal exertion, but when exercising under the watchful eye of a trained nurse or physiotherapist, and with constant monitoring of blood oxygen levels, pulse, and blood pressure, the patient will have the confidence to persist longer and push beyond his or her previous limits. Over a period of six to eight weeks, this produces a significant improvement in stamina and overall reserve. We believe this type of preop preparation has been essential through the success we have achieved with our lung transplant program and with the lung volume reduction program. The importance of regular exercise, even for oxygen-dependent patients with emphysema, cannot be overemphasized."



"And now, let us proceed to bite the bullet."

Behavior a Factor in Being HIV Positive

I don't know how many times I've seen the words "AIDS doesn't discriminate" on my TV or in the newspaper.

Each time I hear it, I grimace. Not because AIDS isn't a horrible disease. Not because I think people with the disease deserve it. Not at all.

I grimace because it's one of the most misleading statements I've ever heard. And it's accepted as gospel in the AIDS-is-almost-a-religion community.

If AIDS is so indiscriminate, what are my chances of becoming one more statistic in the latest world-threatening epidemic?

To answer that question, you need to know about my behavior. And that right there should tell you something.

I've never had a homosexual encounter. In fact, the only person with whom I've had sex is my wife—and the first time was on our wedding night.

The same is true of my wife.

It's been said that you sleep with everyone your partner has ever slept with. In my case, that's not much of a list.

I'm also not an intravenous drug user. Heck, aspirin upsets my stomach.

So now, with the blood supply in America clean, how can I possibly get it?

Well, some AIDS activist can throw tainted blood at me. But then again, how often does that happen?

I suppose my doctor or dentist can infect me. But again, other than on TV, how often has it happened? Only in a small handful of cases.

Let's face it: I'm not immune to

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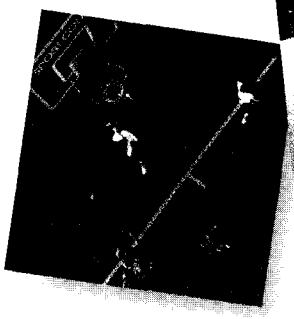

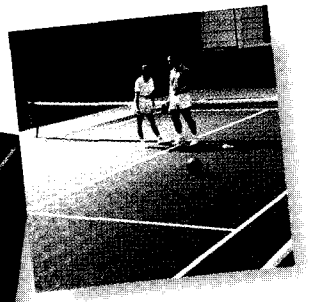

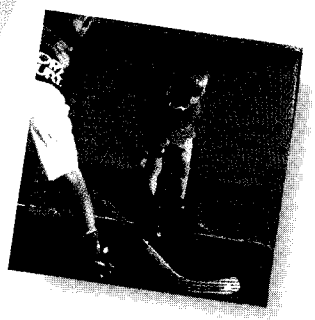

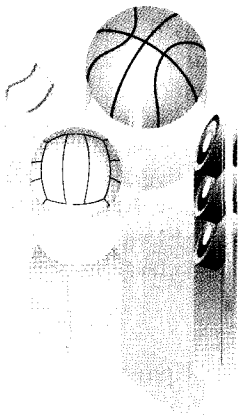

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AIDS, but I'm in no danger of contracting it, either. It's all a matter of behavior. The flu. Now there's an illness that doesn't discriminate.

Since behavior is the biggest factor in becoming HIV positive—not only here, but all across the globe—I can live in peace. But peace is certainly not something associated with the disease.

From San Francisco to New York (but certainly focused in those cities), there are marches for AIDS awareness, education, and research. Fine, but the hype about this deadly disease is so overblown it's unbelievable.

The people barking the loudest about the "lack of attention" the disease has gotten are those most vulnerable to it. And they also happen to be the ones most in power to prevent it.

They want government to continue pouring billions of dollars into stopping something that they can stop tomorrow. But it takes a change in behavior. And, of course, that's free.

There's an entire AIDS-prevention industry. The government has picked up the advertising bill for condoms. Talk about Washington bowing to a special interest group.

So are people with AIDS innocent victims? Are lifelong smokers who have emphysema innocent victims?

Sure, there are a few Ryan Whites around. But please don't use Ryan as a poster boy. He contracted the disease from a blood product transfusion (and hemophiliacs thus infected) and had nothing in common with the vast majority of the people who have AIDS today.

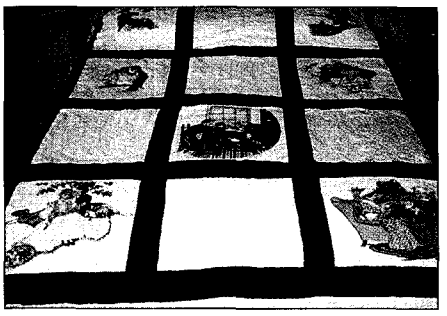
And then there are some children who are born HIV positive because their mothers couldn't control themselves. That's something that burns me to no end. These few children suffer because of parental stupidity.

Sven Christiansen
Indianapolis, Indiana

Rockwell Quilt

My dear 82-year-old mother recently completed a marvelous quilt with a Norman Rockwell theme, entirely sewn by hand. It is Victorian quilting, but includes seven vibrant 18-inch-square pictures of her favorite Rockwell scenes done in counted cross-stitch.

When she started it five years ago, I doubt whether she predicted the year she could finish it, since she is continuously busy with handwork for each of her six adult children and 14 grandchildren. But it just so happens that this incredible work of art is completed in the year of Norman Rockwell's 100th year anniversary, and it is such a thoughtful and beautiful tribute to America's renowned artist.



Rockwell quilt made by 82-year-old Ethel Swets of Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

My mother needs to have a special feeling, a reason for doing what she does before she invests that much time and energy into any project. She chose Norman Rockwell's artwork because he is American, and he makes the ordinary aspects of everyday American life and family values so extraordinarily poignant and alive! Also, she appreciates how he shows that the simple things are often the best things, and they leave us with the richest memories. Is it any wonder that her family feels precisely that way about her!

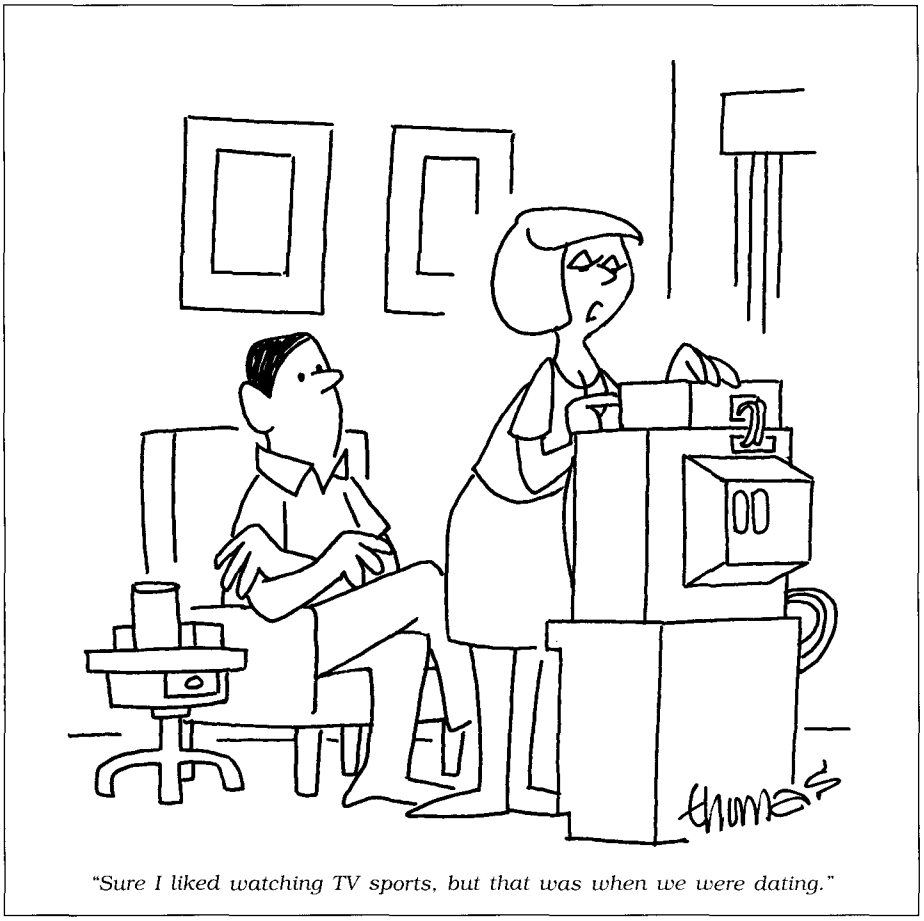
Ethel Swets lives with her devoted husband, the Rev. William Swets, in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida. They celebrate their 58th anniversary in September.

Mary Teasley
Dallas, Texas

Celiac Update Needed!

In 1984, *The Saturday Evening Post* printed an article called "The Girl Who Couldn't Eat Wheat" that is still being circulated among the over 250,000 people in this country who have been diagnosed with the genetic disease of celiac sprue, or gluten intolerance. According to database searches, the subject has not been discussed since your publication. An update is urgently needed!

Once considered a childhood disease, the celiac profile has changed over the past ten years. Many people ages 40 to 50 and even into the 70s are being diagnosed after a lifetime of severe digestive symptoms for which standard drug treatments do not work. These patients are said to have "failed" at treatment, often sent for psychological aid. Well-studied in European countries, celiac is little



"Sure I liked watching TV sports, but that was when we were dating."

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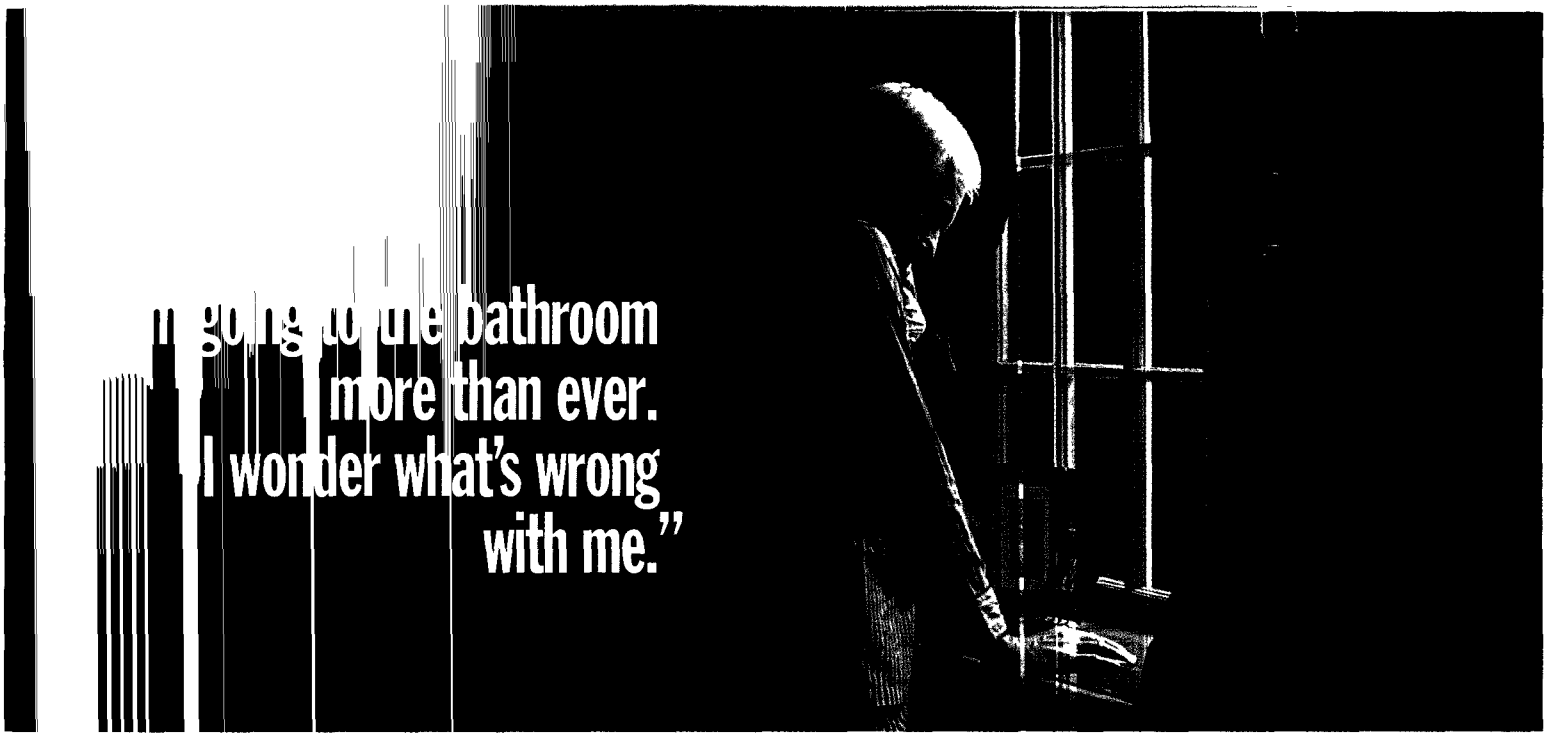
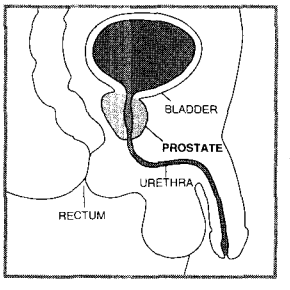


Your urinary symptoms may be caused by a condition called benign prostate enlargement or BPH. BPH is not cancer and does not lead to cancer, although the two conditions can exist at the same time. Remember, only a doctor can evaluate your symptoms and their possible causes.

Is this you?	Yes	No
Do you get up more than once or twice a night to urinate?	☐	☐
Do you often have sudden, uncontrollable urges to urinate?	☐	☐
Do you have a hesitant or slow urine stream?	☐	☐
Do you have a frequent need to urinate?	☐	☐

If you answered yes to even one question, tell your doctor.

Today, symptomatic BPH can be treated by your doctor in several ways. The options are monitoring the condition with regular checkups, surgery, or oral medicines. One oral medicine is PROSCAR, the only prescription medicine for the treatment of symptomatic BPH that can shrink the prostate.



The prostate surrounds part of the urethra, the tube that carries urine from the bladder. As the prostate enlarges, it can squeeze the urethra and cause urinary problems.

PROSCAR works by blocking a hormone that can cause the prostate to enlarge. *But it is important to know: PROSCAR doesn't work for everyone. Although the prostate may shrink, there may not be an improvement in urinary symptoms. However, in clinical studies with PROSCAR, some men have seen an improvement in their urinary symptoms after 2 weeks. Others have found that PROSCAR took up to several months to help them.* Because all men are different, you and your doctor will need to determine how PROSCAR is working for you.

If you have any urinary symptoms, see your family doctor or a urologist soon, and ask about PROSCAR. **For free information to help you discuss your symptoms with your doctor, call 1-800-770-4830.**

For the treatment of symptomatic BPH

PROSCAR® 5mg
(FINASTERIDE)

The only medicine that can shrink the prostate.

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PATIENT INFORMATION ABOUT PROSCAR® (Prahs-car)
Generic name: finasteride (fin-AS-tur-eyed)

PROSCAR is for the treatment of symptomatic benign prostatic hyperplasia and for use by men only.
Your doctor may prescribe PROSCAR if you have a medical condition called benign prostatic hyperplasia or BPH. This occurs only in men.

Please read this information, as well as the leaflet which accompanies your medication, before you start taking PROSCAR. Also, read the leaflet each time you renew your prescription, just in case anything has changed. Remember, this leaflet does not take the place of careful discussions with your doctor. You and your doctor should discuss PROSCAR when you start taking your medication and at regular checkups.

What is BPH?
BPH is an enlargement of the prostate gland. After age 50, most men develop enlarged prostates. The prostate is located below the bladder. As the prostate enlarges, it may slowly restrict the flow of urine. This can lead to symptoms such as:

- a weak or interrupted urinary stream
- a feeling that you cannot empty your bladder completely
- a feeling of delay or hesitation when you start to urinate
- a need to urinate often, especially at night
- a feeling that you must urinate right away.

Treatment options for BPH
There are three main treatment options for BPH:

- **Program of monitoring or "Watchful Waiting".** If a man has an enlarged prostate gland and no symptoms or if his symptoms do not bother him, he and his doctor may decide on a program of monitoring which would include regular checkups, instead of medication or surgery.
- **Medication.** Your doctor may prescribe PROSCAR for BPH. See **"What PROSCAR does"** below.
- **Surgery.** Some patients may need surgery. Your doctor can describe several different surgical procedures for BPH. Which procedure is best depends on your symptoms and medical condition.

What PROSCAR does
PROSCAR lowers levels of a key hormone called DHT (dihydrotestosterone), which is a major cause of prostate growth. Lowering DHT leads to shrinkage of the enlarged prostate gland in most men. This can lead to gradual improvement in urine flow and symptoms over the next several months. However, since each case of BPH is different, you should know that:

- Even though the prostate shrinks, you may NOT see an improvement in urine flow or symptoms.
- You may need to take PROSCAR for six (6) months or more to see whether it helps you.
- Even though you take PROSCAR and it may help you, it is not known whether PROSCAR reduces the need for surgery.

What you need to know while taking PROSCAR

- **You must see your doctor regularly.** While taking PROSCAR, you must have regular checkups. Follow your doctor's advice about when to have these checkups.
- **About side effects.** Like all prescription drugs, PROSCAR may cause side effects. Side effects due to PROSCAR may include impotence (or inability to have an erection) and less desire for sex. Each of these side effects occurred in less than 4% of patients in clinical studies. In some cases side effects went away while the patient continued to take PROSCAR.

  Some men taking PROSCAR may have a decrease in the amount of semen released during sex. This decrease does not appear to interfere with normal sexual function. Rarely, some men have reported breast swelling and/or tenderness or allergic reactions such as lip swelling and rash.

You should discuss side effects with your doctor before taking PROSCAR® (Finasteride) and anytime you think you are having a side effect.

- **Checking for prostate cancer.** Your doctor has prescribed PROSCAR for symptomatic BPH and not for cancer—but a man can have BPH and prostate cancer at the same time. Doctors usually recommend that men be checked for prostate cancer once a year when they turn 50 (or 40 if a family member has had prostate cancer). These checks should continue while you take PROSCAR. PROSCAR is not a treatment for prostate cancer.
- **About prostate specific antigen (PSA).** Your doctor may have done a blood test called PSA. PROSCAR can alter PSA values. For more information, talk to your doctor.
- **A warning about PROSCAR and pregnancy.**

  PROSCAR is for use by MEN only.

  PROSCAR is generally well tolerated in men. However, women who are pregnant, or women who could become pregnant, should avoid the active ingredient in PROSCAR.

  If the active ingredient is absorbed by a woman who is pregnant with a male baby, it may cause the male baby to be born with abnormalities of the sex organs. Therefore, any woman who is pregnant or who could become pregnant must not come into direct contact with the active ingredient in PROSCAR.

Two of the ways in which a woman might absorb the active ingredient in PROSCAR are:

Sexual contact. Your semen may contain a small amount of the active ingredient of the drug. If your partner is pregnant, or if you and your partner decide to have a baby, you must stop taking PROSCAR and talk to your doctor. If your partner could become pregnant, proper use of a condom can reduce the risk of exposing her to your semen (discuss this further with your doctor).

Handling broken tablets. Women who are pregnant or who could become pregnant must not handle broken tablets of PROSCAR.

PROSCAR tablets are coated to prevent contact with the active ingredient during normal handling. If this coating is broken, the tablets should not be handled by women who are pregnant or who could become pregnant.

If a woman who is pregnant comes into contact with the active ingredient in PROSCAR, a doctor should be consulted. Remember, these warnings apply only if the woman exposed to PROSCAR is pregnant or could become pregnant.

How to take PROSCAR
Follow your doctor's advice about how to take PROSCAR. You must take it every day. You may take it with or between meals. To avoid forgetting to take PROSCAR, it may be helpful to take it the same time every day.

Do not share PROSCAR with anyone else; it was prescribed only for you.

Keep PROSCAR and all medicines out of the reach of children.

FOR MORE INFORMATION ABOUT 'PROSCAR' AND BPH, TALK WITH YOUR DOCTOR. IN ADDITION, TALK TO YOUR PHARMACIST OR OTHER HEALTH CARE PROVIDER.

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considered here. The only treatment is diet; therefore, our drug-based therapies do not apply. Dietary instructions are minimal as provided by doctors and dieticians.

Pat Cassady Redjou
Battle Ground, Washington

Dust Mites Not As Bad As Formaldehyde

We love *The Saturday Evening Post*, especially the health articles and, of course, the cartoons. I am writing about the article, "Cleaning Up the Indoor Allergens," published in the Jan./Feb. 1995 issue. Everything Mr. Ted Kreiter says makes a lot of sense; however, what happened to all the gripes about formaldehyde?

I had the misfortune to get some draperies that were so full of a very pungent solution of formaldehyde that it gave me acute asthmaticus, happening instantly, after the draperies were hung. Then a metallic ironing board cover had something else in it that was unbearably strong. I returned both.

Talk about indoor pollution—how long are we going to have to put up with these products that make people sick? Surely we don't need formaldehyde in draperies. It's bad enough to find it in wallboard and furniture and yard goods.

It's no wonder that asthma is on the increase. I think that I can get along with the mites, but get the formaldehyde out of my life!

Ruth Reiten
Billings, Montana

Mopping up Our Oil Slick

I enjoyed your "Recipe for Better Baking" article in the Nov./Dec. '94 issue, especially since I already have substituted puréed fruits to replace fats in my baking. However, why was canola or vegetable oil included in all of the recipes when applesauce and banana were used? I thought there would be enough moisture from the fruits to avoid adding any oil. Can you clear this up for me?

Kay Mikesky
Zionsville, Indiana

Editor's note: Our Post *dietician, Patti Olson, tells us that reduced amounts of oil are needed to ensure a baked product retains moisture for several days. Fruit provides initial moisture and is sufficient if the product is eaten the same day it is baked. Oil helps preserve the desired texture by coating flour.*

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Post People

Not content with being an Emmy Award-winning TV actress, ***Mary Tyler Moore*** has joined GoodTimes Home Video to launch a video series designed for women aged 35 and older who are looking for an exercise program that is enjoyable as well as suitable for their individual body type and fitness level.

Body Sculpting and *Aerobics*, the first two titles in this three-part series, are already available. You'll find them under *Mary Tyler Moore: Everywoman's Workout*. The third video, *Power Stride*, a 30-minute walking program, will be released in January.

"Our goal," Moore says, "is to provide a fun and effective program of low-impact, nonjarring movements, which can be mastered by both beginning and advanced exercisers who are in relatively good shape and are serious about working out on a regular basis.

"I am also delighted with the opportunity of producing these videos," she explains, "because they will offer additional means of support for the Juvenile Diabetes Foundation, which has become the major beneficiary of the Mary Tyler Moore Foundation."

What the popular actress isn't broadcasting is that her net share of the earnings from the sale of the videos will be donated to the Foundation, which also supports organizations that promote medical research, animal welfare, and the arts. ▲

The book *Don't Stand Too Close to a Naked Man* is not about what you might think, nor is the author who you might guess.

Taking the latter first, the writer of this bestseller is none other than ***Tim Allen***. And if you fail to recognize the name, then you have been turning your tube on Tuesday nights at 9:00 to programs other than "Home Improvement." Allen, the standup comedian, stars in this top-rated series.

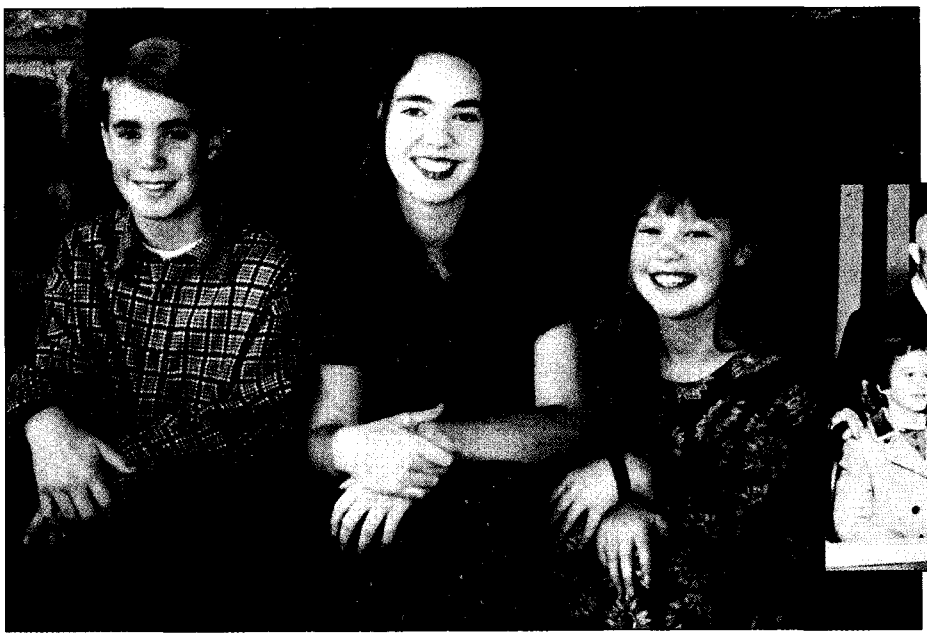
What he has put into this book is best described as "a little of this, a little of that." Together, it adds up to everything from the death of his father (killed by a hit-and-run driver), the two years Allen spent in prison for dealing cocaine, a humorous glimpse of his adolescent years, tender reflections on his daughter, and his unique observations on male-female relationships.

"If you come away [from the book] with a smile," he says, "and you like your wife a little better or you like your husband a little better, then I've accomplished something." ▲

For the few *Post* readers who may not recognize the three young people pictured at left, we will name them: ***Alex***, 14, ***Jennie***, 16, and ***Melanie***, 10. The last name, of course is ***Eisenhower***. Their father is David; their mother, Julie (nee Nixon). (Mystery of Julie Nixon Eisenhower's black eye at President Eisenhower's 1953 inauguration—in the photo below—remains to this day.)

As you may have by now figured out, these young ones have the distinction of being great-grandchildren of one president, Dwight D. Eisenhower, and grandchildren of a second president, Richard M. Nixon.

The composure of Alex, Jennie, and Melanie at their grandfather's funeral last year had the admiration of those who attended or witnessed the solemn event on television. ▲



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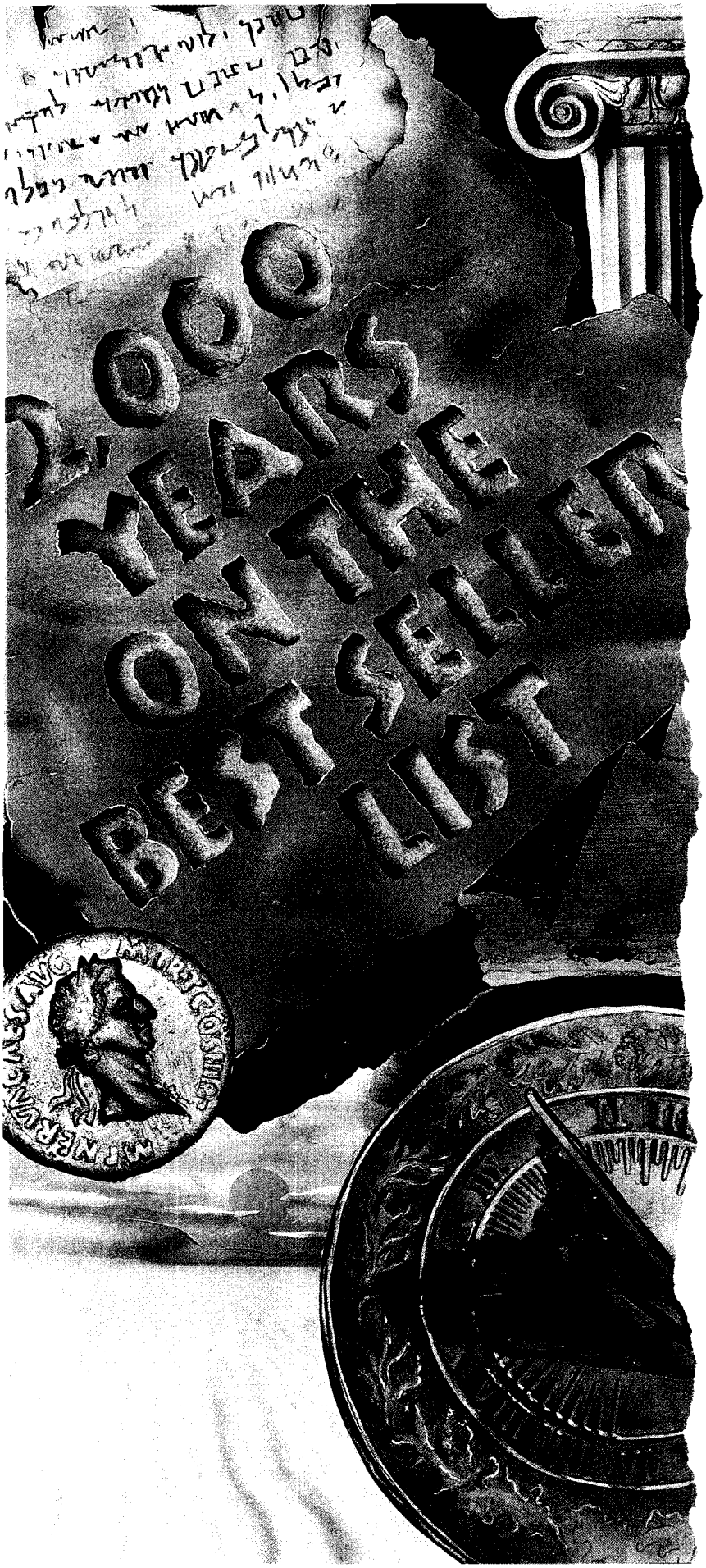

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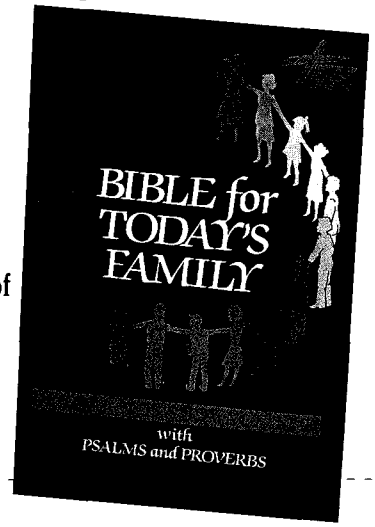

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EXERCISE: HEALTHY AT ANY AGE

Exercise can help slow the hands of time.

by Carol Krucoff

Illustrated by Don Trawin

When tubby, middle-aged George Foreman slammed a blockbuster right to the chin of an opponent a generation younger, you could almost hear America's aging baby boomers cheer. By becoming at 45 the oldest man to win the heavyweight crown, Foreman joined the growing ranks of 40-something athletes like Nolan Ryan and Jimmy Connors who are shattering our notions about aging.

And alongside these celebrated pros are legions of unsung amateurs who run marathons and lift weights in their 80s and 90s, demonstrating the human animal's remarkable potential for growing young.

"People like Foreman who engage in exercise show us what the species is capable of," says Richard Sprott, associate director of the National Institute on Aging (NIA). Growing older gets an undeservedly bad rap, he says, since "much of the decline in function that people attribute to age is actually the result of disease and disuse."

We are all dealt a different genetic hand and face varied environmental factors that affect our health, he says. But lifestyle choices on such things as physical activity, smoking, and staying intellectually and socially involved greatly determine how slowly or rapidly we age. And for nearly all physical functions, from muscle strength to sexuality, the maxim "use it or lose it" holds true.

At any age, "the potential for improving performance is there to a much greater extent than we ever thought possible," says James Fozard of NIA's Baltimore Longitudinal Study on Aging. "Chronological age isn't a good measure of aging in today's world; there's no such thing as an average 70-year-old."

For example, 40 percent of Americans over 75 living at home have trouble walking a quarter mile, yet 7,000 people ages 55 to 99 competed in last year's Senior Olympics, including 75-year-old Gordy Shields of San Diego, who bicycled 30 miles a day to train for the competition—up from his regular 20 to 25 daily miles.

Exercise is central to healthy aging, concluded a study in the October '94 *Annals of Internal Medicine*, which found that "older people who engage in vigorous running and other aerobic activities have lower mortality and slower development of disability than do members of the general population."

Researchers at Stanford University compared the health of 330 nonrunners ages 50 to 72 with 451 members of the 50 Plus Fitness club over an eight-year period and found "striking, persistent, and increasing differences between runners and nonrunners," with runners taking fewer medications and experiencing fewer medical problems.

"The older you become, the more important being fit is," says Palo Alto, California, physician Walter Bortz II, 64, who was one of 5,000 people over 50 to run in the New York Marathon last November. "Fitness for young people is an option. For old people, it's an imperative."

Being active becomes particularly important around age 40, when physiological declines become evident if people are sedentary. Beginning in middle age, "Americans tend to lose about 6.6 pounds of lean-body mass

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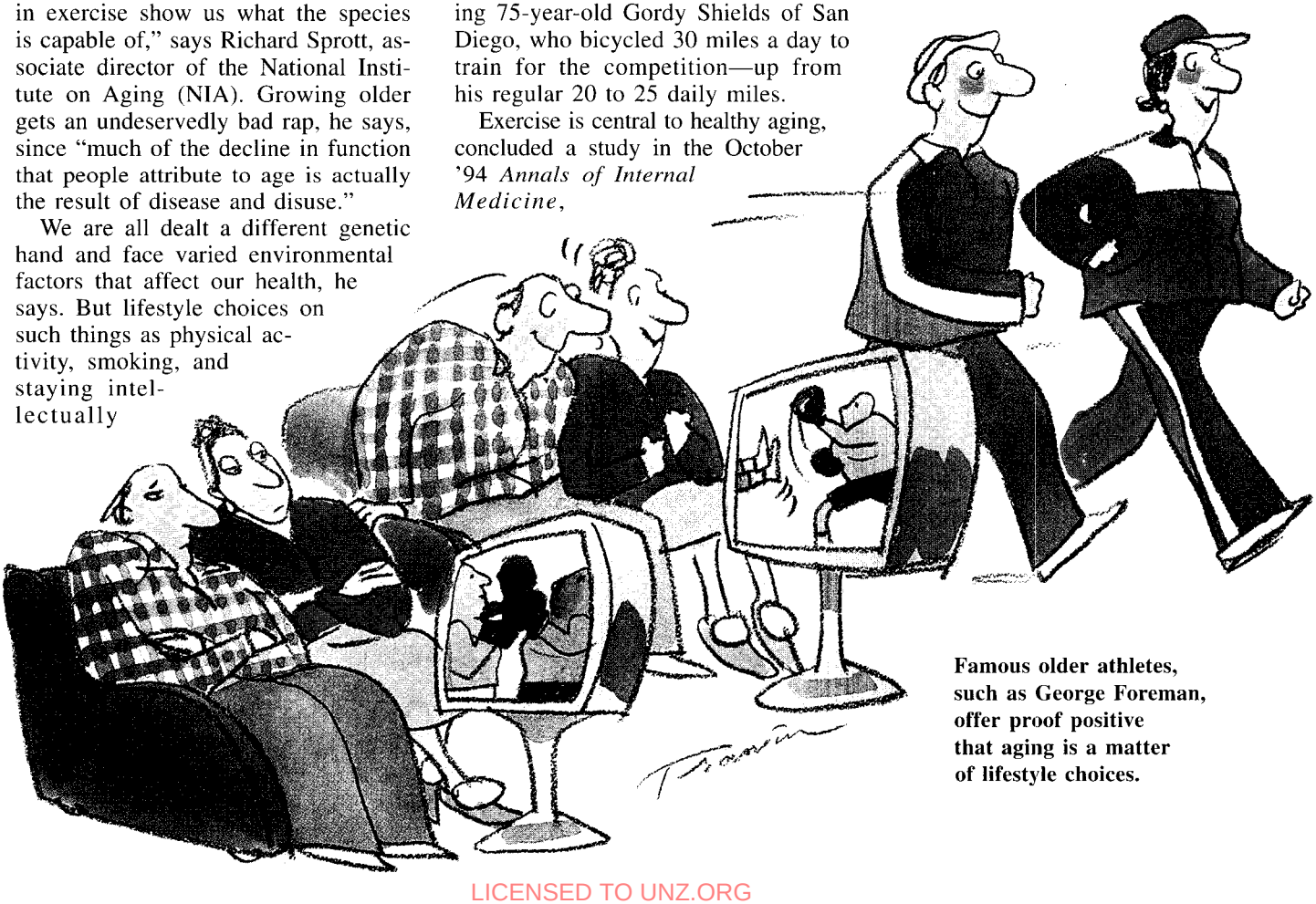

Famous older athletes, such as George Foreman, offer proof positive that aging is a matter of lifestyle choices.

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FOOD

QUICK AND EASY MICROWAVE DISHES

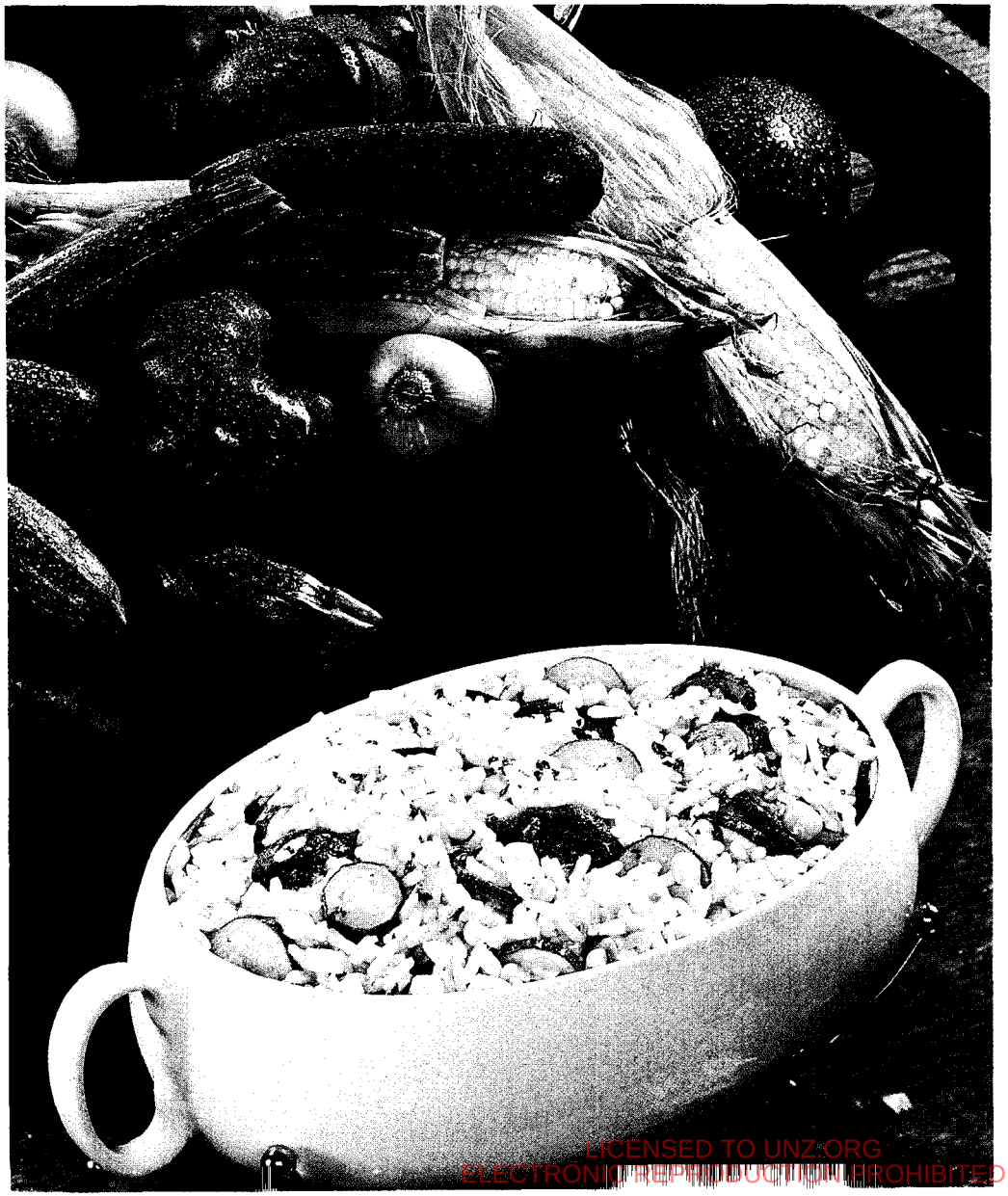
If your family shoves side dishes to the sidelines, it's time to add a dash of variety to the menu.

by Christopher Irwin

"Variety is the Mother of Enjoyment," Benjamin Disraeli wrote, and even though the famous British prime minister was thinking about education at the time, the epithet surely applies to food as well.

Side dishes of vegetables, rice, or dressing bring color and interest to a meal, as well as a wealth of antioxidant vitamins. Cooked in the microwave, rather than boiled in water, foods retain more of their natural flavors and nutrients.

The delicious side dishes that follow are designed for low-fat, low-salt dining. To keep fat to a minimum, we recommend using butter flavoring in place of margarine.



◀ *Rice Jardin*

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Rice Jardin

(Makes 6 servings)

2 tablespoons margarine
1 pound zucchini, sliced
¾ cup chopped onion
1 cup (8 oz.) canned whole kernel corn, drained
1 cup drained canned tomatoes, chopped
3 cups cooked rice
1 teaspoon salt (if desired)
¼ teaspoon ground black pepper
¼ teaspoon ground coriander
¼ teaspoon oregano leaves

Melt margarine in large covered casserole over medium-high heat, about 30-60 seconds. Add zucchini and onion; cook, uncovered, about 3 minutes or until onion is tender, stirring halfway through cooking. Add corn, tomatoes, rice, salt, pepper, coriander, and oregano. Cover and heat 3 minutes or until thoroughly heated. Stir and serve immediately.

Per Serving (¾-1 cup):
Calories: 192 Carbohydrate: 34.0 gm
Cholesterol: 0 mg Protein: 4.3 gm
Sodium: 55 mg Fat: 4.2 gm
Diabetic exchange: 1½ bread + 1 vegetable + 1 fat

Cinnamon Orange Beets

(Makes 4 servings)

2 cups sliced canned beets
2 tablespoons orange juice concentrate
½-1 teaspoon cinnamon

Combine ingredients in microwaveable dish. Gently toss to coat beets with concentrated orange juice and cinnamon. Microwave 3 minutes until

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warmed thoroughly.

Per Serving (½ cup):
Calories: 53 Carbohydrate: 11.8 gm
Cholesterol: 0 mg Protein: 1.3 gm
Sodium: 301 mg Fat: trace
Diabetic exchange: ½ fruit + 1 vegetable

Mediterranean Green Beans
(Makes 6 servings)

1½ pounds fresh green beans, cut into 1" pieces
½ cup water
¼ cup coarsely chopped onion
2 teaspoons instant low-salt chicken bouillon granules
¼ teaspoon ground cinnamon
2 tablespoons low-salt tomato sauce
¼ teaspoon pepper

In a 2-quart casserole, combine fresh green beans, water, onion, bouillon granules, and cinnamon. Micro-cook, uncovered, on HIGH (100%) until beans are crisp-tender (15 minutes for fresh beans), stirring 2 or 3 times during cooking.

Drain bean mixture, reserving 1 teaspoon of liquid. Combine reserved liquid, tomato sauce, and pepper. Stir tomato paste mixture into bean mixture.

Per Serving (½ cup):
Calories: 53 Carbohydrate: 9.8 gm
Cholesterol: trace Protein: 2.4 gm
Sodium: 14 mg Fat: 0.4 gm
Diabetic exchange: 1½ vegetable + trace of fat

Spiced Vegetable Couscous
(Makes 4 servings)

1¾ cups low-salt tomato juice
1 tablespoon curry powder
1 teaspoon garlic powder
1 teaspoon ground coriander
½ teaspoon ground ginger
½ teaspoon ground cumin
¼ teaspoon ground red pepper
1 cup couscous (uncooked)
1 cup diagonally sliced carrots
1½ cups broccoli florets
1 cup sweet red bell pepper, cut into 1" chunks
1 can (10.5 oz.) chick peas, rinsed and drained
½ cup dark seedless raisins

In a 2-cup glass measuring cup, stir tomato juice, curry powder, garlic powder, coriander, ginger, cumin, and ground red pepper. In a 1½-quart microwaveable bowl, put ¾ cup of this mixture; stir in ¾ cup water. Cover with vented plastic wrap; microwave on HIGH (100%) until boiling, 2-3 minutes. Stir in couscous; cover; let stand until all liquid is absorbed, about 8 minutes. Meanwhile, in a 9" pie plate, pour remaining cup spiced tomato juice; arrange carrots around outer edge. Cover with vented plastic wrap; microwave until carrots are nearly crisp-tender, about 4 minutes. Add broccoli and red pepper; toss to mix. Cover with vented plastic wrap; microwave on HIGH until vegetables are crisp-tender, about 3 minutes. Stir in chick peas and raisins. Fluff couscous with fork; arrange in center of large serving plate; surround with spiced vegetable mixture. Serve immediately.

Per Serving (1¾ cup):
Calories: 319 Carbohydrate: 63.7 gm
Cholesterol: 0 mg Protein: 11.0 gm
Sodium: 155 mg Fat: 2.2 gm
Diabetic exchange: 1 fruit + 2 vegetables + 2½ bread + ½ fat

Parsley Carrots
(Makes 4 servings)

2 cups frozen or 2 cups leftover cooked carrots
2-3 tablespoons water
2 tablespoons parsley flakes
1 teaspoon liquid butter flavor
½ teaspoon Lysine Less Salt (if desired)

Combine ingredients in microwaveable dish until carrots are coated with parsley. Microwave 2-4 minutes until carrots are tender.

Per Serving (½ cup):
Calories: 38 Carbohydrate: 7.4 gm
Cholesterol: 0 mg Protein: 1.2 gm
Sodium: 393 mg Fat: 0.3 gm
Diabetic exchange: 1 vegetable + trace fat

Orange Minted Carrots
(Makes 4 servings)

2 cups frozen or 2 cups leftover cooked carrots
1 tablespoon frozen orange juice concentrate
2 tablespoons water
3 teaspoons dried mint or

◀ ***Spiced Vegetable Couscous***

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¼ cup fresh mint
1 teaspoon liquid butter flavoring

Combine ingredients in microwaveable dish. Microwave 2-4 minutes until carrots are tender and warmed through.

Per Serving (½ cup):
Calories: 42 Carbohydrate: 8.7 gm
Cholesterol: 0 mg Protein: 1.1 gm
Sodium: 300 mg Fat: 0.3 gm
Diabetic exchange: 1 vegetable + ¼ fruit

Easy Clove Beets
(Makes 4 servings)

2 cups diced or sliced canned beets
½ teaspoon cloves
1 teaspoon water
¼ teaspoon Lysine Less Salt (if desired)

Combine ingredients in microwaveable dish. Toss to coat beets with seasoning. Microwave 2-3 minutes until steaming.

Per Serving (½ cup):
Calories: 38 Carbohydrate: 8.2 gm
Cholesterol: 0 mg Protein: 1.0 gm
Sodium: 346 mg Fat: trace
Diabetic exchange: 1 vegetable

DRESSING UP

Topping a stew with dressing is a novel idea that really works! On pot pie, the stuffing becomes a flavorful, low-fat substitute for a traditionally high-fat crust. Frozen vegetable mixes make preparation a snap—15 to 20 minutes, including cooking time.

Dressing-Topped Chicken Stew
(Makes 6 servings)

1 package lower-salt stuffing mix
1½ cups hot water
4 teaspoons no-fat margarine, or 1 teaspoon liquid butter flavoring
2 cups cooked, skinless, chopped chicken
½ cup chopped onions
1 cup frozen stew vegetables
1 teaspoon vegetable-blend seasoning
1 teaspoon pepper

Low-salt chicken gravy:
1 cup water
3 teaspoons low-sodium chicken bouillon
1-2 tablespoons flour

Mix gravy ingredients in small saucepan. Heat to boil and simmer 1-2 minutes.

Prepare stuffing mix using breadcrumb packet, seasoning packet, water, and fat-free margarine or butter flavoring in mixing bowl.

Combine chicken, onions, vegetables, gravy, and seasonings in microwaveable casserole dish. Microwave on HIGH (100%) 4 minutes.

Top casserole with layer of stuffing and microwave 6 additional minutes, or until thoroughly warmed. Serve.

Per Serving (1½ cups):
Calories: 248 Carbohydrate: 30 gm
Cholesterol: 43 mg Protein: 19.5 gm
Sodium: 362 mg Fat: 5.5 gm
Diabetic exchange: 2 bread + 1½ low-fat meat

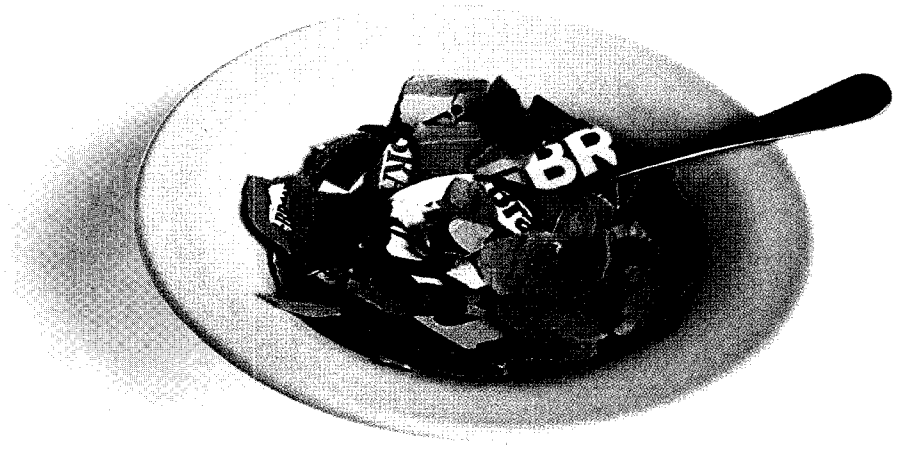
Dressing-Topped Chicken Pot Pie
(Makes 6 servings)

1 cup low-salt chicken gravy (see previous recipe)
1 package lower-salt stuffing mix
1½ cups hot water
1 teaspoon liquid butter flavoring
2 cups cooked skinless chicken, diced
1 cup frozen mixed vegetables
1 teaspoon onion powder
1 teaspoon poultry seasoning
½ teaspoon white pepper

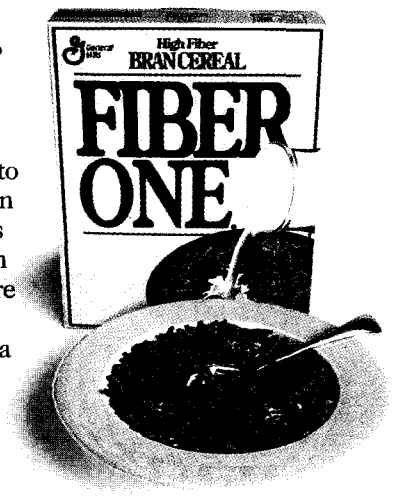
Prepare low-salt gravy. Prepare stuffing mix using breadcrumb packet, seasoning packet, water, and liquid butter flavoring (not margarine). Set aside.

Combine gravy, chicken, mixed vegetables, and seasonings in casserole dish. Spoon on dressing so casserole is completely covered (like a top crust). Microwave 8 minutes, turning twice.

Per Serving (1¼ cups):
Calories: 235 Carbohydrate: 27.6 gm
Cholesterol: 43 mg Protein: 18.7 gm
Sodium: 319 mg Fat: 5.4 gm
Diabetic exchange: 1½ bread + 1 vegetable + 1½ low-fat meat



If you think a high fiber cereal has to taste like the box it came in, think again.



There's no reason to think you have to trade taste for nutrition when you can get both with Fiber One.® Because it's made from a blend of wheat and corn bran, it's light and crispy. In fact, more people prefer the taste of Fiber One over Kellogg's All Bran†, All Bran† Extra Fiber and Nabisco†† 100% Bran. So why not open a box of Fiber One and be pleasantly surprised.

Who says what's good for you can't taste good?

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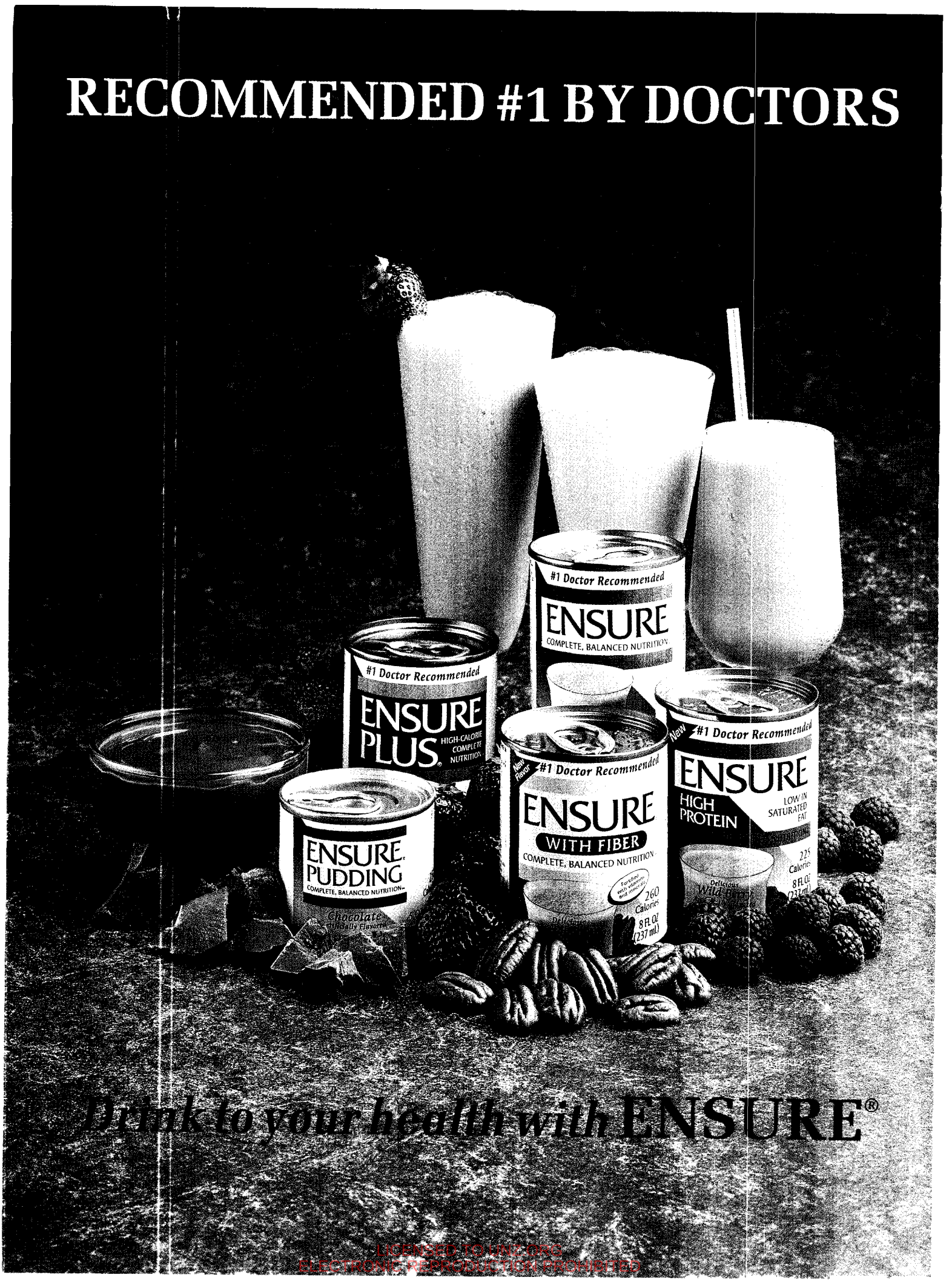

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survivors won't have to ransack the house, your office, the garage, or the attic to end the confusion when the sands of your life have run out.

Last Wishes: A Handbook to Guide Your Survivors, written by Lucinda Knox, a social worker, and Dr. Michael Knox, professor of medicine at the University of South Florida, with a foreword by Dr. Art Ulene, is a perfect repository for all these final details. Here in a convenient ledger form are pages for the recording of all vital documents, addresses of relatives and coworkers who should be contacted, and biographical information for use in your obituary. There's even space to design your own memorial stone, should you be up to it.

Facts about living wills, organ donation, Medical Durable Power of Attorney (designating a person to make medical decisions for you should you become incapable), and other important legal procedures are spelled out in an easy-to-understand style. An appendix includes names and addresses of organizations you may wish to contact, from the American Association of Retired Persons to the Society of Military Widows, plus a recommended reading list of legal, financial, and practical advice books that may be helpful. The authors have thoughtfully supplied a sealable envelope affixed to the back cover to hold any special instructions to be opened following your death.

As with buying insurance (only much cheaper), having your wishes spelled out—even (we hope) far ahead of the time they will be needed—can give peace of mind. "Taking charge of the final details," the authors rightly note, "will affect how others remember you and help your loved ones to better cope" when you are no longer with them.

—Maynard Good Stoddard

Dolly: My Life and Other Unfinished Business
by Dolly Parton
338 pages, HarperCollins Publishers, $25.00

"Every day I count my blessings," writes Dolly Parton in her autobiography, *Dolly: My Life and Other Unfinished Business*. "Then I count my money."

And she has much to count, according to one estimate that places her assets at more than $100 million. Besides being a veteran country singer with 64 albums over a 28-year span and a Grammy Award-winning songwriter (she wrote Whitney Houston's hit single "I Will Always Love You," originally recorded in the 1970s), she is a virtual one-woman industry who owns Dollywood, her theme park in Pigeon Forge, Tennessee, as well as her own production company, cosmetics line, and food line.

Now she is an author as well. *Dolly: My Life and Other Unfinished Business* chronicles the singer-songwriter's rise from Smoky Mountain poverty to megastardom.

Parton took her first steps toward stardom by singing to barnyard animals through a tin can on top of a tobacco stake. ("They didn't applaud much, but with the aid of a little corn, they could be counted on to hang around for a while.") On the day she graduated from high school, she packed up her few belongings and drove to Nashville, Tennessee, where she struggled for three years before Porter Wagoner, an established star of the Grand Ole Opry, discovered her and signed her to a five-year contract as his "girl singer." The five years turned into seven; in 1974, she announced her professional split with Wagoner and, three years later, released the song that would be her first pop hit: "Here You Come Again." In 1980, she starred in the first of her six films, *Nine to Five*; the self-titled theme song to that movie would become her biggest pop hit. She is currently developing a CBS-TV series called "Heavens to Betsy."

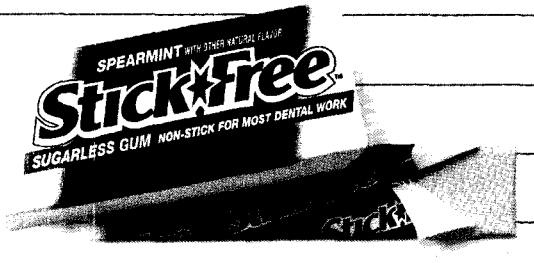
Parton writes, listing no cowriter, with characteristic wit and candor about her childhood. She was so poor, she notes, "the ants used to bring back food they'd taken from us because they felt sorry for us." She also describes her unconventional marriage to Carl Dean, a man she met during her first month in Nashville.

continued on page 100

From an unsolicited letter from Emily Kus, Medina, Ohio

"Sure love your Stickfree gum."

The Choice For Non-Stick Gum



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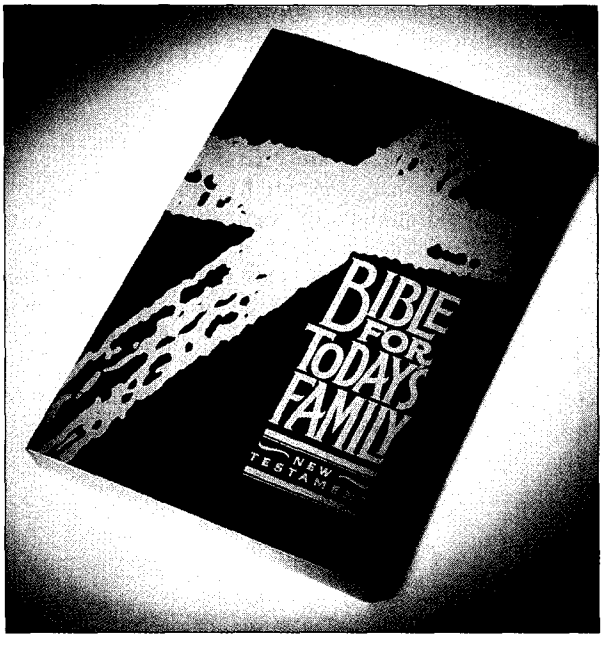
TRANSLATING THE BIBLE FOR TODAY

You can't improve on the Good Book, but Contemporary English Version translators are working to make it more "user-friendly."

by Michael Allen

Organizations customarily celebrate an important anniversary with champagne. Not so the American Bible Society. This venerable institution has chosen to mark its 180th year with a new translation of God's Word designed specifically for the American family of today.

Since its foundation in 1816, this New York-based, nonprofit organization (supported by such historical figures as John Quincy Adams, John Jay, and Francis Scott Key) has already distributed more existing Bibles than the world's population of some 5.3 billion. Which leads to the question, If the Good Book is already doing this well, was a new version really necessary?



A new translation of the Bible, the Contemporary English Version, aims at making the scriptures available in a language that everyone in the English-speaking world can understand.

The idea for the new translation grew out of an expressed need for a Bible "for persons who depend upon *hearing* text," says Dr. Barclay Newman, senior translations officer of The American Bible Society. "This differentiates the Contemporary English Version from *all* other English translations which depend upon *eye* contact with a written text."

Examined by educators, publishers of children's literature, parents, and others, the CEV Bible for Today's Family (New Testament) was published in 1991, and The New Testament with Psalms and Proverbs in 1992. Research later proved that young people and adults are sometimes confused by certain portions of the Bible. Many, Dr. Newman tells us, are finding this version to be more "user-friendly" and clearer than any other translation. Both young and old will thus find a full, user-friendly translation in the 1995 Contemporary English Version.

"In dealing with the Word of God, you do it with fear and trembling," Dr. Newman, who heads the team of 100 translators, English-language specialists, and biblical authorities, explains. "The words are 'holy.' The phrasing is much beloved. The stories are ancient. *And these people want to change them!* The translator has a tough job."

The CEV translators spent hours reading their work aloud. "We were concerned with the *sound* of the words," Dr. Newman says. "The simple fact is that more people hear the Bible read than read it for themselves."

Remember how the men sent to bring in Christ explained their failure by saying, "Never a man spake like this man"? Well, no other Bible speaks like this Bible. Examples stand out on every page.

The New Revised Standard Version translates Matthew 6:1-2: "Beware of practicing your piety before others in order to be seen by them . . . So whenever you give alms, do not sound a trumpet before you as the hypocrites do. . . ." In the new Contemporary English Version, this passage is translated: "When you do good deeds, don't try to show off. . . . When you give to the poor, don't blow a loud horn. That's what showoffs do. . . ."

In the CEV, the "litter," or grand chair of Solomon, is out, because the word might conjure up trash-related images in the minds of modern readers. Also, acknowledging contemporary concern for sexually inclusive language, "sons of Israel" has been translated according to its actual meaning: "people of Israel." Masculine pronouns about God, however, are not eliminated. "We often shift to a 'you' form of address for God, which avoids the problem of a constant string of masculine pronouns," Dr. Newman explains. "For example, Psalm 23, which is 'the Lord . . . he' in others; we have 'you, Lord.' " And, picky-picky perhaps, but the biblical exclamation "O Lord" at the beginning of a sentence could sound profane, so the phrase is moved to the inside of the sentence. Here again, Dr. Newman explains: " 'O Lord' is never used; as a noun of address, 'Lord' is imbedded."

Traditional translations of John 1:1 read: "In the beginning was the Word." The CEV people believe that readers unfamiliar with the theological connotations of "Word" will not realize the reference is to Christ. Thus, the text has been translated as "In the beginning was the one who is called the Word."

"Sometimes it seems like the only way to make it understandable is to make it clumsy," translator Dr. Donald

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"Translation it is that opens the window, to let in the light; that breaks the shell, that we may eat the kernel; that puts aside the curtain, that we may look into the most holy place; that removes the cover of the well, that we may come by the water."

("The Translators to the Reader," *King James Version, 1611.*)

Johns comments. "We try to avoid that." He notes that "part of the genius of Jerome and Luther (translators of the classic Latin and German Scriptures) is that these two had their antennae out and picked up signals from ordinary people, signals that said, 'This is how we say things.' "

The appeal of the CEV translation is in its short paragraphs and straightforward sentence construction. However, "the poetic majesty of the Scriptures has not been sacrificed," says Dr. David Burke, the Society's director of translations. "At no point does the work sound choppy or simplistic."

In fact, as the foreword in Bible for Today's Family demonstrates, "Poetic lines have been carefully measured in order to avoid awkwardly divided phrases and words that run over to the next line in clumsy ways. This format looks better and is easier to read and understand because the text is divided according to 'sense units.' "

We found such an example in Acts 2:25-26:

"I always see the Lord
near me,
and I will not be afraid
with him at my right side.
Because of this
my heart will be glad,
my words will be joyful,
and I will live in hope."

Compared to the King James version, the advantages for understanding become obvious:

"I foresaw the Lord always
before my face,
for he is on my right hand that
I should not be moved:
Therefore did my heart rejoice,
and my tongue was glad;
moreover also my flesh shall
rest in hope."

Dr. Johns explains yet another feature of the Contemporary English Version: "If there is more than one possible meaning, we include the other in a footnote."

Sat down again: On special occasions, the Jewish people followed the Roman custom of lying down on their left side and leaning on their left elbow, while eating with their right hand.

Second death: The first death is physical death, and the "second death" is eternal death.

Shepherd's rod: The Hebrew text mentions two objects carried by the shepherd: a club to defend against wild animals and a long pole to guide and control the sheep.

Hooray: This translates a word that can mean "please save us," but it is often used as a shout of praise to God.

The CEV also avoids long and sometimes confusing words that describe abstract theological ideas, such as "justification," "righteousness," "sanctification," "propitiation." Such words are translated in nonabstract ways, based upon their usage in a given passage.

We can't quit without adding a footnote of our own:

In carrying out its mission of making the Scriptures available to everyone, everywhere, the American Bible Society, in partnership with the United Bible Societies, has reported the translation of the Bible into a portion of 2,062 languages, including Gullah, a Creole language still used in parts of the southern states, with roots in the American slave trade.

The King James version of Luke 24:6 has it this way:

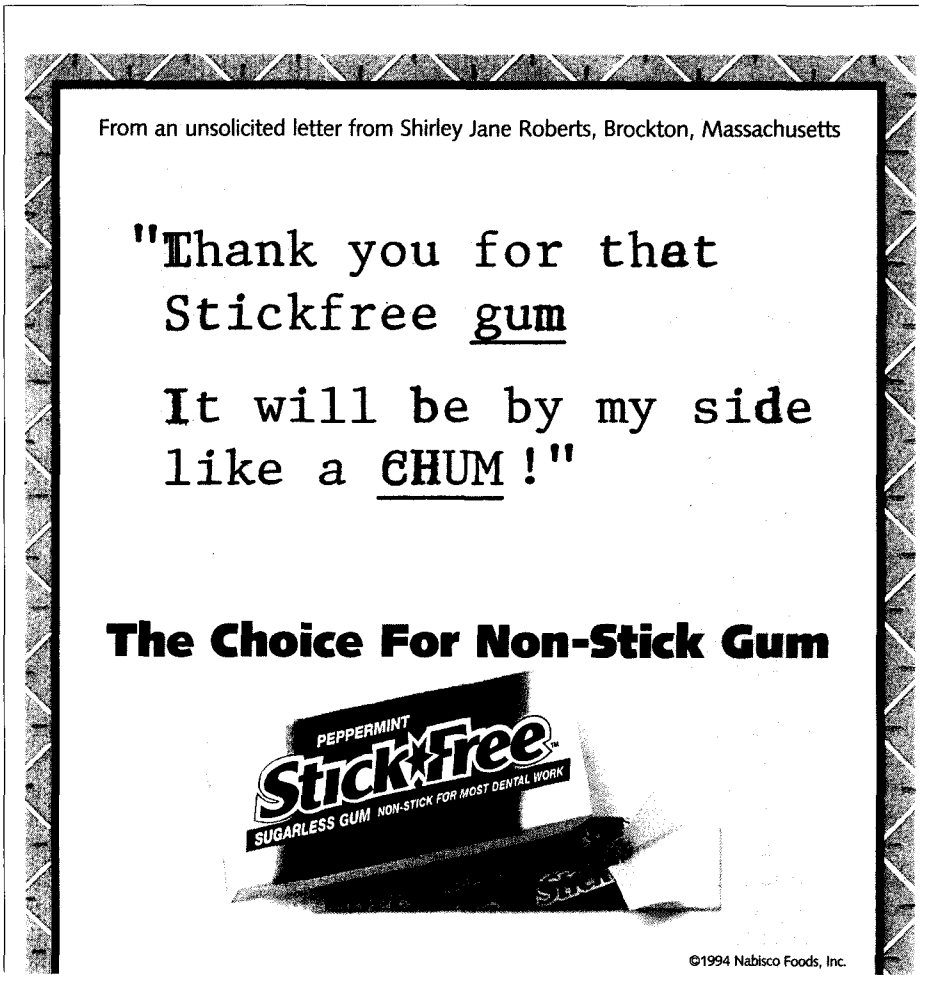
"He is not here, but is risen: remember how he spake unto you when he was yet in Galilee."

In Gullah this becomes:

"Jedus ain't yah. E done git op from mongst de ded, and e da libe gin! Oona memba wa e done tell oona wen e been dey wid oona een Galilee."

Easy for them to say.

And that's the whole idea behind the Society's new translation for you, me, the kids, and the grandparents: to make the Scriptures not only easy to read, but easy on the ears as well.


From an unsolicited letter from Shirley Jane Roberts, Brockton, Massachusetts
"Thank you for that Stickfree gum
It will be by my side like a CHUM!"
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SUGARLESS GUM NON-STICK FOR MOST DENTAL WORK
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UNDER THE DECK-AWNINGS

The young woman was amazing—an everlasting wonder who captivated everyone she saw. Yet she also possessed a will that was strikingly savage and terrible.

by Jack London

Illustrated by H. S. Potter

Editor's note: Jack London first achieved fame in 1903 when the Post *published* The Call of the Wild. *His short story, "Under the Deck-Awnings," appeared in the* Post's *Nov. 19, 1910, issue.*

"Can any man—a gentleman, I mean—call a woman a pig?" The little man flung this challenge forth to the whole group, then leaned back in his deckchair, sipping lemonade with an air commingled of certitude and watchful belligerence. Nobody made answer. They were used to the little man and his sudden passions and high elevations.

"I repeat, it was in my presence that he said a certain lady, whom none of you knows, was a pig. He did not say swine. He grossly said that she was a pig. And I hold that no man who is a man could possibly make such a remark about any woman."

Doctor Dawson puffed stolidly at his black pipe. Matthews, with knees hunched up and clasped by his arms, was absorbed in the flight of a guny. Sweet, finishing his Scotch and soda, was questing about with his eyes for a deck-steward.

"I ask you, Mr. Treloar, can any man call any woman a pig?"

Treloar, who happened to be sitting next to him, was startled by the abruptness of the attack, and wondered what grounds he had ever given the little man to believe that he could call a woman a pig.

"I should say," he began his hesitant answer, "that it—er—depends on the—er—the lady."

The little man was aghast.

"You mean——" he quavered.

"She took no notice, but held up the gold coin before the eyes of the boy."

"That I have seen female humans who were as bad as pigs—and worse."

There was a long, painful silence. The little man seemed withered by the coarse brutality of the reply. In his face was unutterable hurt and woe.

"You have told of a man who made a not nice remark, and you have classified him," Treloar said in cold, even tones. "I shall now tell you about a woman—I beg your pardon—a lady—and when I have finished I shall ask you to classify her. Miss Caruthers I shall call her, principally for the reason that it is not her name. It was on a P. & O. boat, and it occurred several years ago.

"Miss Caruthers was charming. No; that is not the word. She was amazing. She was a young woman and a lady. Her father was a certain high official whose name, if I mentioned it, would be immediately recognized by all of you. She was with her mother and two maids at the time, going out to join the old gentleman wherever you like to wish in the East.

"She—and pardon me for repeating—was amazing. It is the one adequate word. Even the most minor adjectives applicable to her are bound to be sheer superlatives. There was nothing she could not do better than any woman and than most men. Sing, play—bah! —as some rhetorician once said of old Nap, competition fled from her. Swim! She could have made a fortune and a name as a public performer. She was one of those rare women who can strip off all the frills of dress and in a simple swimming suit be more satisfyingly beautiful. Dress! She was an artist. Her taste was unerring.

"But her swimming. Physically, she was the perfect woman—you know what I mean; not in the gross, muscular way of acrobats, but in all the delicacy of line and fragility of frame and texture; and combined with this, strength. How she could do it was the marvel. You know the wonder of a woman's arm—the forearm, I mean; the sweet fading away from rounded biceps and hint of muscle, down through small elbow and firm, soft swell to the wrist, small—unthinkably small and round and strong? This was hers. And yet, to see her swimming the sharp, quick English overhand stroke, and getting somewhere with it too, was—well, I understand anatomy and

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athletics and such things, and yet it was a mystery to me how she could do it.

"She could stay under water for two minutes. I have timed her. No man on board, except Dennitson, could capture as many coins as she with a single dive. On the forward main deck was a big canvas tank with six feet of seawater. We used to toss small coins into it. I have seen her dive from the bridge deck—no mean feat in itself—into that six feet of water and fetch up no less than forty-seven coins, scattered at random over the whole bottom of the tank. Dennitson, a quiet young Englishman, never exceeded her in this, though he made it a point always to tie her score.

"She was a sea-woman, true. But she was a land-woman, a horsewoman—a—she was the universal woman. To see her, all softness of flowing dress, surrounded by half a dozen eager men, languidly careless of them, or flashing brightness and wit on them and at them and through them, one would fancy she was good for nothing else in the world. At such moments I have compelled myself to remember her score of forty-seven coins from the bottom of the swimming tank. But that was she—the everlasting wonder of a woman who did all things well.

"She fascinated every betrousered human around her. She had me—and I don't mind confessing it—she had me to heel along with the rest. Young puppies and old gray dogs who ought to have known better—oh, they all came up and crawled round her skirts and whined and fawned when she whistled. They were all guilty, from young Ardmore, a pink cherub of nineteen, outward bound for some clerkship in the consular service, to old Captain Bentley, grizzled and seaworn, and as emotional, to look at, as a Chinese joss. There was a nice middle-aged chap, Perkins, I believe, who forgot his wife was on board until Miss Caruthers sent him to the right-about and back where he belonged.

"Men were wax in her hands. She melted them, or softly moulded them, or incinerated them, as she pleased. There wasn't a steward, even, grand and remote as she was, who at her bidding would have hesitated to souse the Old Man himself with a plate of soup. You have all seen such women—a sort of world's desire to all men. As a man-conqueror she was supreme. She was a whiplash, a sting and a flame, an electric spark. Oh, believe me, at times there were flashes of will that scorched through her beauty and seduction and smote a victim into blank and shivering idiocy and fear!

"And don't fail to mark, in the light of what is to come, that she was a prideful woman: pride of race, pride of caste, pride of sex, pride of power—she had it all, a pride strange and willful and terrible.

"Men were wax in her hands. She melted them, or softly moulded them, or incinerated them, as she pleased."

"She ran the ship, she ran the voyage, she ran everything—and she ran Dennitson. That he had outdistanced the pack even the least wise of us admitted. That she liked him, and that this feeling was growing, there was not a doubt. I am certain that she looked on him with kinder eyes than she had ever looked with on man before. We still worshipped and were always hanging about waiting to be whistled up, though we knew that Dennitson was laps and laps ahead of us. What might have happened we shall never know, for we came to Colombo and something else happened.

"You know Colombo, and how the native boys dive for coins in the shark-infested bay? Of course it is only among the ground sharks and fish sharks that they venture. It is almost uncanny the way they know sharks and can sense the presence of a real killer—a tiger shark, for instance, or a gray nurse strayed up from Australian waters. But let such a shark appear and, long before the passengers can guess, every mother's son of them is out of the water in a wild scramble for safety.

"It was just after tiffin and Miss Caruthers was holding her usual court under the deck-awnings. Old Captain Bentley had just been whistled up and had granted her what he had never granted before—nor since—permission for the boys to come up on the promenade deck. You see, Miss Caruthers

From an unsolicited letter from Ann Smigleski, Eden Prairie, Minnesota

"It's so tasty and it keeps its flavor."

The Choice For Non-Stick Gum

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"She swayed and thrust a hand against the wall to save herself."

was a swimmer and she was interested. She took up a collection of all our small change and herself tossed it overside, singly and in handfuls, arranging the terms of the contests, chiding a miss, giving extra rewards to clever wins; in short, managing the whole exhibition.

"She was especially keen on their jumping. You know, jumping feet-first from a height, it is very difficult to hold the body perpendicularly while in the air. The center of gravity of the human body is high, and the tendency is to overtopple, but the little beggars employed a method new to her, which she desired to learn. Leaping from the davits of the boat deck above, they plunged downward, their faces and shoulders bowed forward, looking at the water; and only at the last moment did they abruptly straighten up and enter the water erect and true.

"It was a pretty sight. Their diving was not so good, though there was one of them who was excellent at it, as he was at all the other stunts. Some man must have taught him, for he made the proper swan dive and did it as beautifully as I have ever seen it done. You know, it is head-first into the water; and from a great height the problem is to enter the water at the perfect angle. Miss the angle and it means at the least a twisted back and injury for life. Also, it has meant death for many a bungler. This boy could do it—seventy feet I know he cleared in one dive from the rigging—clenched hands on chest, head thrown back, sailing more like a bird, upward and out, and out and down, body flat on the air, so that if it struck the surface in that position it would be split in half like a herring. But the moment before the water is reached the head drops forward, the hands go out and lock the arms in an arch in advance of the head, and the body curves gracefully downward and enters the water just right.

"This the boy did again and again to the delight of all of us, but particularly of Miss Caruthers. He could not have been a moment over twelve or thirteen, yet he was by far the cleverest of the gang. He was the favorite of his crowd and its leader. Though there were many older than he, they acknowledged his chieftaincy. He was a beautiful boy, a lithe young god in breathing bronze, eyes wide apart, intelligent and daring—a bubble, a mote, a beautiful flash and sparkle of life. You have seen wonderfully glorious creatures—animals, anything, a leopard, a horse—restless, eager, too much alive ever to be still, silken of muscle, each slightest movement a benediction of grace, every action wild, untrammeled, and over all spilling out that intense vitality, that sheen and luster of living light. The boy had it. Life poured out of him almost in an effulgence. His skin glowed with it. It burned in his eyes. I swear I could almost hear it crackle from him. Looking at him, it was as if a whiff of ozone came to one's nostrils—so fresh and young was he, so resplendent with health, so wildly wild.

"This was the boy, and it was he who gave the alarm in the midst of the sport. The boys made a dash of it for the gangway platform, swimming the fastest strokes they knew, pell-mell, floundering and splashing, fright in their faces, clambering out with jumps and surges, any way to get out, lending one another a hand to safety, till all were strung along the gangway and peering down into the water.

" 'What is the matter?' asked Miss Caruthers.

" 'A shark, I fancy,' Captain Bentley answered. 'Lucky little beggars that he didn't get one of them.'

" 'Are they afraid of sharks?' she asked.

" 'Aren't you?' he asked back.

She shuddered, looked overside at the water and made a *moue*.

" 'Not for the world would I venture where a shark might be,' she said, and shuddered again. 'They are horrible! Horrible!'

"The boys came up on the promenade deck, clustering close to the rail and worshipping Miss Caruthers, who had flung them such a wealth of bakshish. The performance being over, Captain Bentley motioned to them to clear out; but she stopped him.

" 'One moment, please, Captain. I have always understood that the natives are not afraid of sharks.'

"She beckoned the boy of the swan dive nearer to her and signed to him to dive over again. He shook his head and, along with all his crew behind him, laughed as if it were a good joke.

" 'Shark,' he volunteered, pointing to the water.

" 'No!' she said. 'There is no shark.'

"But he nodded his head positively

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Wings Of A Dove
Dolly Parton

I Love To Tell The Story
Pat Boone

Me and Jesus
Tammy Wynette & George Jones

Abide With Me
Don Hustad Chorale

He Touched Me
Bill Gaither Trio

Nearer My God To Thee
Jack Halloran Male Chorus

Great Speckled Bird
Roy Acuff

I'll Fly Away
Charley Pride

Standing On The Promises
Johnson Family

Church In The Wildwood
Mike Curb Congregation

When They Ring Those Golden Bells
David Houston

Lily Of The Valley
Wayne Newton

Blessed Assurance
George Beverly Shea

In The Sweet By and By
Johnny Cash

Amazing Grace
Willie Nelson

One Day At A Time
Cristy Lane

May The Good Lord Bless And Keep You
Kate Smith

Sweet Hour Of Prayer
Jim Nabors

The Bible Tells Me So
Roy Rogers and Dale Evans

When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder
Marty Robbins

The Family That Prays
Porter Wagoner

I Need Thee Every Hour
Scott Singers

What A Friend We Have In Jesus
Norma Zimmer & Jim Roberts

Precious Memories
Jimmy Dean

Beautiful Isle of Somewhere
The Three Suns

How Great Thou Art
Jim Roberts

Brighten The Corner
Anita Kerr

Rock Of Ages
B.J. Thomas

Old Rugged Cross
Ray Price

Family Bible
George Jones

Jesus Loves Me
Tennessee Ernie Ford

Peace In The Valley
Floyd Cramer

Will The Circle Be Unbroken
The Carter Family

Beyond The Sunset
Red Foley

Crying In The Chapel
Elvis Presley

I Saw The Light
Hank Williams, Sr.

Jesus Is Coming Soon
Oak Ridge Boys

Softly and Tenderly
Guy & Raina

A Beautiful Life
Statler Brothers

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot
Doris Ackers

Whispering Hope
The Browns

Someone To Care
Jimmie Davis

Bringing In The Sheaves
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Anita Bryant

The Lord's Prayer
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and the boys behind him nodded with equal positiveness.

" 'No, no, no!' she cried. And then to us: 'Who'll lend me a half-crown and a sovereign?'

"Immediately the half-dozen of us were presenting her with half-crowns and sovereigns, and she accepted the two coins from young Ardmore.

"She held up the half-crown for the boys to see, but there was no eager rush to the rail preparatory to leaping. They stood there grinning sheepishly. She offered the coin to each one individually, and each, as his turn came, rubbed his foot against his calf, shook his head and grinned. Then she tossed the half-crown overboard. With wistful, regretful faces they watched its silver slight through the air, but not one moved to follow it.

" 'Don't do it with the sovereign,' Dennitson said to her in a low voice.

"She took no notice, but held up the gold coin before the eyes of the boy of the swan dive.

" 'Don't!' said Captain Bentley. 'I wouldn't throw a sick cat overside with a shark around.'

"But she laughed, bent on her purpose, and continued to dazzle the boy.

" 'Don't tempt him,' Dennitson urged. 'It is a fortune to him and he might go over after it.'

" 'Wouldn't you?' she flared at him. 'If I threw it?' This last more softly.

"Dennitson shook his head.

" 'Your price is high,' she said. 'For how many sovereigns would you go?'

" 'There are not enough coined to get me overside,' was his answer.

"She debated a moment, the boy forgotten in her tilt with Dennitson.

" 'For me?' she said very softly.

" 'To save your life—yes; but not otherwise.'

"She turned back to the boy. Again she held the coin before his eyes, dazzling him with the vastness of its value. Then she made as if to toss it out, and involuntarily he made a half movement toward the rail, but was checked by sharp cries of reproof from his companions. There was anger in their voices as well.

" 'I know it is only fooling,' Dennitson said. 'Carry it as far as you like, but for Heaven's sake don't throw it.'

"Whether it was that strange willfulness of hers, or whether she doubted the boy could be persuaded, there is no telling. It was unexpected to all of us. Out from the shade of the awning the coin flashed golden in the blaze of sunshine and fell toward the sea in a glittering arch. Before a hand could stay him the boy was over the rail and curving beautifully downward after the coin. Both were in the air at the same time. It was a pretty sight. The sovereign cut the water sharply, and at the very spot, almost at the same instant with scarcely a splash, the boy entered.

"From the quicker-eyed boys watching came an exclamation. We were all at the rail. Don't tell me it is necessary for a shark to turn on its back. That one didn't. In the clear water, from the height we were above it, we saw everything. The shark was a big brute and with one drive he cut the boy squarely in half.

"There was a murmur or something from among us—who made it I did not know; it might have been I. And then there was silence. Miss Caruthers was the first to speak. Her face was deathly white.

" 'I—I never dreamed!' she said, and laughed a short, hysterical laugh.

"All her pride was at work to give her control. She turned weakly toward Dennitson, and then on from one to another of us. In her eyes was a terrible sickness and her lips were trembling. We were brutes—oh, I know it, now that I look back upon it; but we did nothing!

" 'Mr. Dennitson,' she said—'Tom, won't you take me below?'

"He never changed the direction of his gaze, which was the bleakest I have ever seen in a man's face; nor did he move an eyelid. He took a cigarette from his case and lighted it. Captain Bentley made a nasty sound in his throat and spat overboard. That was all—that and the silence.

"She turned away and started to walk firmly down the deck. Twenty feet away she swayed and thrust a hand against the wall to save herself; and so she went on, supporting herself against the cabins and walking very slowly."

Treloar ceased. He turned his head and favored the little man with a look of cold inquiry. "Well?" he said finally. "Classify her."

The little man gulped and swallowed.

"I have nothing to say," he said. "Nothing whatever to say."

"How do you expect me to dance like Fred Astaire when you're not Ginger Rogers?"

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"How A Desperate 53 Year Old Pennsylvania Housewife Finally Discovers The Secret to Safe, Gentle Arthritis Relief"

Marcella Hardinger suffered from terrible arthritis pain for years. Recently, she stumbled onto a "relief secret" that has given her a new lease on life. Read her amazing story and discover it for yourself.

Dear Friend,

My name is Marcella Hardinger. I'm 53 years old. I've lived on a rural route 1/4 mile north of the Mason Dixon Line in Pennsylvania for the past 28 years.

I only wish I had known years ago what I am about to share with you now. To think of the pain - the endless torture - I could have avoided.

Let's go back in time. I'm 30 years old. Arthritis attacks my right foot, then my upper back. At first, I don't realize it's arthritis. Why? Because a creek runs through the back of my property. The water is cold as ice. I swim in it. I think the cold water causes my pain, so I immediately stop swimming.

The result? Continuing ache. In fact, the pain in my upper back becomes *almost unbearable.*

Out of *desperation* I finally see a doctor. He takes an x-ray and diagnoses me with osteoarthritis.

Things do down hill fast. In 1985, I'm diagnosed with Rheumatoid arthritis in both knees, hips and my lower back. And, just as I think that nothing else can possibly go wrong.....

My Arthritis Actually Rips The Cartilage in my Right Knee!

My doctor drains the fluid with a needle and gives me a shot of cortisone. It doesn't help, though. He says he can operate, but the arthritis may tear my cartilage again. I decline.

My pain is brutal. I try many strong medications in search of relief. Sometimes 15 pills a day. But, over a long period, they can produce many undesirable side-effects. Ulcers, chest pain, internal bleeding and stomach disorders. So I stop.

Anyway, recently I decide to try an *all natural* homeopathic remedy called ***Arthritis-Ease***™. I'm extremely skeptical, but because I'm so desperate I figure, "What can I lose?"

The conclusion? Within 5 days, I notice a real difference. Something is definitely working. *My pain is easing.* Feet. Knees. Hips. Upper and lower back. Neck. Everywhere. Blessed relief.

Less bloating. Less swelling. More mobility. More Agility. Do you know what this spells?

Less Pain!

Arthritis-Ease™ works for me. I believe in it. 100%. And most importantly ....

> "..... I have actually seen Arthritis-Ease™ work. Moreover, because homeopathic medicine is all natural - no aspirin or other harmful chemicals - it's extremely safe to use."
>
> *Malcolm Janet, Pharmacist, CA*

> "I've had arthritis for many years. The short time I've been taking Arthritis-Ease™ I have noticed a big difference. I've started walking again (1 ½ miles a day) due to the pain relief."
>
> *Shirley Mohrman, AZ*

> "On July 18, I stopped taking Rx medications. I can't thank you enough for providing such a simple & inexpensive alternative to Rx drugs. I am feeling better physically ..... and emotionally. Arthritis-Ease™ has had a great impact on my life."
>
> *Lynn Schwartz, Registered Nurse, FL*

It Can Work For You, Too!

Imagine doing things. Little things: Tying your shoe laces. Shaving. Walking. Exercising. Bending. Stretching. Writing. Knitting. Holding a cup. Mowing the lawn. Now imagine doing them without squirming.

Arthritis-Ease™ is a safe and gentle approach to arthritis pain. No harsh ingredients. No dangerous chemicals. No threat to your digestive system. Simply put: It won't tear up your stomach lining, or any part of your body. *Just safe, dependable relief.*

Arthritis-Ease™ is a 100% natural blend of highest quality homeopathic ingredients in a herbal base.

Plus, it comes in capsules. Easy-to-swallow. There's a 30, 60 or 90 day supply. I strongly suggest you start with at least a two month supply, as results may vary.

Special Free Bonus

Send for Arthritis-Ease™ within 11 days and you'll receive *FREE* a valuable bonus report, **"Homeopathy: The Non-Harmful Healing Alternative to Harsh Drugs"**. It's a $15.00 Value.

Why are they making this completely and totally risk-free for you? Simple: They know you will have less swelling. Less inflammation. Less Stiffness. Less Pain.

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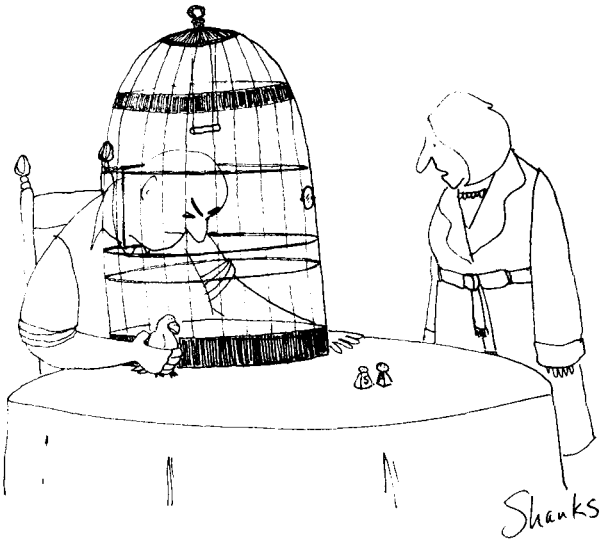
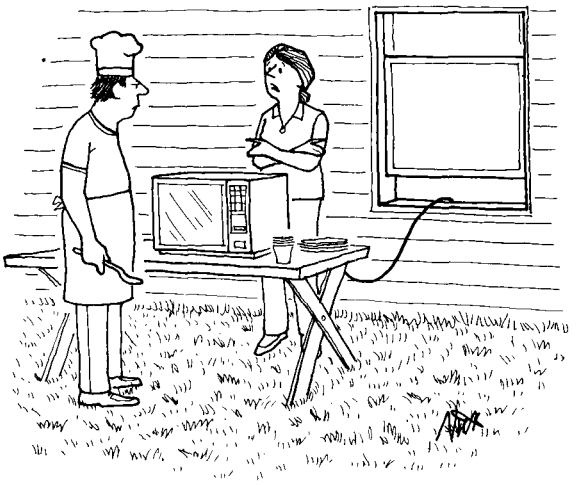
FAMILY FRICTION

"I'm simply not going to react to your calling me passive-aggressive."



"Sorry, dear, I thought you'd finished reading the paper."



"Be honest—you really don't like cookouts, do you?"

"I think I see the problem."

"Gerald, how would I describe you if I ever had to report you to the missing persons bureau?"

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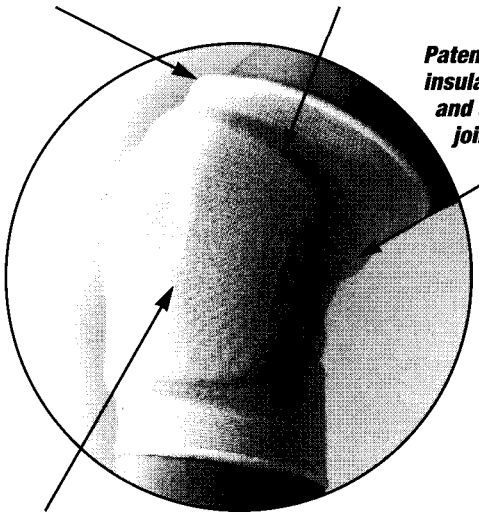
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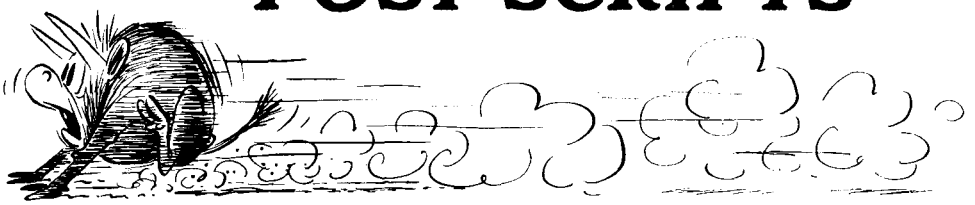


P.S.—I Forget

I love these little Post Scripts,
they make me feel so good.
I wish my friends could read them,
I'd share them, if I could.

But, somehow, every issue
—just like my memory—
is locked in some forgotten place
and I don't have the key.

—Ruth E. McDaniel

Curb Disservice

In wintertime, pedestrians
Get splashed by car or truck—
I hope you've made it through
unsprayed,
But I've had no slush luck.

—Dick Emmons

"Not Myself"

"I'm not myself"—well, who *are* you?
Where have you gone, my dear?
Though pain or illness changes us,
We still are *us*—we're here:
Life never does remain the same,
But still we onward go . . .
Like an old car, we chug along;
There's no *reverse*, you know!

—Marj Lefler

Pundit

When everything is sad and dun,
I simply can't resist a pun.

—Robert Fitch

Bound and Determined

I vowed to diet,
which I tried to do,
but I bit off more
than I can eschew.

—Hugh L. Brown

Blinkety-Blink

It's just a little thing, but
it's driving me to distraction.
I know I should ignore it,
for its cure's beyond my action.
I admit I have no patience
with drivers who don't think,
But how many more miles is
his blinker going to blink?

—Bill Woodhouse

Priced out of Reach

When we were young, fine restaurants
Were priced above our salaries;
When now, at last, we're better paid,
We can't afford the calories.

—Gina

Run with It

To remain healthy, a *jog* is man's best friend.

—Gil Stern

I've Had My Fill

She stopped me at the grocery store,
and offered me a chip,
a cookie and a nectarine,
a bit of onion dip.

The next booth had a sample of
a sort of cardboard toast;
but the turkey dogs and ice cream
really got to me the most.

The purpose of such tactics
I really couldn't guess.
Instead of buying more, you see,
I'm going home with less.

Like a hog that's had its fill,
I slowly leave the trough,
park my cart in an empty aisle
and go home to sleep it off.

—Robert L. Mushen

Caught in the Middle

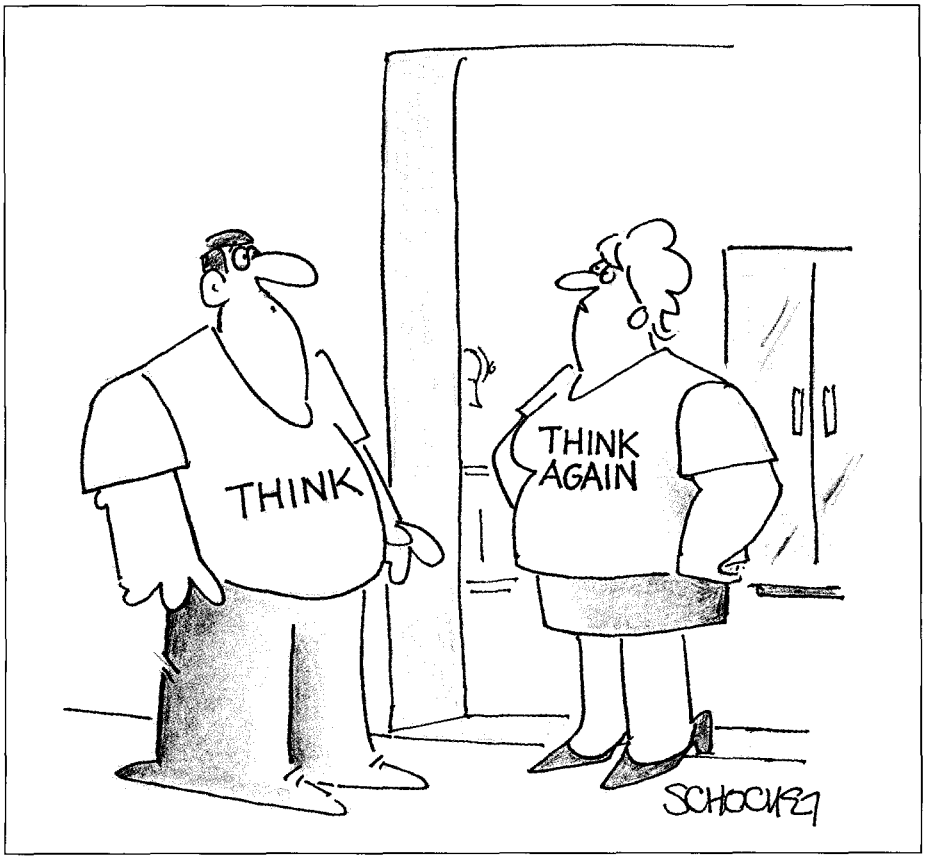
If you keep running around in circles,
No matter how fleet,
You're never going to get
Your ends to meet.

—Harold Helfer

Wishful Barter

Ice and snow and bitter wind
To the fireside have me pinned.
I'd gladly trade you any icicle
For just one spin out on my bicycle.

—Virginia Killough



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Catch My Drift?

She says I never give her things,
But now this claim's on hold;
It seems that early yesterday
From me she got a cold.

—Howard Kaufman

Beauty in the Details

As I stand before the mirror,
Vanity plays its tricks.
I'm forced to see the beauty
In wrinkles, sags, and tics.

—Taylor Reese

If You Ask Me

We complain about the weather, but
It's been my observation,
Without it we'd be lost for ways
To start a conversation.

—Sandy Flanagan

Sentimental Journey

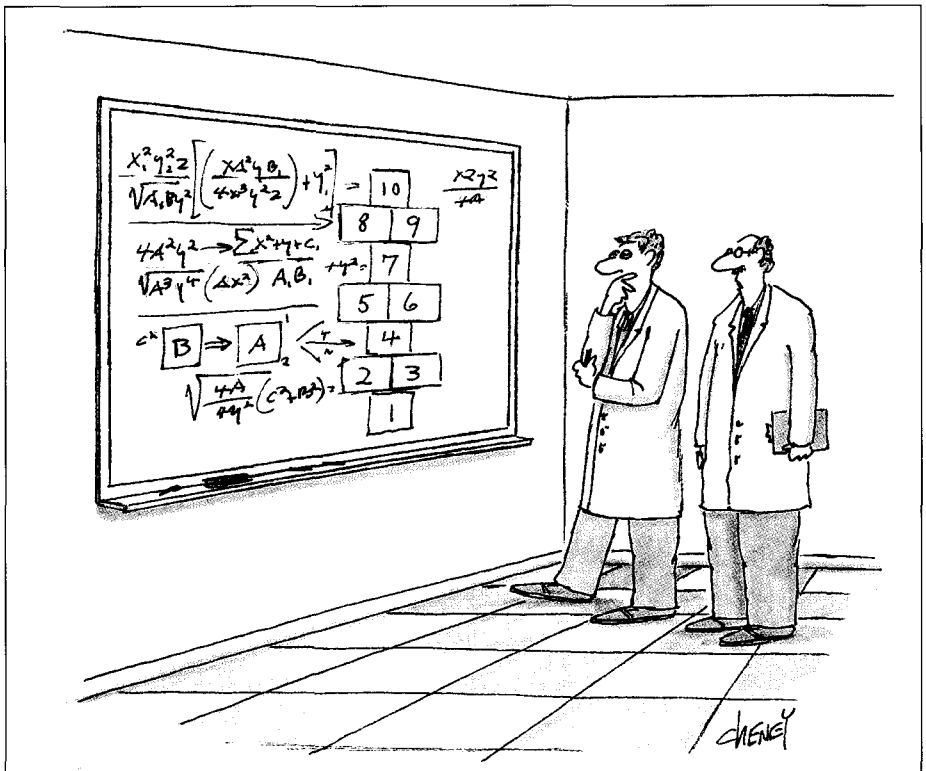
The cheapest way to travel,
And folks will tell you plain,
Is simply to take a walk
Down memory lane!

—Howard Wiener

Who's Watching Whom

On the beach I like to look
At girls—what an eyeful!
Sometimes my son catches me,
And other times my wife'll.

—William E. Morgan



"You were doing fine until that hopscotch pattern showed up."

It's Spring Again!

It's time again for April showers
Bringing all those Maytime flowers.
It's time for baby chicks and bonnets,
Robins, rabbits, lovesick sonnets!
At my age, spring's a big cliché—
But how I love it anyway!

—Ericka Northrop

"All I want is a car that runs and pantyhose that don't."

They Just Don't Get It

Music, more than anything,
Defines the generation gap,
We had jazz and big band swing,
They have rock-'n'-roll and rap.

These days, music sounds as if
It's written by a chimpanzee,
But 40 years ago, my dad
Made the same remark to me.

—Dave Hurley

The Great State of Taxes

In April, many would-be vacationers end up "deep in the hurt of taxes."

—Pearl Hand Cockrell

Holding Pattern

Hold me tender,
Hold me tight;
Held like this,
We can't fight.

—Rose L. Korotkin

Reunion News

"You haven't changed," she says
to me
And I assure her neither has she—
We look each other in the eye
And appreciate the lie.

—May Richstone

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HOW I PRAY

Communicating with God comes on many levels, from positive thinking to actions that bless people.

by Robert H. Schuller

I define prayer as the human practice of connecting with the transcendent eternal spirit that we call God. I'm a Christian, so that's my frame of reference, and in the Bible, we're taught to pray constantly.

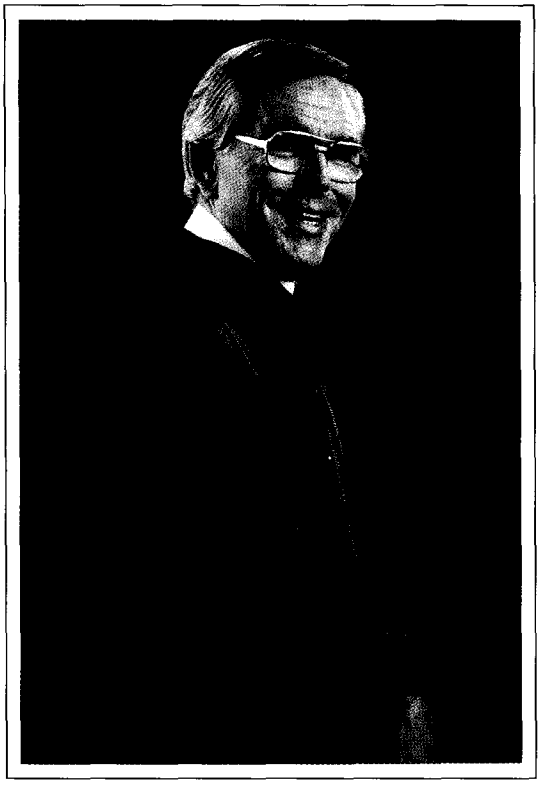
I think prayer has different levels. The first level of prayer is positive thinking. If I think positively, my mind is open and receptive, positive about what can come. When I'm opening my mind to welcome unexpected moods, impulses, and ideas, that's the first level of prayer.

The second level of prayer would normally be called petition; it's where I directly appeal to God for something that I need or want. That's OK to do, because God wants me to develop myself and be the best person I can.

The third level of prayer would be intercession, where I'm not even asking for me, but for you and others.

The level higher than that would be praying where I'm practicing thanksgiving and praising God. My daughter lost her leg in a terrible motorcycle accident. When I heard, the prayer that I said was a thank-you: "Thank you, God, that she's alive. Thank you, God, that she just lost one leg. Thank you, God, that her face wasn't smashed. Thank you that her brain wasn't injured. Thank you that they got her to the hospital." At those times, that's the only way to pray.

Then there's a level above that I call two-way prayer, where I don't praise God, don't thank Him, and don't even petition or intercede for others; it's where I just ask questions and wait for answers. I feel and receive guidance. That is almost the highest level of prayer because it's turning me into the person that God wants—not to get what I want, but to become the person that I ought to be.



The famous pastor of the Crystal Cathedral prays many times throughout the day, even while jogging. "When you remain in touch with God," he says, "you are immune to burnout."

The level of prayer above that—the highest level—would be the actions I take that bless people. I pay attention, I care about them, I listen to them, I feel for them. And in the process of being that kind of a caring human being, I am praying at the highest level. Prayer at the highest level is glorifying God, and I glorify God when I become a really generous and caring person.

I know I've gotten an answer to prayer when I feel it and I know it. It's intuition, probably. I was a friend of Karl Menninger and Victor Frankl, and both of them said, "Schuller, you're the most intuitive guy I've ever met." When I asked them, "What is intuition?" they both said, "I don't know." I personally think intuition is a powerful channel of the human psyche where God is allowed, through His Holy Spirit, to penetrate our consciousness. That's what I mean by, "I know that I know that I know that I know."

I run every morning, and that's prayer time for me. I always pray with my wife before we have our food, and always we pray together at bedtime. And then during the course of the day, when I'm looking at or listening to people, it's not at all uncommon for me to just sit quietly and open the sunroof on the top of my head and feel the light coming down; the prayer that I will say is that God should guide my mind so that I hear what I should hear, react the way I should react, and not just sit there as an inactive or a reactive person. I want to become a genuinely *proactive* person, so that I know what decision I should make here and now.

I don't use set prayers very often. I've written loads of them, but I don't use them much. I have favorite prayers, of course, that I love, like the Lord's Prayer, Francis of Assisi's famous prayer, and the Serenity Prayer of Reinhold Niebuhr: "God, grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, courage to change the things I can, and wisdom to know the difference." My religious roots are in the Dutch Reformed Church, and unlike the Episcopal Church or the Roman Catholic Church, we don't have the same memorized ritual prayers.

If you were to ask me why I believe in prayer and how I know it's not superstition, my answer would be that I have profound admiration, respect, and love for a religious leader named Jesus Christ. He practiced prayer, He believed in it, He taught it, and I think He knew what He was doing. And I'm with Him. ♣

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Is there an Oscar in Reba McEntire's future? Already the entertainer has starred in six feature films, including the lead role in Is There Life Out There?, *based on her song and video. In May of this year, the former rodeo gal plays Annie Oakley in the CBS miniseries "Buffalo Girls."*

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REBA McENTIRE: WORKING MOM

There is "life out there" for the two-time Grammy Award-winning country star, author, and mother who's now ready to spread her acting wings.

by Patrick Connolly

Today Reba McEntire—one of the top entertainers in the booming country music field, a growing actress, a savvy businesswoman—was busy with the job she likes most: being a mom.

Son Shelby, who turned five in February, was heading to Oklahoma for a week-or-so stay with Reba's family—her mom and dad, her two sisters and brother, and their families. Reba and husband-manager Narvel Blackstock would pick up Shelby in a few days on their way to a family skiing vacation.

Reba had been up during the night, soothing Shelby to sleep after a coughing fit. In the morning, it was time for breakfast and packing, a sister on hand to help and accompany Shelby, and then goodbyes at the Nashville airport.

Reba at 40 sings for her fans, who, she says, are "good, hard-working people, like I hope I am." Her music has undergone a gradual change from sad songs to more upbeat material.

"It's very important to me that he knows his family," Reba says of the reason behind sending Shelby to Oklahoma while she headed off to Mexico and then Arizona on work projects.

"Being a mother is the greatest gift God has given me. I cherish it. It's hard to share and hard to let him go."

Being rooted with her family is right where Reba McEntire wants to be as she turns 40 March 28. "My family is my life," she says simply. "My family makes things fun and makes me goal-oriented. I thank God for my family every day."

She credits them for the success she enjoys, which is substantial. Her albums have sold more than 20 million copies, and she has reached the top of the charts again with her latest, *Read My Mind*, spawning such hits as the feisty "Why Haven't I Heard From You?" and the evocative "She Thinks His Name Was John." The album represents a departure for her, with her reputation for broken-hearted ballads replaced with more contemporary songs and what critics have hailed as a matured voice.

Her recent autobiography, *Reba: My Story*, employed her trademark honesty and directness without lapsing into a dirty-laundry tell-all. Her road show boasts enough glitz and glamour to match any Broadway musical.

Her business empire is anchored by Starstruck Entertainment, the management, booking, and promotion company she and husband Blackstock run. Its various divisions include a 42-acre horse farm and a jet charter service. There are more than 100 employees, and she is known as a well-paying and sensitive employer, even treating each of the company's employees to an all-expenses-paid annual trip to Florida.

Recently, she has been working on developing a film career as well. The stated goal is to eventually add an Oscar to the two Grammys already on her bookshelf, and to, well, conquer another challenge. She debuted in 1990 as a survivalist in the sci-fi thriller *Tremors*, following up with a role in *The Gambler Returns: The Luck of the Draw* with Kenny Rogers. She also guested on an episode of "Evening Shade" and starred opposite Burt Reynolds in the 1993 CBS film *The Man From Left Field*.

Last year, she starred in *North*, directed by Rob Reiner and starring Bruce Willis and Kathy Bates about a boy searching for new parents; Reba played a potential mother. She also had the lead role in the TV movie *Is There Life Out There?*, based on her song and video about a woman who goes back to school, and a part in *The Little Rascals*, a feature film with Whoopi Goldberg and other "surprise guests."

Next up would seem like a natural for a woman who grew up in Oklahoma with plenty of exposure to rodeos: portraying Annie Oakley in the TV miniseries "Buffalo Girls" alongside such stars as Anjelica Huston and Melanie Griffith.

"There's always something new in film, a different storyline. If the script is entertaining and it entertains me, then I hope I can entertain the folks in doing it," she says, while adding that she does pick roles that maintain her image.

"I'm not going to strip off or do a sex scene. That's not something my fans would appreciate, and that's not me. I'm not flirtatious and, goodness, I'm not an exhibitionist.

"I'm not going to do a film where there's lots of cussing, either. If I did that, my family would say, 'Good Lord, Reba, couldn't they have cut some of that out?' "

But for all the seemingly effortless success she has enjoyed, Reba also has gone through her share of heartache. There was her 1987 divorce from first husband Charlie Battles, a rodeo rider and rancher.

"After the divorce, I learned you have to go on with life, remembering your lessons but forgiving and forgetting,

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too. I hold no one a grudge. It's just not healthy."

More recently, there was the death of seven of her band members and her longtime tour manager in an airplane crash in March 1991. She received some criticism during that period when she performed on the Academy Awards ceremony within days of the crash and after giving a cover-story interview to *People* magazine when she had earlier said she didn't know if she would ever be able to talk about it.

In her defense, she thought her band would have wanted her to continue performing, and she hoped one interview on the subject would let her put the tragedy behind her. But it is an episode in her life that she now knows will always be with her.

"There's still a loss, a void there," she says. "I don't understand it, but I know there must be a reason for it—I plan to ask God about it when I get up there.

"Maybe it straightened me up; I sure think it did. I live every day now as if it's my last."

She views her faith in God as strong, although she eschews organized religion: "I'm not a religious person, but I am a spiritual person. The man-made laws and doctrines, I'm less impressed with them as time goes by. Yet I feel I have a very personal relationship with God."

And she is happy, giving much of the credit to her marriage with Blackstock. He joined Reba's band as a steel guitar player in 1980, quickly becoming her bandleader, road manager, tour manager, and then manager before the two married. Blackstock handles much of the day-to-day operation of their businesses—which suits Reba fine.

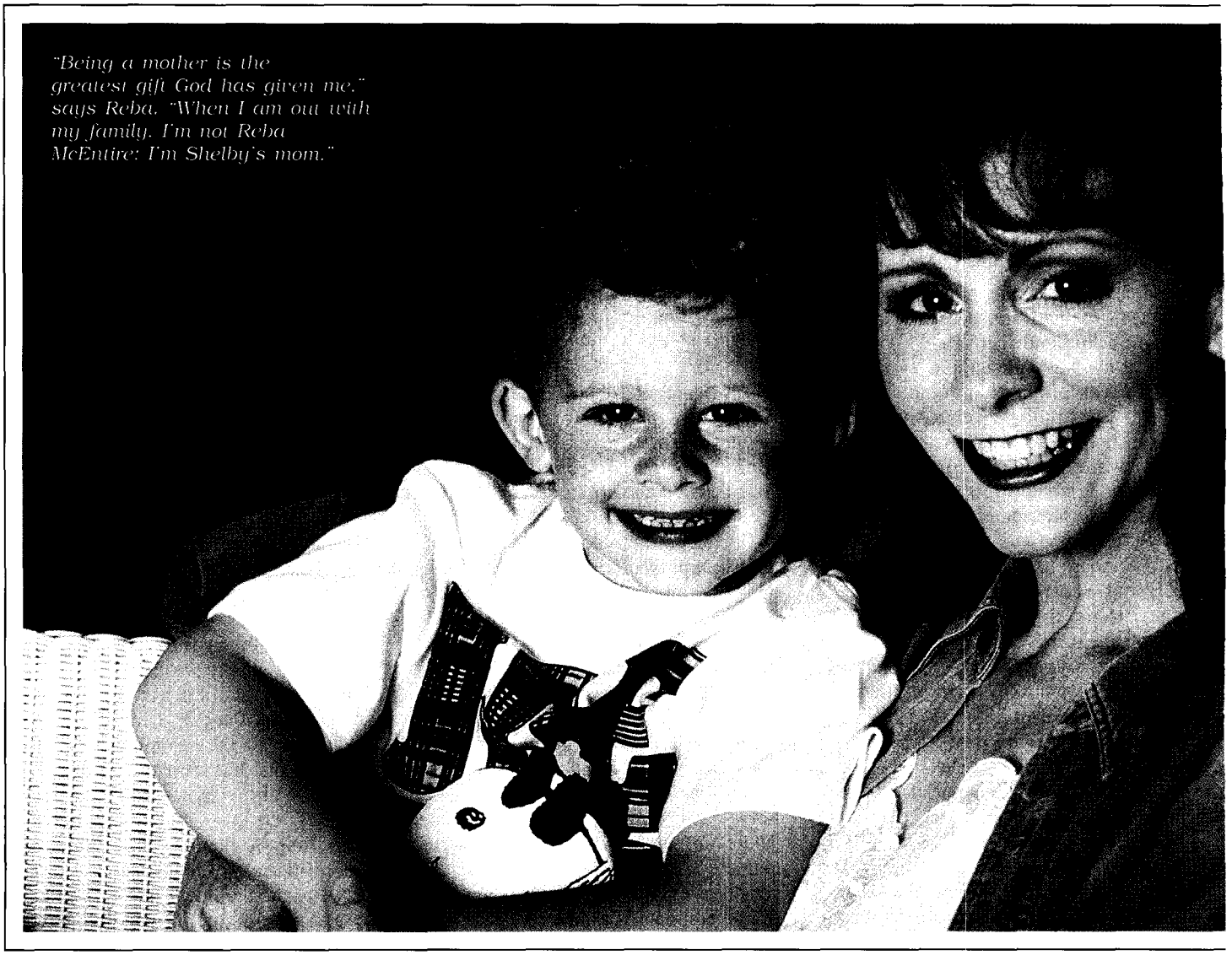
"I think it's the greatest type of relationship for me," she says of her marriage. "He is my informant. I've got a good insight through him into the industry. It works out well for us this way."

Although she once publicly stated she wanted several children, Reba has decided, for many reasons, that she'll stop at Shelby.

"If I'd have started five years earlier, I'd have had ten of 'em," she says.

"But Narvel has three kids from his previous marriage, and now he has Shelby. They all range in age from 21 down to Shelby. I have so many people on the payroll that are counting on me, too. I'm going to be 40 and had a rough time with Shelby. I was two months off my feet with him. For all of those big reasons, plus Narvel's feelings, I think I'll just play it safe and not ask for any more. I'm very, very pleased with Shelby."

Being a stepmother, she admits, is "definitely a learning experience." She has three stepchildren in her current marriage; in her first marriage, there were two.



"Being a mother is the greatest gift God has given me," says Reba. "When I am out with my family, I'm not Reba McEntire: I'm Shelby's mom."

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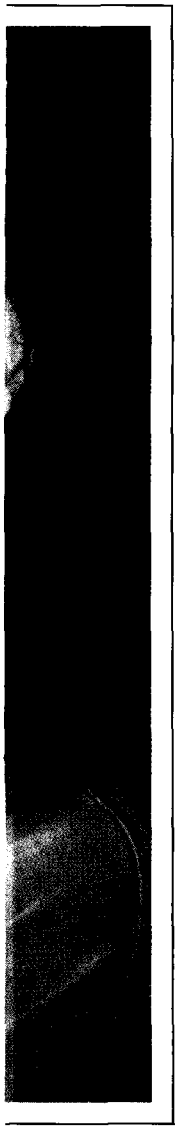
"I was so young the first time; I tried to be a teacher and a disciplinarian, and that was wrong—especially since the natural parent was present in their lives.

"It took me a while, but I learned that if you try and teach and discipline, the children are going to resent you for it. The best thing is to be a buddy for them and let the natural parent maintain their role."

Reba hopes that she is instilling into her own child the same values that her parents, Clark and Jackie McEntire, taught her, her sisters Susie and Alice, and her brother, Pake. Reba grew up on her family's cattle ranch, graduating from college with a degree in secondary education and a minor in music.

Her mother once dreamed of her own singing career and, allegedly, encouraged her children to sing as they rode from rodeo to rodeo in an old green Ford each summer. Reba, Susie, and Pake even formed "The Singing McEntires." Reba got her big break when she sang the national anthem at the 1974 National Finals Rodeo in Oklahoma City.



Her parents, she says, "set great examples. Daddy gave a lot, although sometimes he wasn't there much. He still runs a 17,000-acre ranch; he's hard working and very driven—I got that from him.

"My mom was there day to day, all the time. She worked, too, one time even selling fish bait for six dollars a day. We never had a whole lot, but we always had enough.

"Both my parents taught us to work hard, to give 110 percent, and to finish your job."

Reba figures her own son got his good sense of humor from her, plus "more love than I thought I could ever give. I also want to give him direction, morals, and, I hope, to just follow the Golden Rule."

Laughingly, she says Shelby received "his good looks, long legs, and quick tongue" from Blackstock.

Shelby, she says, realizes he has a working mother. "He knows, but the funny thing is, he thinks everyone else's mom does what I do, too. I try and explain it to him, and I know I'm going to have to explain it to him again and again before that day comes when it will all click and he'll really understand it.

"When I am out with my family, I'm not Reba McEntire; I'm Shelby's mom. And most of my fans appreciate that."

"I am very curious, very driven. I'm always wondering what I can do next; is there something I can do better?"

The Reba McEntire fans, she says, are "loyal, able to cry at the drop of a hat, very honest, and able to tell me what they think in a heartbeat—and they do!

"I get a kick out of my fans, and I can get aggravated sometimes, too. There are times when I like to sign autographs and other times when I don't. I'll have some fans come up to me and say, 'I hate to bother you,' and ask for an autograph, and it can get a little tense if it's really not the right time or place.

"But I can't sit there and throw a fit, and I won't embarrass a fan—that would be cruel. Yet there has to be a balance, especially if I'm trying to have a family dinner or something."

A hallmark of the country music field is the seemingly personal relationship between star and fan, and Reba and her fans are no exception: "I think we were all taught that way, really. Minnie Pearl, Porter Wagoner, Kitty Wells, all of the stars treated their fans like family. The fans are good, hard-working people, like I hope I am, and I know they put the groceries on my table."

Her music has slowly been changing, by design. "The main theme in my music has been sadness, but lately I'm trying to be more uplifting. I'm trying to do more love songs.

"I'm not a sad person at all. But if a song of mine touches me, then maybe it will touch someone else and help them deal. I hope it does that."

As she reaches 40, Reba McEntire realizes she is comfortable with herself. "I am more secure with myself," she says, "I'm more purposeful. I am very curious, very driven. I'm always wondering what I can do next; is there something I can do better? Tradition is great if it continues to work, but I want to be flexible to change as well.

"I think many people might think I am surrounded by great people and I can easily be swayed. But I'm a pretty hard-headed woman. I guess I get that from my mommy and daddy. I can't think things up and visualize it all, but if I hear a song or see a dress, I'll know if it will work for me or not."

And the future? "No bungee jumping, that's for sure!" she jokes. "My main goal is to remain healthy and happy, have my family close to me, and watch Shelby grow up.

"And then there's no stopping me."

Reba's Winning Ways

The 1990s have seen Reba McEntire's popularity solidify, both among the general public and her music industry peers. A quick look at her major awards:

1990: Favorite Female Country Vocalist, American Music Awards.

1991: Favorite Female Country Vocalist and Favorite Country Album, American Music Awards; Top Female Vocalist, Academy of Country Music.

1992: Favorite Female Country Vocalist, American Music Awards; Favorite Female Vocalist and Favorite Female Country Vocalist, People's Choice Awards; Top Female Vocalist of the Year and Video of the Year (*Is There Life Out There?*), Academy of Country Music.

1993: Favorite Female Country Vocalist and Favorite Country Album, American Music Awards; Favorite Country Female Vocalist, People's Choice Awards; Favorite Female Vocalist, TNN Viewer's Choice Awards.

1994: Favorite Female Vocalist, American Music Awards; Vocal Duet, Grammy; Vocal Duet, TNN Viewer's Choice Awards; Entertainer of the Year Award and Female Vocalist, Country Radio Awards.

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THE HEALING POWER OF GARDENS

There's a movement afoot to open up sterile hospital rooms and let nature revive the spirits of the sick and terminally ill.

by Anne Raver

When the ancients were sick, they walked among trees and plants and breathed the fresh air to soothe their pain.

Then came the discovery of penicillin, chemotherapy, laser beams. High-tech medicine buried the garden under high-rise hospitals with sealed windows.

But now there's a movement afoot to return nature to the lives of patients. It is spurred by an army of landscape architects, horticulture therapists, nurses, environmental psychologists, gardeners and, most of all, the patients, families, and friends who have found themselves inside dreary hospitals facing a disease like cancer, AIDS, or Alzheimer's, for which there are no magic bullets.

Throughout history, the idea of providing gardens for patients "has waxed and waned," said Dr. Sam Bass Warner, an urban historian at Brandeis University in Waltham, Massachusetts. "Wherever medicine has no magic—for AIDS or cancer or mental illness—gardens reappear. When we think science can do it all, they disappear."

At Friends Hospital in Philadelphia, elderly patients who can't get outdoors stay in touch with the world of trees and flowers through horticulture therapy.

Gardens are popping up in hospitals, hospices, and residences for the elderly all over the country. They may be as small as a rooftop terrace in East Harlem or as large as a 60-acre hospital complex in Texarkana, Texas. And though there is no cure for the diseases, the power of plants to heal the spirit is evident.

In Vancouver, at a residence with a specially designed garden for Alzheimer's patients, violent incidents declined 19 percent over a two-year period. At three comparable residences with no outdoor space, the rate of violent incidents increased 681 percent over the same period.

In an AIDS unit at the Terence Cardinal Cook Health Center in East Harlem, a patient is soothed by the sound of wind chimes outside his window that looks out on the garden he has followed from the moment of its construction. "I saw a bee seducing a flower out there," he says. "On a windy day, I can hear the chimes. That's what I call unorchestrated music." At the new St. Michael Rehabilitation Center on the outskirts of Texarkana, Leta Shelby, who had just had a hip operation, did her leg exercises on a mat in a sunny room that faced a wooded glen full of birds. "It's so nice to look out and see the trees and have the sun shining in the window," said Mrs. Shelby, who had been wheelchair bound for 20 years with rheumatoid arthritis. "It makes a tremendous difference. And I'm walking now, with a walker."

"I've seen a drastic improvement in patients here," said Sister Damian Murphy, the director of pastoral care at St. Michael. "The average rehab patient is home now in two to three weeks—compared to about six weeks or more in the old facility."

Incorporating plants in healing is as ancient as the Egyptian physicians who prescribed walks in gardens for the mentally disturbed.

At Friends Hospital, which was founded in 1817 on a 57-acre farm outside Philadelphia, mentally disturbed patients were encouraged to work in the fields and gardens. Today, at a group home for schizophrenics on the grounds, a man once locked in a ward under heavy medication now tends the garden.

"Down here, he's off the medication," said Barbara Hines, the group home director. "He grows flowers; that's his medication."

In the Middle Ages, the monasteries and convents that housed the sick often had open courtyards that were divided into four squares that echoed the Garden of Eden.

By the 19th century, Florence Nightingale was designing hospital wards laid out in pavilions open to the light and air, with gardens on either side.

But after World War II, with antibiotics and medical technology, fresh air and greenery were nearly forgotten as cures came from petri dishes and radiation machines.

"Today's hospitals look more like office buildings or factories than places of healing," Dr. Warner said.

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That's what James Burnett, a landscape architect, discovered two years ago, when his mother was dying of lung cancer at a hospital outside Dallas. She was in a tiny room with a tiny window overlooking a gravel roof. She died there after months of invasive procedures.

"I would have liked to have gotten her out of there," he said. "She lived on a lake, and she just wanted to go home."

After his mother's death, Mr. Burnett, who had concentrated much of his work on office parks for corporations, turned instead to designing gardens and landscapes for hospitals.

Two weeks ago, he stood in the middle of his latest project: the landscape for the $138 million St. Michael Health Care Center, which rises out of 60 acres of woods.

The gleaming glass towers of its new 400-bed acute-care hospital reflect the great pines that were carefully preserved during construction. Offices face a fountain in a courtyard surrounded by pear trees, and patients undergoing radiation and chemotherapy can look out on climbing roses and a pond with goldfish.

The new complex, which is owned and run by the Sisters of Charity of the Incarnate Word, a Catholic order, has many human touches: little kitchens where family members can cook a loved one's favorite food, chairs that open up into single beds for family members who want to stay overnight, meditation rooms, and plenty of gardens.

"It's so nice to look out and see the trees and have the sun shining in the window."

No one is saying that gardens can cure cancer or AIDS, but over the last ten years, social scientists have begun to try to measure the effects of nature on an anxious mind.

A ten-year study of patients recovering from gallbladder surgery, conducted by Dr. Roger Ulrich, an environmental psychologist at Texas A & M's College of Architecture, compared 23 patients whose windows looked out on trees and sky with 23 patients whose windows faced brick walls. Those with views of nature had shorter stays, took fewer painkillers, and complained less to nurses.

Subsequent studies by Dr. Ulrich and others show similar reductions in patient anxiety from just gazing at pictures of natural scenes.

Even a postage-stamp garden can give an anxious person respite in the noisy, enclosed spaces of a modern hospital.

When Topher Delaney, a garden

continued on page 90

No one can say that gardens can cure cancer or schizophrenia, but tending flowers and plants can give anxious patients respite from the enclosed spaces of a busy hospital.

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THE HISTORY OF EASTER

The colorful traditions of this springtime celebration include some little-known, centuries-old customs.

by John McCollister

Easter means many things to many people.

To the dress designer, it's the time to introduce new spring fashions. To the florist, it means increased sales in lilies. To the college student, it is an annual break from textbooks for fun and sun at Daytona Beach or Palm Springs. To the Christian, it marks the center of all theology, that the resurrection of Jesus from the dead is living proof that Christ was the Son of God.

Christians, as well as many non-Christians, celebrate the festival of Easter each year not only by filling churches to overflowing, but also by observing customs commonly associated with this holy season.

The "whys" behind some of Easter's customs and symbols explain how this happened.

Why is the celebration of Jesus' resurrection called "Easter"?

The word "Easter" comes not from a Christian source, but from an ancient ritual. An illustrious monk and writer of the medieval church, the Venerable Bede (673-735), wrote that the term is a corruption of *Eostre*—the Teutonic goddess of spring. The label was chosen because of the time of year when the feast of the resurrection is always held.

Why is Easter celebrated in spring?

According to the New Testament, Jesus was crucified on Friday afternoon—a few hours before the start of the high holy season called "Passover." His resurrection was on the following Sunday; thus, the Christian celebration of Easter has always been linked with the Jewish observance of Passover.

The first council of the Christian Church (held in Nicaea in 325) set the date for the celebration of Jesus' resurrection as the first Sunday after the first full moon following the vernal equinox (March 21). The earliest possible date of Easter, then, is March 22; the latest, April 25.

Eastern Orthodox churches follow the Julian calendar rather than the Gregorian calendar, so their celebration normally follows one week later than most Christian denominations.

The dates of Easter between now and the year 2000 are: April 16, 1995; April 7, 1996; March 30, 1997; April 12, 1998; April 4, 1999; April 23, 2000.

Why do Christians eat hard-boiled eggs on Easter?

Early Christians of Mesopotamia were the first to apply this symbol as a visual lesson to the resurrection of Christ. This custom has its roots in folklore. From earliest times, the egg has been a symbol of fertility and immortality. During the rites of spring, many nations have included it as a sign of new life anticipated during the season of planting.

Why are Easter eggs colored or painted?

The tradition of dyeing Easter eggs with bright colors has its origin in a legend that Simon of Cyrene—the man who carried the cross of Jesus to Calvary—was an egg merchant. According to the folk tale, when Simon returned from the site of the crucifixion, he discovered that all of the eggs in his produce basket had miraculously turned into a variety of colors, adorned with drawings.

Although this may be a delightful tale that developed into an enjoyable practice, there is neither Biblical nor sound oral tradition to support it.

Why is the "Easter bunny" a part of the Easter celebration?

Like the egg, the rabbit has been a symbol of fertility, the observance of which was another part of the Anglo-Saxon mythology and the ancient celebration of spring.

In a blend of Christian and other traditions, the custom of a rabbit (or Easter bunny) leaving colored eggs in the baskets of children was brought to America by German immigrants in the late 19th century.

Why is the lily the official Easter flower?

The lily—a tall, fragrant plant with long, pointed leaves—is the symbol of Easter because of its shape resembling a trumpet that heralds the resurrection of Jesus.

Why is the picture of a butterfly a part of Easter decorations?

In many Christian churches on Easter morning, a common practice is to hang a banner featuring the image of a butterfly—a symbol of Jesus' resurrection.

As any schoolchild knows, butterflies have humble beginnings as worm-like caterpillars. While inside their cocoons, these creatures are anything but attractive. However, they emerge as beautiful butterflies, full of brilliant colors.

The miracle of change is akin to the transformation of the broken body of Jesus sealed in a grave on Good Friday to the glorified body of the risen Lord on the first Easter morning.

Why are hot cross buns served on Easter?

During the spring equinox, ancient tribes sought the favor of the gods for a bountiful yield from their newly planted crops by sacrificing an ox (called a *boun* [thus our word "bun"] by the Saxons). After the ritual, the participants celebrated by eating cakes marked on top with a symbol of the ox horns. The symbol divided the cakes into four equal parts, thereby making it easy to be divided equally for distribution.

Leaders of the early church adapted this custom into their celebration of Easter, with the symbol of the ox horns being now interpreted as a sign of the cross on which Jesus died.

Later, some believers thought the buns carried magical powers and brought at least one of them into their homes to ward off evil spirits.

Fishermen sometimes carried one on their boats long after the Easter celebration as a precaution against shipwreck.

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April 15, 1933, illustration by J.C. Leyendecker

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MY DAD AND JACK LONDON

A simple request for an autograph sparked a global correspondence between an orphan boy and America's most famous adventure writer.

by George S. Hannah, M.D.

There are many published letters of Jack London, but the ones that follow reveal much of his personality and beliefs in a special way. This exchange of previously unpublished letters took place between Jack London and my father, Stanford Hannah, then 14 years old. Following the death of his mother, Dad was placed in an orphanage and later adopted by an Illinois couple named Hannah. By his 14th year, he had established an impressive autograph collection, which included such names as Mark Twain and Buffalo Bill Cody.

The request for Jack London's autograph was the beginning of a series of letters of both praise and even somewhat testy criticism at times. Eventually, Mr. London asked my father to choose one of his books, and Dad deferred that decision to Jack London. It is interesting that London's choice was *The People of the Abyss*, a documentary of his posing as a homeless man in the poor section of London; he slept on park benches and stayed in a very poor household for a short time, demonstrating his concern for the common man. His last communication was a handwritten page that accompanied the book and which expresses his hope for a time when war is no longer an option. Jack London died in 1916, aged 40.

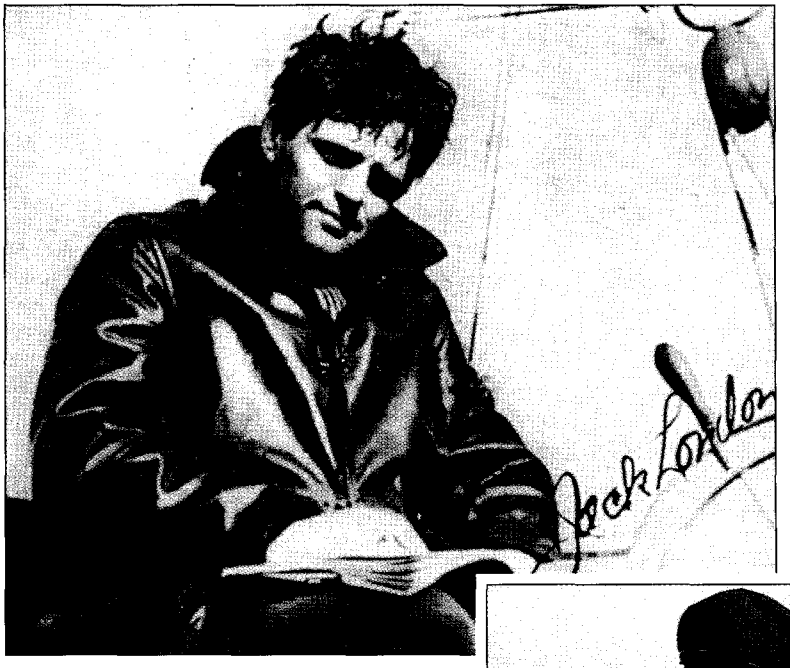
Dad went on to see active duty as a marine in World War I and, later, became a high school and junior college administrator in California.

The letters follow:

Dec. 24, 1908

My dear Stanford Hannah:

In reply to yours of March 8, 1908, which has been chasing me all over the South Seas and has just now caught me here in Australia. Let me tell you that I admire your grit and square dealing, in returning to me my autograph when you did not feel able to pay $1 for it. The majority of persons keep the autograph and do not send the dollar.



(Top) Jack London working on a novel aboard his sailing sloop *The Spray* in 1903. (Bottom) Fourteen-year-old Stanford Hannah was selling newspapers and magazines in Belvidere, Illinois, when he began corresponding with Jack London. Hannah's son has preserved the letters and an autographed book, *The People of the Abyss*, given to his father by the author.

I call your attention to one thing, namely, that the dollar I get for my autograph is not for myself, but that it is devoted to a cause that is working for the welfare of humanity. Let me call your attention to another thing—that I pay out of my own pocket the printing of the cards which I send to autograph collectors, and that I pay 95% of the postage. Let me call your attention to another thing, concerning your own letter. It has cost me six cents overdue postage. I pay that out of my own pocket. Let me call your attention to another thing, namely, that this is only one request from you; and I have thousands of similar requests. All you have to do is to do a little mental arithmetic and you will see how much it costs me. Let me tell you further, that when I was out in the Japanese Russian war, two requests for autographs, forwarded by special couriers, through Korea, and up into Manchuria, cost me a clean $40.

Now I want to give you a little lecture: It doesn't count against you in the least that you are an orphan boy,

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and that you are making your own way in the world. But if you try to make too much capital out of the fact that you are an orphan boy and are making your own way in the world, why it does count against you. And let me tell you another thing that will count against you, namely, trying to get something for nothing. Suppose you have 500 autographs in your collection; and suppose somebody came to you and said, "I like your collection very much and would like to buy it. What will you sell it to me for?" And suppose you didn't want your autograph collection any more, or suppose that you were in need of money. What would you do? You would put a price upon your autograph collection—an autograph collection that has cost you nothing, and about which, as you rather sharply say in your letter to me, that this with me is your first experience of having anyone ask payment for an autograph. Just let me analyze your conduct for you: You tell me that you have a very large collection of autographs, and that it has not cost you one cent. I know, and you know, that that collection has a money-value in your estimation. It means that you have got a whole lot of something for nothing. And furthermore, in your letter to me you have rather sat down on me, and rebuked me, and felt offended because I had done something that quite transcended your experience, namely asked you to pay for value received. And in your letter you have further ignored the point that the dollar you were requested to pay for the autograph was not to go into my pocket. Just think this letter over as the days go by, and some time in a year or in a number of years from now, write and tell me whether you have achieved a change of heart, so far as autograph-collecting is concerned. I can only say in addition, that the Cause to which your dollar was to be devoted, is for just such orphan boys as you, and all poor and unfortunate men and women and children in this world.

Sincerely yours,
Jack London
Per C.K.L.

Belvidere, Ill.
March 31, '09
To Mr. Jack London
Dear Sir:

Perhaps you do not remember me, I am Stanford Hannah the boy who sent your autograph back to you and to whom you sent a letter telling me what you thought of my actions. In that letter you requested me, in a year or number of years to answer it.

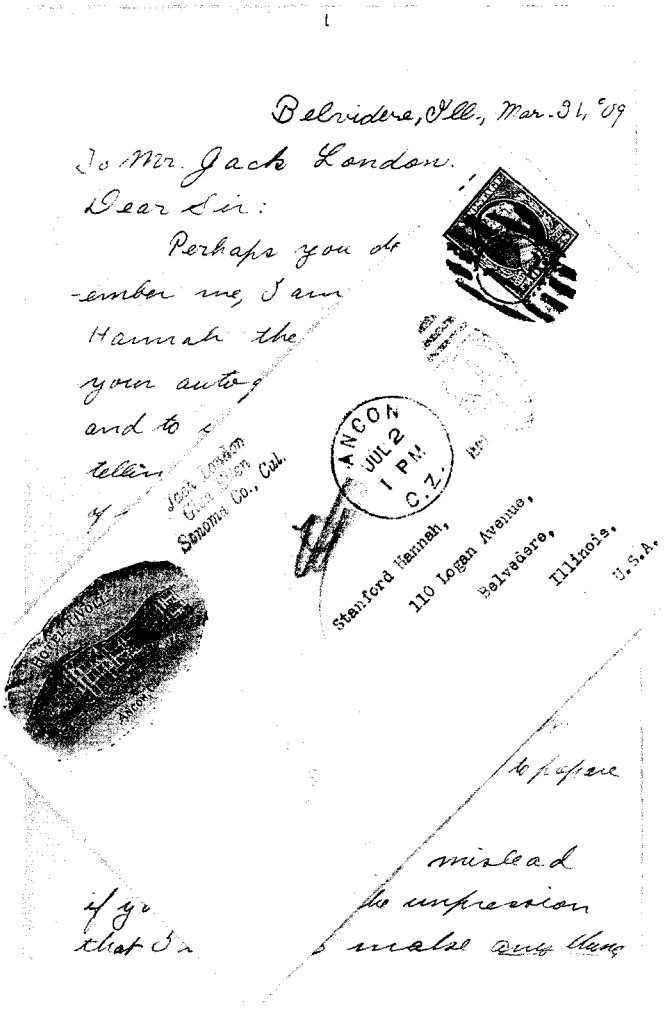
In reply to your letter which I received some time ago, I wish to say that it will not take me a year to prepare my answer.

You were sadly mislead [*sic.*] if you received the impression that I tried to make anything from my being an orphan. I do not try to at all, I merely stated that to explain why I did not feel able to pay a dollar for anyone's autograph, not but what I believe yours is worth that, for it certainly must be.

When I mailed my letter to you, I expected it would catch you while you were in the United States so I put but a two cent stamp on, and also put return postage on an envelope inside. I am always willing and desirous to pay any overdue postage my letter may cost anyone, for of course I don't want it to cost anybody anything to give their autograph.

Of course I might possibly have to sell my collection some time but I certainly hope not as that is not my object in getting them. They do cost me postage to the person and return postage as well as envelopes and paper, of course this is not much but beyond that I cannot afford to go. I do not in the least however blame you for asking payment for your autograph and your rule with one should be so with another, but I did not wish to keep that which is not rightly mine; so I returned it. Therefore please don't bear ill-feeling against me for either of my letters as by the first I tried to explain the return of the autograph and by this one I have tried to explain the first, and if sometime in the future we should meet I hope it will be a friendly meeting.

Yours very sincerely,
Stanford Hannah
110 Hogan Ave.
Belvidere, Ill.
U.S.A.



Hannah's letter took three months to catch up with the roving writer at his hotel in the Panama Canal Zone. "You are the only manly autograph collector I have met," London wrote in his reply of July 1909.

Jack London
Glen Ellen
Sonoma Co., Cal.
Hotel Tivoli
Ancon, Canal Zone
July 1, 1909

Dear Stanford Hannah:

In reply to yours of March 31, which has just come to hand here in Panama, where I have arrived from Australia, via South America. I like your manly, straightforward letter very much, and I think I have your point of view pretty well, and I hope you have my point of view equally well. No—I don't think you have; you have never been pursued by autograph collectors! Of my many depressing experiences in that line, let me tell you the following one: I was a war-correspondent attached to General Kuroki's staff in the war between Japan and Russia. As

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LOCK, STOCK, BARREL, AND BLUING

After selling a gross of bluing to get a BB gun and then shooting an innocent sparrow, this young hunter became an ardent fan of gun control.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Don Trawin

Teenagers today wouldn't be going around shooting other teenagers—or even people—if they had owned a BB gun at age six or eight. I myself owned a BB gun at age six, maybe eight, somewhere in that vicinity, and I haven't touched a gun since. You couldn't pay me to touch a gun. I hate guns. You want to know why? Let me tell you.

At age six, possibly eight, I saw this ad; it must have been in the *Breeder's Gazette* because that was the only publication coming to our house (except for *The Saturday Evening Post*, of course—retailing then for five cents). The ad promised that if I sold a "gross" of bluing, this company would send me a BB gun ABSOLUTELY FREE.

I didn't know what a "gross" meant, much less anything about bluing, but I knew BB guns, and I sure wanted one. Especially an absolutely free one. So I managed to fill out the coupon, sneak an envelope and a two-cent stamp (I must have been eight), and slip the envelope into our mailbox on my walk to school the next morning.

The day the bluing arrived turned into the longest day I had spent to date. Upon regaining her faculty of speech after opening the package, my previously conservative, Pennsylvania-Dutch mother cried out, "Why on God's green earth would you order 144 packages of bluing!"

One hundred and forty-four. So *that* was a gross.

"I couldn't use 144 packages of bluing if I was doing laundry for the Third Army," she moaned, as the stuff continued to erupt from the cardboard carton and slither across the kitchen table.

"You don't have to use it," I said, with my one and only chuckle of the day. "I'm going to sell it and get a BB gun absolutely free."

To divert her attention from the quantity, and acquire ammunition for my sales pitch, I brightly asked, "What's the stuff for?"

With a sigh of resignation, she explained that mothers added bluing to the washing machine water to make white clothes whiter.

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"You make white clothes whiter by adding bluing?" I repeated. "I'd think you'd use whiting for white clothes and bluing for blue clothes to make them bluer."

She just stared at me. Mother used to stare at me a lot when I was six or eight, or whatever.

Now that I remember it, the longest day might have been the following day. It being Saturday, I planned on covering the entire territory of Richfield Center (Michigan, that is), consisting of maybe 20 houses, by nightfall—if the merchandise lasted that long, of course.

Armed with my sales talk ("How about some bluing to stick in your washing machine to make your white clothes whiter?") and toting my stock in a canvas bag previously used as a nosebag for our horse, I set off to confront my first prospect. This would be Mrs. Cross, wife of the blacksmith, our next-door neighbor.

Unfortunately, I had no sooner mounted the porch steps than I heard Mrs. Cross yell to Mr. Cross that he wasn't fit to shoe a horse. So I decided that she would not be in the mood to buy bluing then. I passed up the Garrison house because all five of the boys would be mad at me for getting a BB gun just for selling bluing.

Approaching the Bentleys, I remembered barely in time that we had ripped the seam of their downspout with a Giant Cracker while celebrating last year's Fourth of July. The Reigles had clothes on the line, the white things looking so white I knew that Mrs. Reigle had all the bluing she needed.

This brought me to my Aunt Blanche's house. She took one package. My dear mother took the other 143. Although not quite clear on what it was for, dear old Dad made out the check, and I sent it off on Monday morning.

I waited. And waited. And kept on waiting. Fall turned to winter; spring, as it often did in those days, slowly followed. Still no gun. On my daily trips to the mailbox now, however, I began to notice that melting snow was revealing more and more of a strip of brown paper beneath the branches of the Christmas tree we had tossed into the ditch. Curiosity getting the better of me, I stopped one day to investigate.

How long my gun might have been lying there, I didn't bother to speculate. The well-deserved reward for my labors I now held in my eager little mitts. That's all that mattered.

Ignoring the enclosed directions (a habit I have maintained to this day), 500 BBs having been included in the package, I unscrewed the end of the barrel, dumped in the full 500, replaced the barrel cap, and headed for the chicken house, favorite hangout for sparrows looking for stray kernels of wheat.

"I raised my trusty weapon, squinted along the twin sights until it came dead center. With the anticipation Teddy Roosevelt must have experienced bagging his first buffalo, I pulled the trigger."

Sure enough, on a roost sat a lone pushover. I closed the door. It flitted to a closed window, foolishly clinging to the frame. I raised my trusty weapon, squinted along the twin sights until it came dead center. With the anticipation Teddy Roosevelt must have experienced bagging his first buffalo, I pulled the trigger.

Had only a single BB ejected from the barrel, the bird might have survived. But even a bald eagle would have had a hard time prolonging its life under a barrage of all 500, including the magazine itself. An autopsy confirmed that not a single BB had penetrated the epidermis, leaving me to conclude that marksmanship had played little part in the bird's demise. The poor thing had simply been weighted to death.

I never before had held a bird in my hand. I never knew that a sparrow would weigh no more than a marshmallow, that its feathers could be so soft, its markings so precise. I never knew that I could feel so guilty.

Tradition, of course, called for a hunter to mount his first trophy proudly above the mantel. Not this hunter. This hunter would lay out his little feathered trophy in a matchbox, place a few kernels of wheat near its partly opened beak, and bury the box, secretly, on the sunny side of the chicken house.

I would never shoot at a live target again.

Had I been smart for my age of six or eight, or whatever, I would have buried the BB gun alongside the matchbox. But I wasn't. And I didn't. And the absolutely free firearm would on two more occasions cause me to regret not being smart for my age of six or eight, or whatever.

Belatedly checking the instruction sheet, I saw the BBs went into the magazine, not the barrel, dummy. It had a capacity of 50, not 500. Now, when shooting at unlive targets such as tin cans or the headlamp on brother Meryl's bicycle (I never had a bicycle), a pull on the trigger would release but the required single BB. The problem now was in coaxing that single BB to appear.

If I held the gun at the slightest upward angle, the shooting mechanism had all it could do making the BB clear the end of the barrel. Only by pointing the gun downward would a shot come out with any show of enthusiasm. In desperation, I finally took the problem to dear old Dad.

Now, my dad was not what you could call mechanically inclined. The only time he attempted to clean the spark plugs from our Model T, he alertly noticed the gap between the points. "No wonder she wasn't hitting on all four," we heard him mutter as he took a pair of pliers and expertly pinched the points together. When she then hit on exactly zero, Dad had to call on Bill Willians, our local mechanic, who returned the points to their proper spacing.

So why would I refer the sorry

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"Boy, did you run away from home?" said Mr. Swain. "No, sir, I just—left."

THE BOY LEFT HOME

Does every son break his parents' hearts at least once before he becomes a man?

by John Randolph Phillips

Illustrated by Robert Meyers

Sometimes I think it began the day I came into the world. Sometimes I feel certain I was born to follow him through the mountains, follow him in desperate chase until he had beaten me and I was dead on my feet. The Still Run Buck, we called him, and there was never another deer like him.

He was a massive, magnificent twelve-pointer and he walked like a king. Bucks in our Southern mountains seldom run as heavy as two hundred pounds. The Still Run Buck must have weighed considerably over two hundred. But I don't know for sure, because I never weighed him. I stood at last with my hand on his lifeless head, but I never weighed him.

Maybe I'm wrong and it didn't begin the day I was born. Let's say it began the day I broke with my father. That was the day I rode a bus the ninety-six miles from the city to the place we called the Crossroads. This was as far as the bus went. But a winding road climbed from the Crossroads toward the blue, wonderful mountains beyond Swain's farm in the valley of Swain's Run.

I walked every step of the seven long miles to Henry Swain's mailbox. There I turned my back on the highway and followed the narrow road dropping off the ridge to the valley below. It was late afternoon of a hot day in September and I was eighteen years old, tall enough for my age, but skinny, with blue eyes and darkish hair, and my name was Jim Hastings.

Long before I reached the house I was breathing hard, from excitement rather than exertion. It was a solid, weathered old frame house that had started out long ago as a log cabin. It was not much to look at, I suppose, but

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it was a comfortable place and had about it an unmistakable air of welcome. I began to walk very fast and the two Irish setters raised a tremendous clamor and then raced to meet me when I called their names, and Henry Swain himself came round the house.

Suddenly I was scared, afraid he wouldn't let me stay. Stooping to pet the dogs, I delayed coming face to face with him. But I heard his solid footsteps.

"I was just thinking about you, boy," he said. "Thinking about you and your pa. Where's he at?"

"Home," I told him. "He didn't come."

"How'd you get here?"

"Bus to the Crossroads and walked the rest of the way. I—I came to stay, Mr. Swain."

"You what?" he asked me in that gentle voice of his.

"I came to stay for good, if you'll let me."

He knew this was no time to bid me a conventional welcome. For a while he said nothing at all, which was his way when he was in doubt. His gray eyes studied me. He was a man of middle height and medium size, but with amazing strength and endurance for a man of sixty. Behind him was a long line of good and self-sufficient stock. His people had dwelt here a long time. The stream beyond the house bore his name, as did the gap in the mountains to the west.

He was no hillbilly. He had fought in France in the first World War and had later followed construction work before coming home to the mountains. His education had been sketchy, but he knew his way around and he was respected wherever he went.

"Boy, did you run away from home?"

"No, sir. I just—left."

"Your daddy's a good man, Jim, and Mrs. Hastings—Now a stepmother never is exactly the same as a real mother, no matter what they say, but your stepmother is a kind and gracious lady."

"Yes, sir," I said. "She cried when I left. She—she even tried to reason with my father."

"Could have saved her breath. Frank's not easy to reason with sometimes. You're going to be exactly like him. Come over here, Jim, and tell me what happened."

I followed him to a wooden bench under a locust tree and sat down beside him. I was more afraid than ever. The dogs licked my hands. In the field across Swain's Run a mother quail called to her brood. I could smell ham frying in the kitchen and coffee boiling and biscuits baking. I took a long, deep breath and told him.

When I finished, he said: "Let's see if I've got it all straight. The main thing is your pa lost his temper when you told him you didn't intend to go to college this fall. That's right, ain't it? He said some pretty hard things to you and you said some right back at him. In a little while wasn't neither one of you fit to talk to the other one. Haven't you got the gumption to know that he's got a grown man's good sense on his side?"

"He stood erect and looked at me. He stamped one forefoot and actually took three or four steps toward me, and he walked not in the mincing fashion of many deer, but proudly as if he owned the earth."

"I don't care," I said. "I'm not ever going to school again. I'm sick of books. I never want to see another book. I just want to live here in the mountains. I've wanted to live here ever since the first time my father brought me up here hunting when I was twelve years old."

"I remember," he said. "I recollect all the times you and your pa come here hunting. I'll never forget how proud me and Frank were when we found out you had a natural-born knack for tracking a wild thing in the woods. You and him shake hands when you walked out?"

"N-no, sir, but he made me take a hundred dollars."

"I reckon he's a mighty disappointed man right now. You don't belong to live here, Jim. You belong to go to college and study to be a lawyer like your daddy and come up here once a year and hunt with me and Jay and Paul." I started to speak, but he shut me up with one uplifted hand. "But you're too young to see you're making a fool of yourself. Well! If you've got to make a fool of yourself, the time to do it is when you're young. You make a fool of yourself at my age or your daddy's and it's liable to be real serious. In your case—why, you won't hardly notice it."

That was the longest speech I ever heard him make. He closed his hands, lacing the fingers together, opened his hands and stared at them. Finally he spoke again.

"Just what did you have in mind, boy?"

"I can help you on the farm, now that Jay and Paul are married and living in homes of their own. At the end of the year you can pay me whatever you think I've been worth to you. This fall in my spare time I can guide hunters the way you used to when you were a young man."

He shook his head. "Not this fall. You ain't woodsman enough yet. Oh, you're a good tracker, like I said, but——"

I cut him short. "I'll kill the Still Run Buck! I'll show you! If I hunt the Still Run Buck down and kill him, will you think I'm a woodsman then?"

His eyes twinkled. "I'd be powerful impressed."

"Can I stay?" I asked him, with my heart pounding.

"You can stay," he told me. "We'll see how it works out. Now let's go wash up for supper."

He led me to the kitchen, where his wife, whom I always called Miss Molly, made me welcome. She was one of the kindest persons I ever knew, a round little woman as plump as a ruffed grouse. In as few words as possible Mr. Swain acquainted her with the situation.

"Right after supper, Henry," she said instantly, "you get in that pickup truck and drive down to the Crossroads and call Mr. Hastings on the long-distance telephone and tell him Jim's here."

"No," Henry Swain said firmly. "This thing is a thing between me and Jim." He looked at me. "Jim is going to write his pa a letter, and what telling is done—why, he can do it in that letter."

"But, Henry!" she protested.

"I told you this was between me and Jim."

He smiled at me then, and I have never since been as grateful to anyone as I was to Henry Swain at that shining

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moment of my life.

I did write the letter. Later, after Mr. Swain and Miss Molly had gone to bed. It took me an hour and a half, and before it was done I realized the truth of Mr. Swain's contention that I was very young, because I cried the last thirty minutes. But the next morning the sun shot the mountains full of golden light and I was strong again.

It was a boy's dream there at the farm on Swain's Run. A dream for a boy who hated the city, who all his life had loved the out-of-doors, who had read endlessly of mountains and mountain men, who used to feel he had been born too late. It was a dream that was not to end until the Still Run Buck lay dead at my feet.

I saw him the second morning I was there. I was up at daylight looking for a steer that had strayed the day before and I saw the Still Run Buck in a little meadow half a mile below Still Run's junction with Swain's Run. He stood erect and looked at me. He stamped one forefoot and actually took three or four steps toward me, and he walked not in the mincing fashion of many deer, but proudly as if he owned the earth. Then he snorted, wheeled, hoisted his flag, and ran with unbelievable speed for the hemlocks at the foot of the ridge.

Forgetting the steer, I charged back to the house. "I saw him!" I shouted. "I saw him! I saw the Still Run Buck!"

Henry Swain smiled understandingly and did not chide me about the steer. I don't think he ever chided me. He was a patient man and I was a willing student. I loved the work on the farm and it did not take me long to catch on.

"You learn real quick," he used to say.

I milked the cows and fed the hogs. I made hay in the meadow, and when the time came I cut corn on the hillsides. I mended fence and helped cut and saw and store firewood against the winter. Some of it was hard work and some of it was easy, but all of it was interesting and elemental and had to do with survival.

My stepmother wrote to me regularly and I had one letter from my father, in answer to the one I had written him. It was a blunt and honest letter. He was glad I liked it at Swain's. He was sorry I felt I had to do what I was doing. He would not be coming to the mountains to hunt that fall. If I changed my mind I was to come home at once and we would take up where we had left off. It was typical of him that he said if I changed my mind and not when.

Time went by on wings. Suddenly all the corn was cut and all the firewood stored and the last of the small grain seeded. It was the middle of November and the hunting season was at hand. Jay and Paul, Henry Swain's two sons, came from their homes to hunt with us the first day. We went turkey hunting and Mr. Swain and Paul each got a young gobbler. Jay and I failed to score.

"I said, 'So what!' "

That night at supper I said, "Tomorrow I am going to hunt the Still Run Buck."

Jay and Paul laughed outright at me, but Henry Swain silenced them with one look. "I expect Jim would come as close to hunting that old heathen down as either one of you would."

Later, when Jay and Paul had gone home, he led me into what was called the front room. He lit the fire in the fireplace and we sat down, stretching our legs out to the blaze, helping our muscles relax after the day's long tramp. It was a pleasant, rewarding time and for a long while we said nothing.

"That buck is on your mind, ain't he?" Henry Swain said at last. "He's like a fever with you. Why, boy?"

"I just want him. That's one reason. The other reason is that you said I wasn't a woodsman."

"I never said that! I said you weren't enough of a woodsman yet to go guiding city hunters through these mountains."

"Amounts to the same thing," I told him. "I have got to kill the Still Run Buck to show you."

He shot me a direct and searching look. "You think being a good woodsman is more important than being a good lawyer?"

"I'd rather be a good woodsman than a good lawyer."

"You figure you got a chance against that old buck?"

"I aim to find out."

"He knows it's hunting season now. He won't stand in the meadow and look at you. He'll be long gone. You think I don't know? You think I never hunted him? Well, I did. Many and many a weary day. I walked him down once and then missed him because I was too tired to hold the rifle steady."

A sudden suspicion crystallized in my mind and my heart fell. "You don't want him killed, do you? You—you'd rather I didn't try for him, wouldn't you?"

He shook his head. "You're welcome to try. It's a good thing for a man to want something the way you want that buck. But you're going to cry in your sleep before you get him."

I was out at daybreak the next morning and I spent the entire day scouring the ridges and the hollows along Still Run. I saw other deer, but I never glimpsed the Still Run Buck. Nor did I jump him the second day. I dragged home that night tired to the bone, and fell asleep at the supper table.

The third day I did jump him. He was bedded down less than a hundred yards from where Still Run and Swain's Run joined. There was a violent crashing in the brush ahead and I glimpsed him long enough to identify him. There was no mistaking his magnificent rack or the tremendous size of him.

I waited until the sounds of his headlong flight died out and then picked up his trail. It was not too hard to track him in the hollow; but when

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he took to the ridge, I lost the trail. It had not rained for weeks and the higher ground was hard and unyielding, and only the keenest of trackers could have followed him there. I began to cut wide circles, hoping to find him bedded down again and get in a lucky shot before he crashed away. I didn't find him.

The fourth day I jumped him again and lost him again. The fifth day it rained and rained and rained. I tramped the ridges and the hollows all day in the rain and found no sign of the buck. Again I was tired to the bone, but it never occurred to me to quit.

I think that by now I hated him. I know that showing Henry Swain was no longer important. Maybe I just had to show myself. However it was, I had to have him, possess him, stand over him and know that at last he was mine. A desperate urgency kept me going.

Then, less than an hour before nightfall, I jumped him and he fled through the drowned woods like a jet-powered wraith. I threw the rifle to my shoulder, but I was too late; and it was too late to follow him. I had to find the trail leading off that ridge before dark set in.

I found the trail and followed it home. I entered by way of the kitchen. Miss Molly gave me a troubled look. There was no expression on Henry Swain's face. I walked past them without a word, went to my room, and shucked out of my soaked clothes. When I reopened the door, I heard them talking in the kitchen.

"Are you going to stop that fool boy or not?" Miss Molly demanded.

"Who am I to stop him?" Henry Swain asked her. "This is something you don't understand, Molly. I ain't sure I'd stop him if I could. This thing has got to go to a finish, one way or another."

After supper we sat before the fire in the front room and listened to the beat of the rain. I didn't tell him anything about that day's hunt and he didn't ask me. But finally he made the suggestion that I sleep late the next morning. I shook my head at him.

"I'm going again, rain or no rain."

"Tomorrow is Sunday," he reminded me softly.

So I rested the next day and the rain came down all day long. But Monday morning the stars were out when I went into the kitchen to fix my breakfast. I found it already fixed and a lunch packed for me. Henry Swain had done this and he was sitting at the table waiting for me.

"You'll have a good day," he told me. "The ground will be soft, even on the ridges. You can track him if you've got the patience. Look! I promised myself I'd stay out of this. I promised myself faithful I wouldn't help you. I figured you'd hunt him three or four days and then quit."

"I'll never quit."

He nodded. "That's why I'm going to tell you how to get him." I stared at him, but I didn't say a word. "It's the way I done the day I shot at him and missed three years ago. You can get him, boy, if you're man enough to walk him down."

"Humid, isn't it?"

"Walk him down?"

Again he nodded. "It's an old trick of mine and it'll work a day like this, when the ground's soft enough for tracking. If you're lucky enough to jump him, just keep on his trail. Don't let him rest a minute longer than you can help. He'll run like the wind for a ways, and then he'll bed down again. Follow his trail as fast as you can and roust him out and keep him moving all day long. Even a deer gets tired, the same as a man."

"Did that ever work for you?" I demanded.

"Lots of times with other deer, and it worked once with the Still Run Buck, only I missed him."

Over my shoulder I slung the beautiful .30-06 my father had given me two years before and which my stepmother had packed and sent to me when I wrote for it. I struck off up Swain's Run toward Still Run. It was dawn in the valley, but sunrise on the top of Eagle Knob, miles to the west.

I was lucky that morning. He hadn't bedded down yet. He was standing at the edge of the little meadow below the mouth of Still Run. Dropping to one knee, I wished for scope sights; but Henry Swain and my father always used iron sights and I had followed in their footsteps. I brought the gun to my shoulder. At that moment, before I could aim, the Still Run Buck saw me, bounded into the brush, and, as Henry Swain had said, was gone like the wind.

But he had left an easy trail in the wet ground of the flat. His enormous weight had driven his hoofs deep. Nor, when he took to the ridge, was his trail too hard to follow. A little way up the ridge he had stopped his wild flight and had begun to walk. I made my way stealthily and noiselessly. Today there were no dry leaves to betray me. He would have to sight me or wind me.

Finally I found where he had stood a while and then walked on with shorter and shorter steps. I stopped beside a slim hemlock and scanned the brush ahead. A grouse twittered in a thicket. Far up the ridge a wild turkey yelped once.

The buck was near. The tracks indicated that he considered himself out of danger when he reached this point. I peered into the brush, my heart racing, my knees shaking. There was only a little wind, scarcely more than a breeze, but enough for me to feel it when it changed. It was cool at the back of my neck now instead of in my face, and instantly the buck broke from his bed no more than thirty yards away. But again he vanished before I could lay the sights on him.

This time he did not go far. Why, I don't know. Perhaps he figured it was only luck that I had stumbled on him again. This time he did not break into

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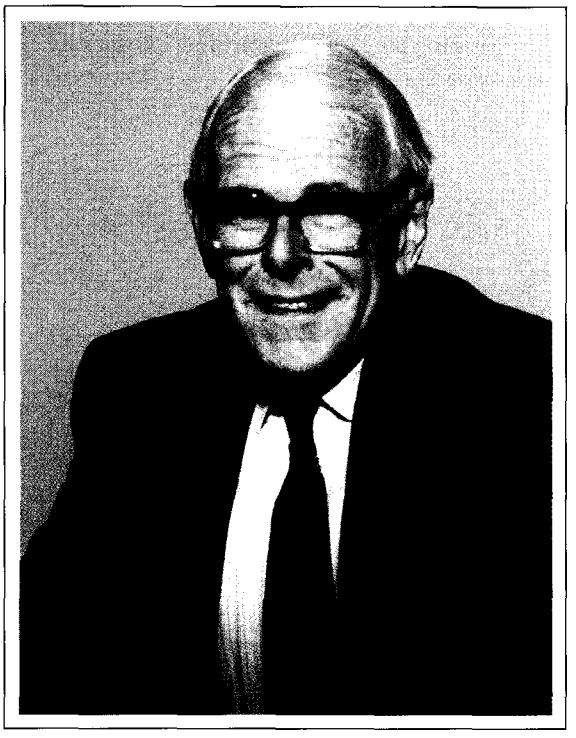
DR. DENIS BURKITT: A PASSION FOR PREVENTING DISEASE

In darkest Africa, he found the cause of a multitude of our most common diseases and how to prevent them.

by Cory SerVaas, M.D.

When the elders passed the fluffy white cubes of bread during Communion at the Second Presbyterian Church in Indianapolis one recent Sunday, I wondered what kind of effort it would take to persuade all churches in the country to convert to whole-grain bread on their Communion trays. While holding the morsel of bread and contemplating the spiritual meaning of the ritual, parishioners would see that this bread was darker and heavier than usual and might be reminded of the health benefits of whole-wheat bread.

Now that Dr. Burkitt has gone to his Heavenly reward, I can't think of a more fitting tribute than to crusade for this symbolic change in honor of his memory. Dr. Burkitt was a devout and selfless Christian worker who donated his time and energies to helping educate people about how fiber-depleted diets cause a multitude of human ills. A practical, humble, and witty man, he would especially like the idea of proselytizing the pew folks away from white bread. He spent a lot of time teaching from the pulpit.



Dr. Denis Burkitt gained worldwide recognition for his ingenious discovery of what is now known as Burkitt's lymphoma, a form of cancer in children. Ridiculed at first for his revolutionary theories about how fiber in the diet could prevent many common diseases, Burkitt lived to see his theories vindicated and validated by researchers in the forefront of medicine.

We hope the picture of whole-wheat bread on a borrowed church plate will inspire readers to help honor Dr. Burkitt by using whole-grain bread on their family tables and in their churches. In doing so, we would be offering an implicit "thank you" for his having spared millions of people around the world the discomfort of everything from piles to gallstones to appendicitis—even cancer of the colon.

Dr. Burkitt often used his humor to make a point. "Soft in, hard out," he would say, referring to the bland diet causing constipation and hemorrhoids. "Transit time in the nursing homes in Britain . . . takes a fortnight!" he would joke, comparing the two-week passage of typical English refined food through the digestive tract to the seven-hour transit time for food in his beloved Africa, where he spent many years as a medical missionary-researcher-clinician. After giving the African children red-dyed vegetable tablets to test their food's transit time, he would swallow one of the tablets himself, "for them to see I wasn't giving them something dangerous," he told us.

"Countries with large stools are the ones with small hospitals," he said jokingly. "And countries with small stools have large hospitals. When compared with world standards, America and England are, you might say, constipated nations."

Burkitt's early observations on the importance of high fiber in the prevention of disease are certainly germane to today's discussion of healthcare reform and prevention.

"Insurance companies should be more interested in the size of a man's daily stool than whether or not he has high blood pressure," Burkitt said. "I believe the size of a man's stool is probably a better indicator of how long he will live."

Burkitt would brag about how African kids would run as far as seven miles to school—just for the joy of running. His point was that on their carbohydrate and fiber diets, they had plenty of energy to *run* instead of walk. Remember, this was decades before our society caught up with the idea that we shouldn't feed our athletes steak, but teach them to "carb up" with complex carbohydrates for sustained energy.

Dr. Burkitt was a lapel grabber. I'll never forget the time he placed his hands on my shoulders and told me one day, "With your enthusiasm, you can do a lot of good." Having been brought up in a home where missionaries were held in the highest esteem, I was moved and honored.

His crusade became my crusade. I joined his fiber gang, and we went for fiber converts whenever we were asked to speak.

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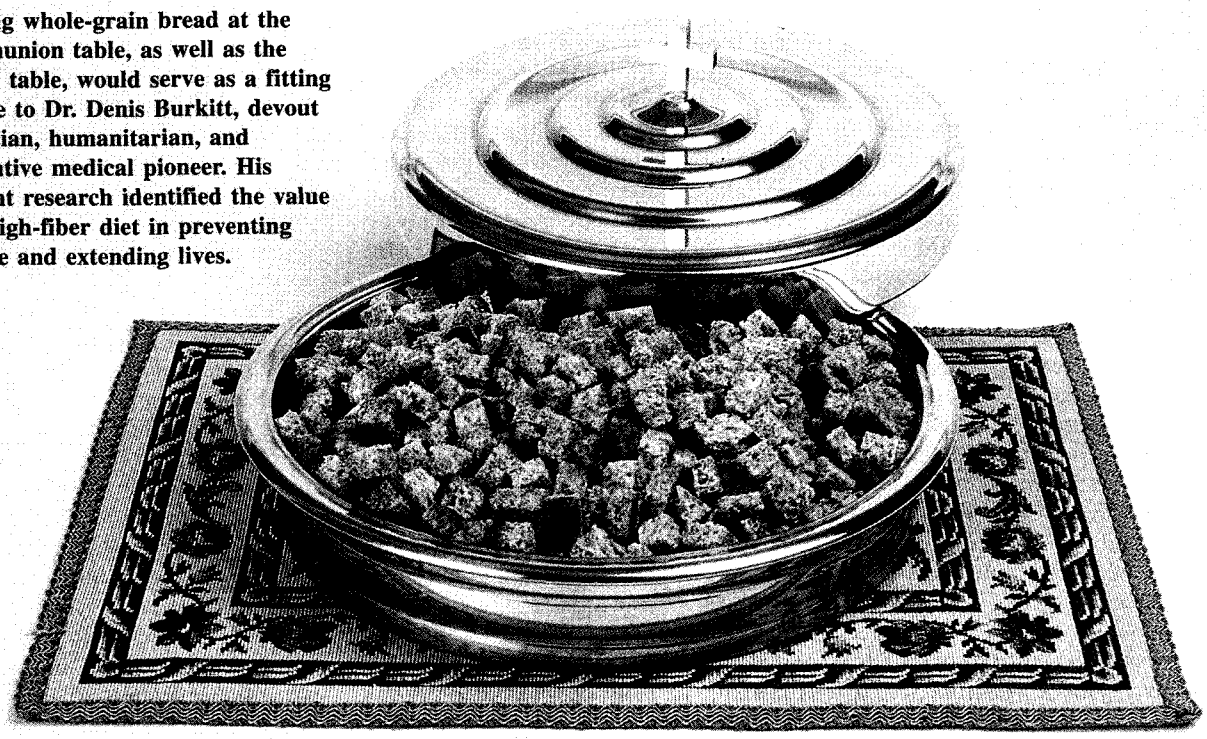
Serving whole-grain bread at the Communion table, as well as the family table, would serve as a fitting tribute to Dr. Denis Burkitt, devout Christian, humanitarian, and innovative medical pioneer. His diligent research identified the value of a high-fiber diet in preventing disease and extending lives.



(Above) In the 1970s, fiber researchers in Africa compared whole-wheat bread with bread made from refined white flour by feeding both to baboons. (Below) In the 1980s, Denis Burkitt met with Dr. Vincent DeVita, then head of the National Cancer Institute, and Dr. SerVaas to discuss fiber's role in colon cancer prevention.

Dr. Ken Heaton (above, left) of Bristol, England; Dr. Alec Walker (above, right) of Johannesburg, South Africa; and Dr. Denis Burkitt of London, England, were interviewed for TV appearances by *Post* editor Dr. SerVaas during the 1984 International Fiber Conference. These pioneers in fiber research believed many diseases, including gallstones, appendicitis, and colon cancer, could be prevented by restoring fiber to the diet.

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Diverticulosis

We published "Our Thresh-hold to Health" in the *Post* in 1975, telling our readers about Dr. Burkitt's revolutionary answers to many Western diseases. Adding fiber was such a panacea, I hesitated to lend my byline to the article. Though I believed every word Denis Burkitt told me, I knew it would be years before his views would be accepted by physicians and patients who would read the article. Many doctors were still advocating a bland diet for their diverticulitis patients.

One patient wrote, "How can bran help a diverticular person who has a tendency to diarrhea or unpredictable "spastic" bowel movements? Isn't roughage eliminated from the diets of diverticular sufferers?"

"They're treating them with what caused it in the first place," Dr. Burkitt would reassure us in his good-natured manner, pointing out that the disease comes from a fiber-depleted diet.

"There's almost no fiber in so-called roughage foods, such as tossed salad," he said, "but there's a lot of good fiber in a bowl of mashed potatoes or cereal porridge. A piece of stringy meat, which appears to have fibers, doesn't."

The fiber described by Dr. Burkitt, unabsorbable roughage that formerly was considered unnecessary, provides few or no nutrients. The unabsorbable part, unrefined carbohydrates, regulate the behavior of the gastrointestinal canal. When Dr. Burkitt talked about fiber, he referred to microscopic carbohydrate molecules left intact in whole grain but destroyed in our white flour and refined sugars.

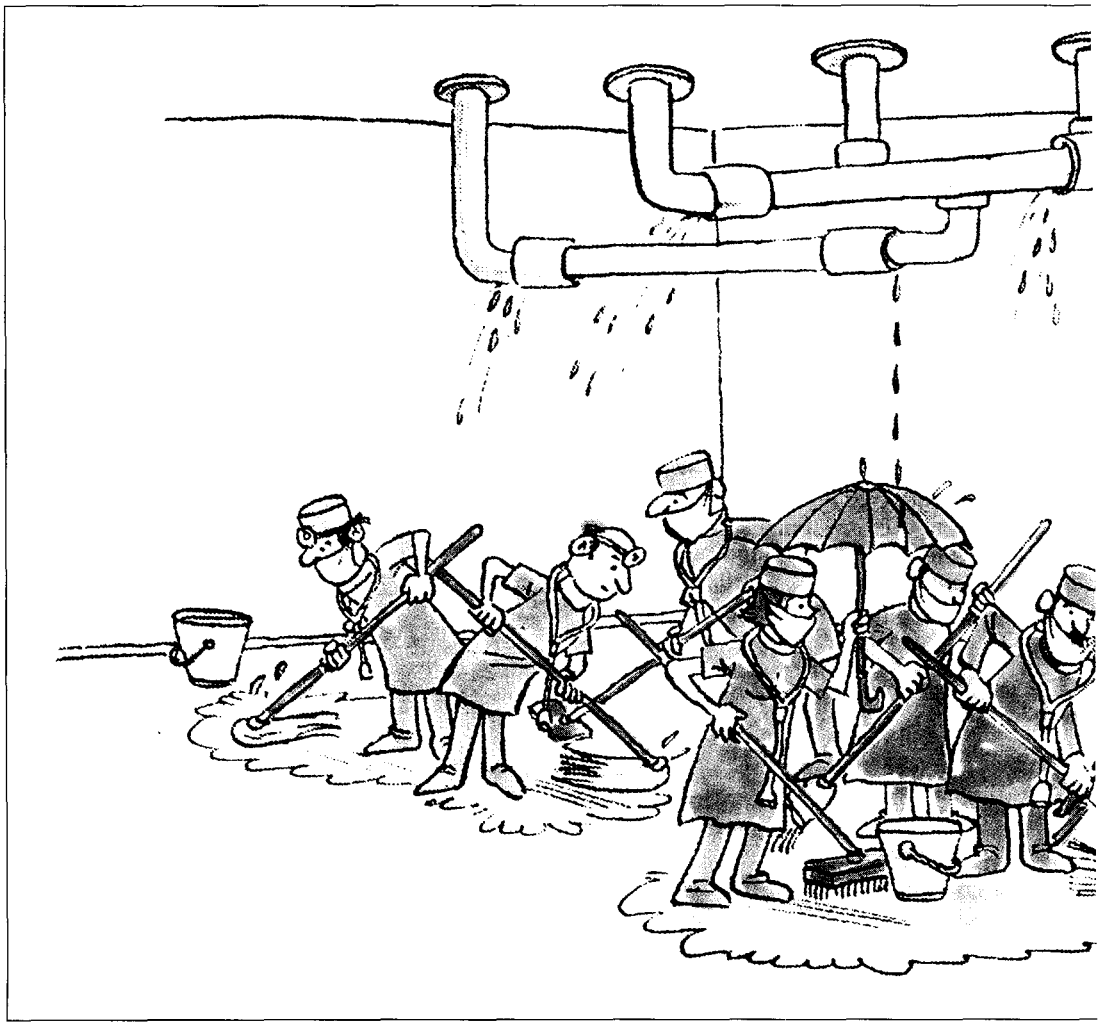
A diet high in nondigestible, nonnutritious fiber promotes natural, smooth peristalsis of the bowels and helps eliminate unpredictable diarrhea or constipation cycles. These nondigestible portions of the diet also assist regularity by adding a desirable bulk to the stool.

Gallstones

Gallstones are one of the most common health problems in the United States and throughout the Western world. Dr. Denis Burkitt explained that on the average, 1,000 gallbladders are removed in the United States every weekday of the year. However, he removed gallbladders from only two Africans in his 20 years as a surgeon in that continent. "One of them was the only queen I have ever operated on," he said. "She might have been eating imported Western food, because there's no doubt that gallstones are related to diet."

"Certain components of fiber bind bile acids in the intestine so that they are eliminated in the stools rather than resorbed and returned to the liver," he explained. "Since bile acids are made from cholesterol, more cholesterol must be used up to replace its loss in the bile. Not only is cholesterol reduced in this manner, but there is some evidence that cereal fiber reduces the manufacture of cholesterol in the liver."

Besides these changes, it has been shown that an increase of cereal fiber in the diet increases the production of *chenodeoxycholic acid*, which helps keep bile cholesterol in solution. Dr. Burkitt pointed out a certain paradox in the treatment of gallstones. "The strange thing is, when you get gallstones now in this great country of America, you're often given a drug called chenodeoxycholic acid. It comes from the bile of poor oxen in the slaughterhouse. And by taking it you may, by chance, get rid of your gallstones. But if you eat a high-fiber diet—a high cereal-fiber diet—you



Dr. Burkitt liked to use the "floor moppers" analogy to illustrate the focus of much of Western medical practice. According to Burkitt, we see a flooded floor and just start mopping, overlooking the leaking faucet at the source of the problem. "Treating millions of cases of gallstones, appendicitis, diverticulitis, and colon cancer is a lot like 'mopping up the mess' when we might have 'turned off the faucet' with high-fiber diets," the physician taught.

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will produce your own chenodeoxycholic acid. How much better to produce your own correct bile acids than to get a gallstone and then go to the slaughterhouse to try to get rid of it by injecting the bile of a cow.

"Chenodeoxycholate, which has been taken from ox bile, tends to dissolve gallstones, but it is not without side effects—and it is expensive. If it can be established that an increase in fiber-rich foods could, throughout life, maintain an adequate production of chenodeoxycholate and reduce or even prevent the formation of gallstones, then recommending dietary changes would certainly be a better approach than having to remove gallstones surgically or dissolve them with medicines after they have already developed."

I once asked Dr. Burkitt what he would suggest our readers eat to avoid gallstones. He said, "Tell them that to avoid gallstones and many of the other diseases in Western culture, they should eat more complex carbohydrates such as whole-grain breads (wheat, rye, oats, corn, and millet), whole-grain cereals (wheat bran, oat bran, and corn bran), high-fiber vegetables (potatoes, carrots, beans, peas, Brussels sprouts, and onions)." By eating these foods, Dr. Burkitt explained, one automatically reduces fiber-depleted carbohydrates such as white sugar and white flour. When one eats these high-fiber, filling foods, less fat can be consumed.

"The message I really want to get across," said Dr. Burkitt, "is this: It's better to *prevent* gallstones than to *cure* gallstones—and I believe they can be abolished in this generation."

Dr. Burkitt's findings were supported by the research of Dr. Kenneth Heaton, who worked at the Bristol Infirmary in England.

"There's a very strong relationship between gallstones and obesity. Not everybody who gets gallstones is overweight," Dr. Heaton said. "But if you are overweight, it increases your chances greatly. In terms of specific items of diet, evidence is now beginning to emerge that the main problem comes from an excessive intake of energy calories, specifically sugar.

"If you feed people a rich source of fiber in the form of wheat bran, you can change their bile so it is less likely to develop gallstones. I think to increase your intake of fiber—especially wheat fiber (bran, if you like)—is quite a sensible way of reducing your chances of gallstones.

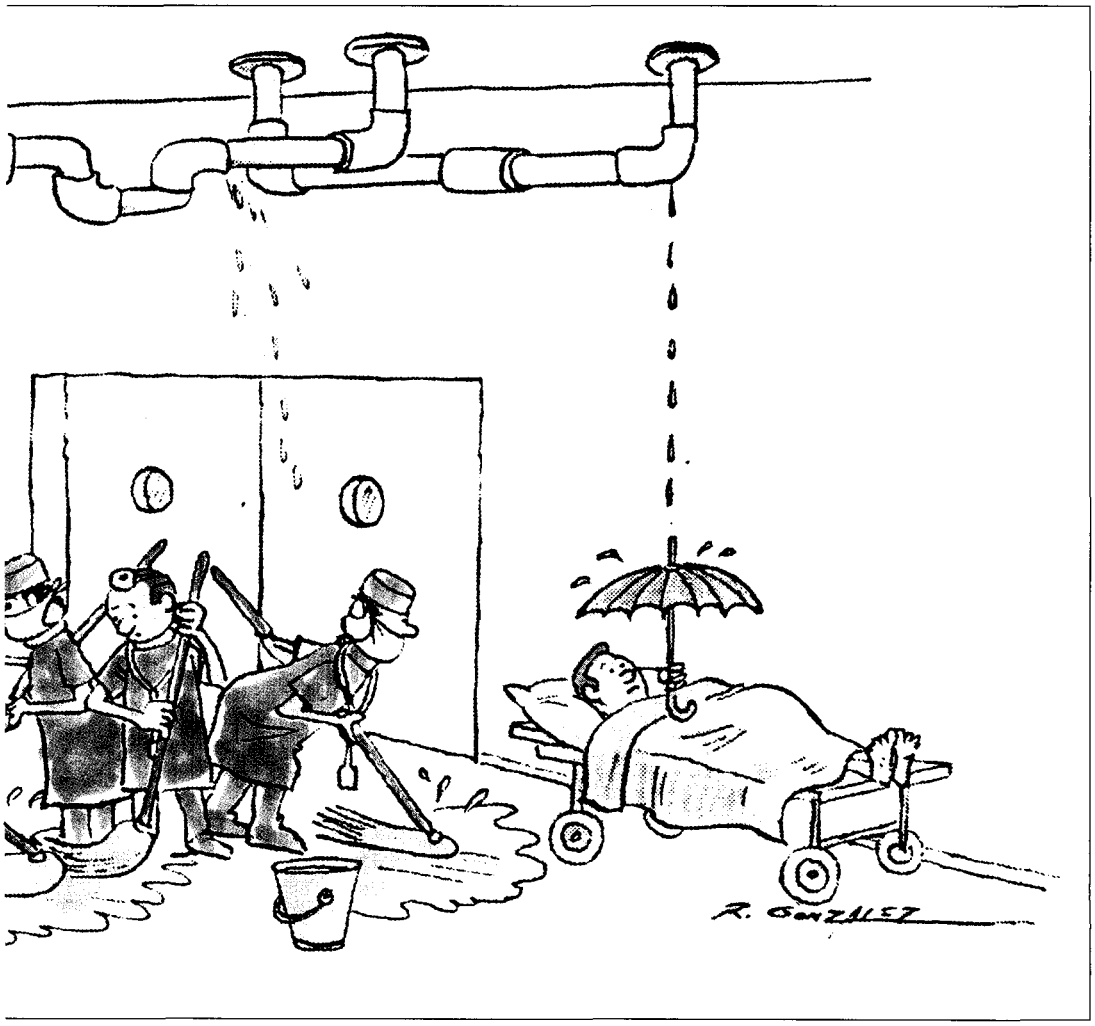
"Since World War II, there has been a worldwide increase in the number of patients undergoing surgery for gallstones. This increase has been documented in England, France, Sweden, Canada, Greece, and South Africa. There has been a disproportionate increase in younger people and also in men—the least susceptible groups in the population. When a disease spreads to involve less-susceptible people, it suggests that the pathogenic [disease-producing] factors have intensified.

"In high-incidence countries like the United States and Sweden, selected members of the population have bile that is nearly saturated or supersaturated with cholesterol, but the bile of rural Africans and Japanese is almost always highly unsaturated.

"Incomplete as they are, the epidemiological data do suggest that gallstones are essentially a disease of civilization and especially of modern Western culture. This finding of itself leaves open many possible explanations, but the only theories that command any credence today are nutritional ones. Evidence for these theories comes from disease associations, animal models, and dietary experiments."

Dietary fiber has also been studied in relation to kidney stones. In an experiment using baboons, researchers in Africa found baboons fed a diet of whole-meal dark bread to have high blood magnesium levels, which they believed may be protective against kidney stones. Western populations have kidney stones 90 times more frequently than those of native African societies.

When Dr. Vincent T. DeVita, Jr., was head of



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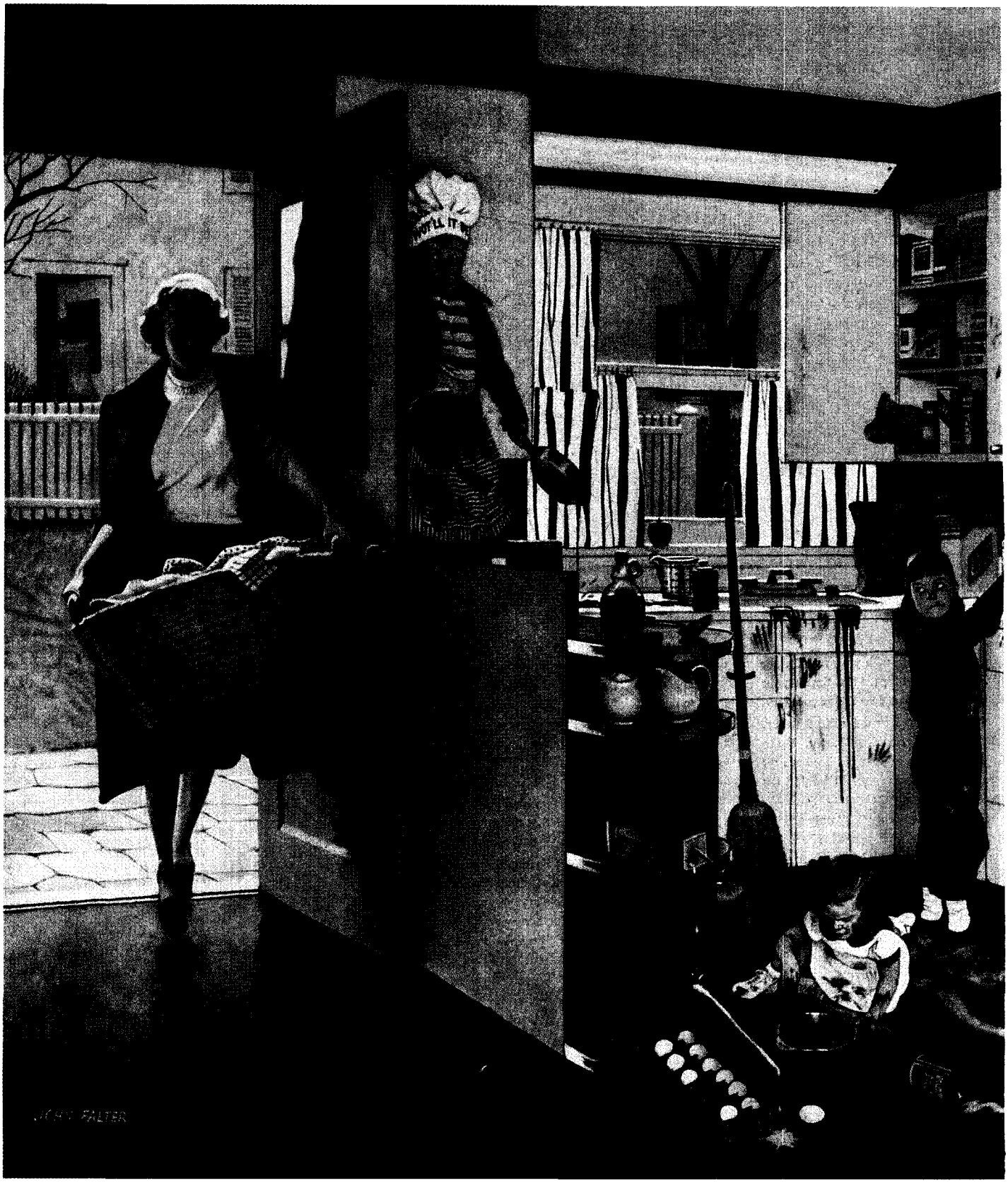

Welcome home, Mom. As you can see, we've done most of the housework while you were away. Oh, there may be a bit of tidying up left, but you couldn't expect us kids to do it all. (The mess, actually, can be blamed on artist John Falter.)

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THE AMERICAN ILLUSTRATORS HALL OF FAME

ALL IN THE FAMILY

Post illustrators decorated many a cover with scenes most likely inspired by domestic situations they knew only too well.

A family that stays together, plays together, has hang-ups together, argues together, and occasionally even messes up together. Illustrators Hall of Fame artists have depicted it all on *Post* covers. Family men themselves, they no doubt had plenty of material to work from.

Making our cover selections wasn't easy—the Rockwell, Sargent, and Falters were shoo-ins, of course. Unfortunately, there were many we had to omit. We hope you'll forgive us if your favorite does not appear. ▲

Although the kids have become used to Daddy's snoring, it's time to head for the protection of Mom and her welcoming arms when Mother Nature interrupts their sleep with an electrical storm. As for dear old Dad, he snores right through it all, not noticing the difference.

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The dog and cat are perplexed, the canary has clammed up, the kid is crying, but the argument goes on. Will she convince him to vote for Truman? Fat chance. How about his winning her over to the Dewey camp? No way. (Norman Rockwell said neither of his models was married. The child was from Arlington, Vermont; both the dog and cat were his; and the canary was from a picture in a birdseed catalog.)

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Poor Dad looks so sad. Why didn't he and Mom teach the kids to floss rather than brush? Then maybe he wouldn't have to shave on the bus while traveling to the office. Commuters can be so rude to a passenger shaving in their midst. And poor Dad is so sensitive when people stare at him.

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Mr. Tinklefingers is showing the boys real music from the days before "Swing and Sway with Sammy Kaye" had been replaced by "Listen, Suckers, to the Chicken Pluckers." (Artist John Falter, who once played the sax, decided he could make sweeter music with a brush.)

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Everything is well in hand—except for maybe the dishes, the dusting, the trash, and getting the dog off the sofa. But all that can wait while proud Papa puts through a phone call to the hospital—and is rewarded by baby's screams at being awakened. How soon will Daddy's smile disappear when baby begins yowling for its 2:00 a.m. feeding? (If artist Constantin Alajalov painted this scene from experience, he never said so.)

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A TIME TO PLANT

Early spring is the time for seedlings, shrubs, and cool-season vegetables.

by Ralph Snodsmith

Illustration by Steven Dohanos from the March 16, 1946, issue of The Saturday Evening Post.

I'm sure you've seen shoppers in the supermarket with luxuriant, fat-budded gardenia plants sticking up from their grocery carts. The plants may even have shown off a few crispy white fragrant flowers in full bloom. Did you know that the great majority of those gardenias die within a very short time? Fat, green buds drop off without opening, the leaves turn bright yellow and droop, and the stems dry up.

The problem is not the gardenia; it is with the person who bought the plant and placed it in an adverse environment. The demise of the gardenia could be caused by trying to grow it in poor light, in a room lacking humidity, with too much or too little water. The most important factor to discuss about growing plants is proper environment for the plant you select.

The old adage of placing a 50-cent plant in a five-dollar hole is what gardening is all about. Adhere to this principle and, before long, you will have a five-dollar plant. Don't ever be guilty of placing a five-dollar plant in a 50-cent hole. Whether you are gardening a window box or a one-acre site, it is necessary to properly consider the type of plant, location, soil preparation, and time of year you are planting.

There is a best time of year for planting almost any plant. However, any plant can be planted at almost any time of year *if* certain factors are considered. Those factors are: temperature, water, and general care.

In the Northeast, where I live, it used to be that many contracts specified planting in early spring to mid-June and no more planting until a short time in the fall. Now, with improvements in both planting and maintenance technology, most plants can be planted, with outstanding success, throughout the growing season. Some plants do establish themselves better at specific times of the year, though. For specific plants and their preferred planting times in your area, I suggest you contact your local Cooperative Extension Agent. As a rule in the northern garden, plants set in early spring have a longer growing period and are better established by the onset of winter. For planting in warmer climates, fall and early winter are preferred to enable plants to be better established before the hot, dry months of summer.

It's OK to synchronize planting by the hardware store displays, but beware of plants shipped before the final frost in your area.

For mid-season planting of both deciduous and evergreen trees and shrubs that are actively growing, I find an application of an antidesiccant spray adds insurance. There are many brands of commercial antidesiccants available. Follow the manufacturer's recommended rates and directions relating to "summer" applications. The summer rate may be listed as an antitranspiration application. The sprayed material plugs up some of the stomata in the leaves, thus reducing moisture loss from the foliage. This reduction in the loss of water allows the moisture in the plant to be used for photosynthesis, the manufacture of building blocks.

Care should always be taken not to crack the ball or disturb the soil in which the plant presently grows. If the soil is disturbed, the hair roots are destroyed and must be totally repaired before the plant can be established. Severe leaf drop—or even death—may occur if hair roots are destroyed! Never handle the plant by its stem, but always by its ball or soil mass. Picking

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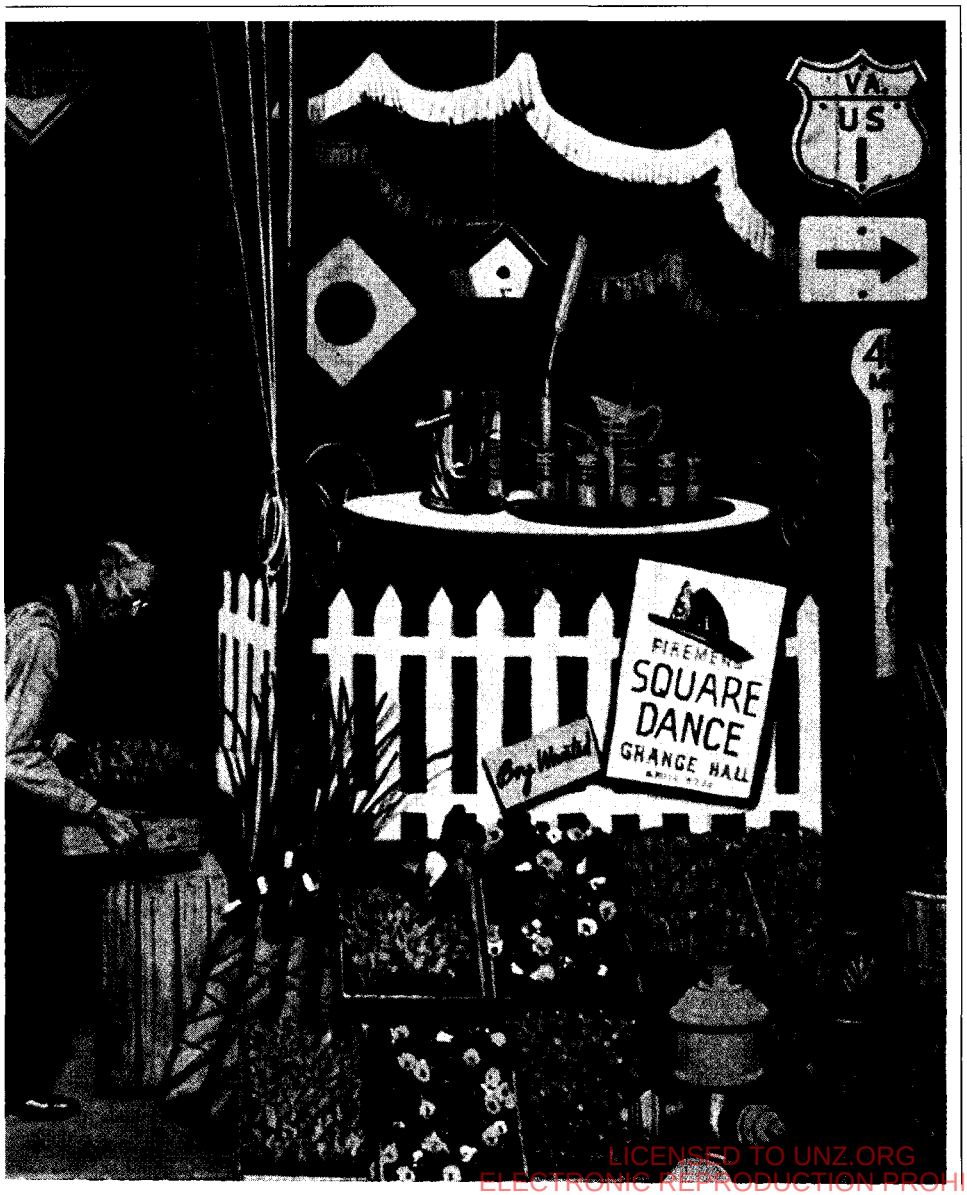
up a plant or carrying it by the stem will damage the roots, because the weight of the soil ball pulls against the roots. Each time you handle the plant by its stem, you guarantee the destruction of some of its hair roots.

There are, however, always exceptions to the rule when it comes to growing plants. "Butterfly" the root system of a container-grown plant, particularly if the root system shows signs of being a solid mass of roots. The butterflying procedure is simple. After thoroughly watering the soil so you will be handling moist roots, slip the plant out of the container and physically cut into the root mass. I make three or four cuts about one inch deep into the sides of the root mass with a sharp knife. Cut the spaces evenly on the root ball from top to bottom. Then stick your fingers into the cuts and pull out roots. Butterflying the roots allows roots to be spread immediately into the backfill. I have seen many cases, particularly in growing regions where soil freezing and thawing occurs, where root systems were not butterflied and never grew into the backfill. The plants died.

Another point to remember in buying and handling plants is to keep them watered until they're planted. Plants sitting above ground have no source of water other than sporadic rainfall or what you supply from the watering can.

Vegetables

In vegetable garden planting, certain times of the year are most critical for certain crops, depending on where you garden. For the northern garden, cool-season crops (those that like cool soils) must be planted in the early spring. Examples are broccoli, Brussels sprouts, cabbage, peas, spinach, lettuce, radish, and carrots. After the heat of summer passes, I have success planting these in autumn for fall and early-winter harvest. Other plants in the vegetable garden—such as tomato,



Questions & Answers

Q. I found a bag of daffodil bulbs in the unheated part of my garage. They have been there for at least three months. Can I plant them when the ground thaws this spring?

A. Daffodil bulbs that have been stored in cool temperatures are probably in good condition. If the bulbs are solid, not powdered out, plant them at the first sign of spring and they will bloom, although probably later than normal for your area. The same rule applies to other spring flowering bulbs that need a cold treatment to release their bloom.

Q. When is the best time to plant a forsythia hedge from bare-root transplants?

A. Bare-root transplants, available during the dormant season, must be planted before active leaf or flower growth. This is the time when little moisture is needed for establishment of the roots.

Q. I want to use bulbs in some border areas. Can you give me some suggestions for arranging them?

A. Many people plant bulbs singly and in rows. Around shrubs, a better method might be to set them in groups—small groups of five or six for the smaller areas, and larger groups for bigger areas. A back border of bulbs in the perennial garden adds a splash of color until the later blooming perennials assume their mature growth for the season.

Q. How should the ground be prepared for perennials?

A. Cultivate to a depth of 18 inches, preferably 24 inches, and ensure good drainage. Peat moss, compost, leafmold, or dried cow manure with superphosphate, ten pounds to 100 square feet, should be well mixed into the soil.

Q. What soil preparation is necessary for planting lilies?

A. In general, lilies thrive in good loam with an abundance of organic matter, such as leafmold, peat moss, or dehydrated cow manure incorporated into the soil. Good drainage is a must.

Q. What is the best time of year to plant evergreen seedlings?

A. Plant in the spring before the evergreens have started their new growth, and as soon as the ground is warm and friable.

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eggplant, pepper, squash, melon, and cucumber—establish themselves better in a warmer soil; assume these plants are susceptible to even the lightest frost. If soil is too cool for root development, your plants will show little or no growth for a considerable time.

The southern gardener can take advantage of the cooler winter months to enjoy the cool-season crops; early spring and late fall are great for the warmer-season crops. In the South, when it is too warm or downright hot, even the warm-season crops may fail.

Perennials

Perennials have become a very popular addition to gardens worldwide. Perennials are plants that come up year after year, but don't be fooled into thinking there are no planting or care procedures that must be followed. They all need food, water, and a proper site and environment.

When I design a perennial garden, I try to imagine a symphony orchestra. As the violin section softens, the timpani reverberate, the flutes flutter, and so on. I want my perennial garden to fade and crescendo like a symphony orchestra, with variations of plant groups performing a concert of blooms during the entire growing season.

Two groups of perennials I have come to love are bulbs, both spring-flowering and summer-flowering species. Both groups can provide many months of brilliant blossom and years of continual joy.

Spring Flowers

Spring-flowering bulbs such as tulip, daffodil, and crocus must be planted in the fall, from September to December. The later in the fall you wait to plant—but before the ground freezes—the less chance there is of premature sprouting. During the fall and early winter months, the bulbs develop roots and change chemically, so the flower will emerge at the proper time in spring. The change is caused by cool soil conditions.

Summer Flowers

Summer-flowering "bulbs" are planted in the spring for blooms July through September, depending upon the species. The phrase "summer-flowering bulb" is a misnomer. The industry has grouped many bulb and *non*bulb summer flowers into the summer-flowering "bulb" classification. They include: tubers of dahlia; nonstop tuberous begonias; cannas; gladioli and cyclamen corms; bulbous Spanish, English, and Dutch irises; and lily-type bulbs. All the summer-flowering "bulbs" can be grown in well-drained, sandy-to-rich humus soil, but they all have varying light requirements. The tuberous begonia thrives in the shade, whereas the canna and gladiola need a half day or more of sun.

Depending on your growing zone, some of the summer-flowering "bulbs" are hardy and can remain in the ground over winter, but some must be dug up and stored in a frost-proof environment, generally at 45 to 50 degrees Fahrenheit. Hardy species include bulbous iris, hardy gladioli, corms, and corms of autumn crocus and meadow saffron. Canna, dahlia, tuberous begonias, and caladium are among those that must be dug and stored over winter.

I could go on about individual plants and how best to plant them. Just remember the rule for planting your trees, shrubs or houseplants: place a 50-cent plant in a five-dollar hole and, very shortly, behold! You have a five-dollar plant. ❧

BEE WARY OF ALLERGENS

What you sow in your garden in early spring can affect what you reap later in sneezing and nasal congestion if you're one of America's 40 million allergy sufferers. Gardening expert Dr. Warren Filley, clinical instructor of pediatrics and clinical assistant professor of medicine at the University of Oklahoma Health Sciences Center, suggests planting only "safe" flowers and trees that do not produce "wind-pollinated" pollens. "Wind-pollinated" plants are generally characterized by drab, inconspicuous flowers that appear in clusters or tassels called catkins. Examples include juniper shrubs, Bermuda grass, and ragweed, as well as certain herbs and fruit trees such as walnut, pecan, and olive.

Fortunately, the most colorful and attractive flowers—such as pansies, azaleas, and tulips—are "bee- or insect-pollinated." Their pollen is too heavy to be carried by wind currents into the sensitive nasal passages of allergy sufferers. Most vegetable plants also fall into this category. Some of these "safe" plants, however, may have fragrances that trigger allergic reactions. These include the rose, star jasmine, citrus tree, eucalyptus tree, narcissus, rosemary, and gardenia.

Besides taking care in what you plant, allergists recommend cutting grass to less than two inches to reduce pollen production. Because performance-impairing allergy medications can pose a threat when operating lawn trimming or tilling equipment—including lawn mowers, rototillers, clipping shears, and hedge clippers—severe allergy sufferers should ask their doctors about nonsedating drugs, such as Seldane, Hismanal, and Claritin.

OTHER ALLERGY TIPS

- Avoid gardening during high pollen hours (before 10:00 a.m. and near sunset).
- Wear a mask to filter airborne allergens during gardening, mowing, or raking.
- Remember that pollen counts are high on warm, sunny days and low on cool, cloudy days or after rainfall.
- Keep highly allergenic Bermuda grass at bay and check frequently for ragweed, nettle, dock, tumbleweed, English plantain, pigweed, and lamb's-quarters.
- For more information, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Health in Bloom: The Allergy Sufferers Gardening Guide, P. O. Box 731, Radio City Station, New York, NY 10101-0731.

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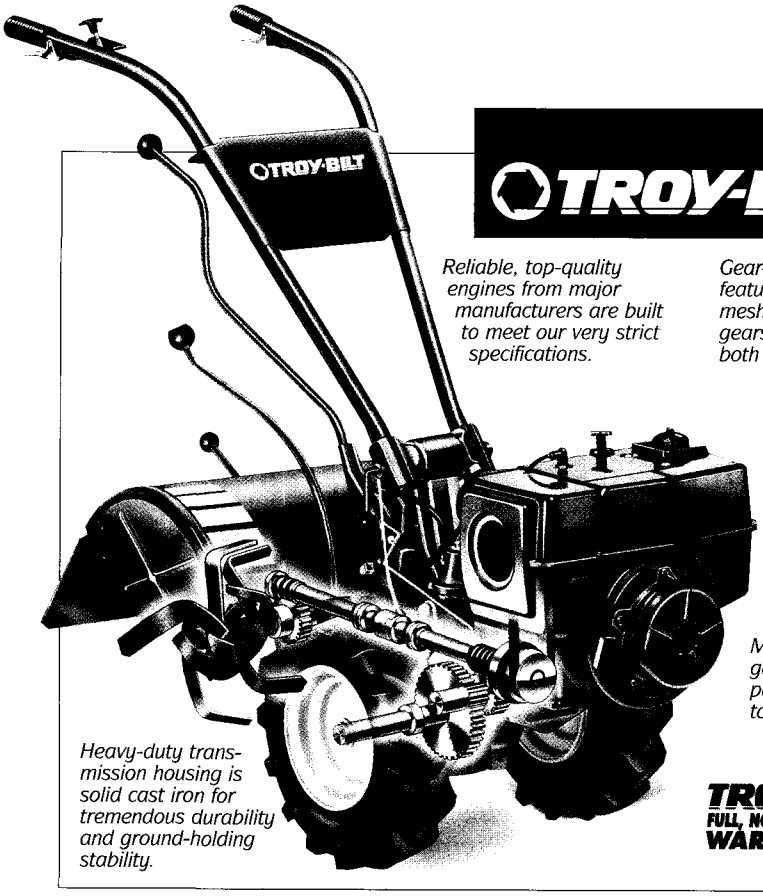

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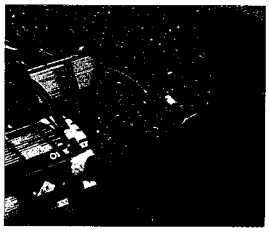

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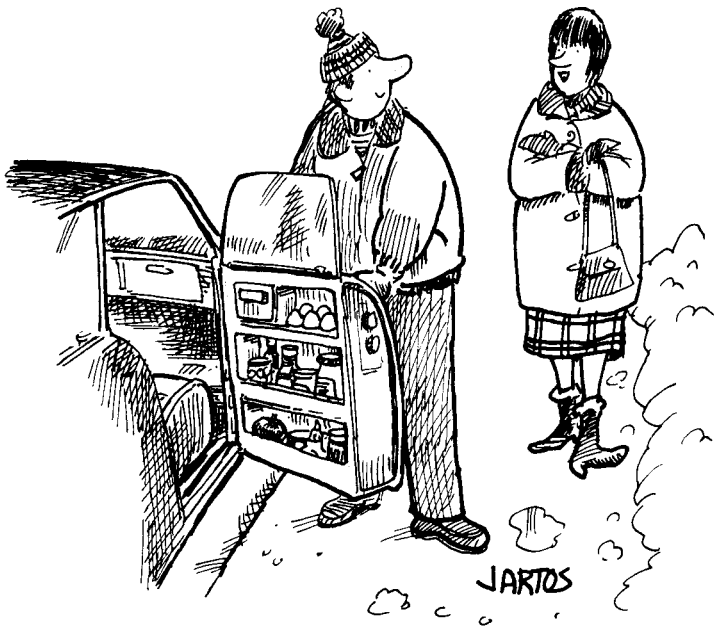

"I sure hope your car is warm."

"I suppose it's my own fault for spending so much time at the beauty parlor."

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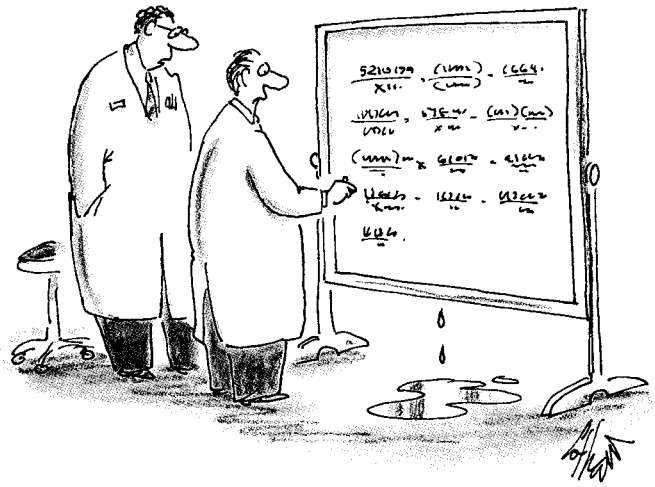
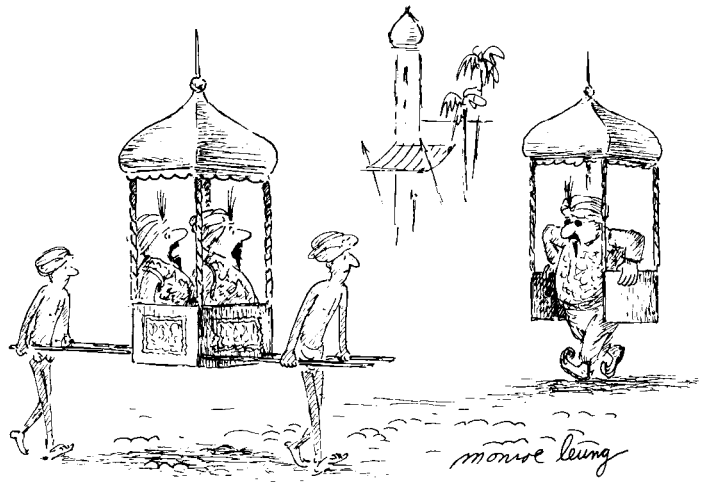


"I don't think your theory holds water."



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"Sometimes I regret we didn't get a songbird."

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Healthy at Any Age

continued from page 14

each decade," note William Evans and Irwin Rosenberg in their book *Biomarkers: The 10 Determinants of Age You Can Control.*

In addition, metabolism slows, body fat increases, glucose tolerance diminishes, and blood pressure rises. Yet all of these processes can be slowed and sometimes stopped or reversed with regular exercise, they note.

"Regular exercise can reverse about 20 years of aging" in terms of aerobic capacity, says NIA cardiologist Jerome Flegg. This measure of the body's ability to use oxygen declines in sedentary adults by about one percent per year, he says. But through endurance training, it's possible to increase aerobic capacity by 20 to 25 percent—the equivalent of 20 years of aging. Some age-related declines are inevitable. "Most people will see a gradual change in their visual function and lose elasticity in the lens of the eye," notes NIA's Sprott. "And it's not an accident of nature that there are no 80-year-old pole-vaulters, because we lose some muscle and bone elasticity with age."

But "most people can do a lot more than they think they can," he says. "Believing you can do something is often more than half of what it takes to get there. The lesson Foreman teaches us is how much we can do if we really want it."

"Mom, have you seen my . . . ? Never mind."

The Boy Left Home

continued from page 53

crashing flight, but skulked away. I found where he had lain down and then, at my approach, had got up and gone quietly away from there.

That flight was his longest. The tracks showed that he ran at least a mile along the top of the ridge and then walked another two miles at a steady gait. It was as if he made up his mind that once and for all he would shake me off his trail.

But he was out of luck. On this higher ground the trail was not as plain as it had been below, but the tracks were there if you had the patience to search them out. Finally, three miles from where he had skulked away, I jumped him again, and this time it seemed to me there was a kind of desperation in his going. He made twice as much noise in the thick brush as he had made before. Maybe he thought to frighten me with his tremendous racket, maybe he meant to show me that he had energy to waste and in that way convince me it was useless to follow him.

"Run, you hellion!" I called after him. "Run till your legs fall off! You can't lose me!"

He ran only a few hundred yards that time and then settled to a steady walk. As far as I know, he did not lie down again that day. I suppose instinct told him that he was in for it and he would not lie down and risk being surprised in his bed. But the tracks showed countless places where he stopped and waited and then went on again when evidently he either glimpsed or winded me. The tracks showed, too, that he was not as fresh as he had been.

Neither was I. The steady climbing—the buck had traveled in almost a straight line toward Bluetop—had burned a lot of my energy. My thighs were sore and my calf muscles hurt. Oftener and oftener I had to stop and catch my breath.

Noon came and I ate half my lunch and went on again. I was tired. I felt as if I had never been fresh. Sweat ran down my face and down my flanks from my armpits. But at the same time I was happy and eager and filled with hope. Because it was going to work. Henry Swain had been right. I could walk him down. Sooner or later he would lag just enough to give me a clean shot at him. It was going to work!

But it didn't. At least it didn't for a long and desperate time. Once, about mid-afternoon, I saw him clearly for an instant. This was on a thinly wooded hogback. He was standing still, looking back over his shoulder at the way he had come. We saw each other at the same time and he was gone instantly.

From there he climbed steadily to the foot of Bluetop and then turned directly north across the ridges between Bluetop and Eagle Knob. These were wild, steep ridges with deep and rocky hollows lying between. He was dragging his feet now and stopping oftener, and the tracks indicated that he was not too far ahead of me. But I couldn't gain. I lost ground every time I reached the top of a ridge, because I had to stop and take the pressure off my lungs.

"Wait for me!" I remember saying as I climbed the almost sheer side of the deepest of all those deep hollows. "Wait for me just one more time!"

I halted at the top of the ridge and lay on the ground, panting. The sun was going down over Bluetop. Already the hollows were dim with shadows. Sweat trickled into my eyes. Suddenly I knew that it wasn't going to work. The Still Run Buck might be about as near dead on his feet as I was, but he had the advantage of that distance between us.

I knew something else too: that if I didn't get him today I never would. He would never give me another

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beating like the one he had given me today over the miles and miles and miles that lay behind us. Still, at that moment I wanted him more than I had ever wanted him. I staggered to my feet. If it was ever going to happen, it had to happen in the next forty or fifty minutes.

This was the last ridge before Eagle Knob. I picked my way down it and came not to another hollow but to a small flat choked with brush and cut by numerous ravines. He was walking slowly now and stopping every few yards. I fell over a rock and got up. The last of the sunlight died, and as it died I saw him.

He was standing broadside not more than sixty yards from me, standing at the edge of a ravine, testing the air with his flared nostrils. The wind had changed and blew now from him to me and he was nervous about that. But he was an old, wise buck and he would make no break until he knew what he was doing.

"There you are!" I heard myself whisper.

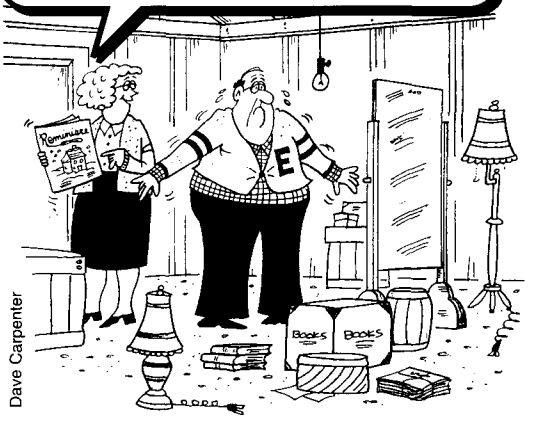
I wiped the sweat from my eyes and brought the rifle up. Henry Swain had been too tired to hold steady. I was tired, too, but not that tired. The butt came to rest against my shoulder. I sighted on him and squeezed the trigger and knew that at the last possible moment excitement or desire or some other deadly force had betrayed me.

At the shot he sprang upward and outward. As tired as he must have been, it was a magnificent leap, but it wasn't enough. He did not quite clear the ravine. His forefeet struck the far edge and clawed frantically for a purchase. His hind feet dug at the sheer side of the ravine. Then he fell backward and out of my sight.

For a moment I stood rooted and then I ran for the ravine. It was a forty-foot drop to the bottom and I slid down in a cascade of gravel and small stones. He lay at the very bottom and his neck was broken. That was when I stood with my hand on his lifeless head.

Suddenly it was as unbelievable as if my father or Henry Swain lay dead at my feet. Just as suddenly the hate that had been born of his mastery over me was gone. I had walked him down and yet at the very end he had beaten me, only to lose his life

"Here's something from the past that'll still fit you."



Dave Carpenter

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by a cruel accident. I wished now with all my sick heart that he had cleared the ravine and with some last reserve of energy gone bounding away from me forever.

I touched him again, gently, my hand trembling. Then I picked my way down the ravine to a point where I could climb out. It was now too late to try to find my way home. I would have to spend the night in the woods. At the foot of Eagle Knob I found an overhang of rock, gathered enough firewood to last the night, and built a fire in front of the overhang.

At first I was too exhausted to eat, but finally I put down the half of my lunch I had saved. I stretched out under the overhang and closed my eyes. From time to time I dozed, and from time to time I got up and put fresh wood on the fire. Once I heard a noise and I stumbled through the dark to make sure no varmint was at the carcass of the Still Run Buck.

Daylight came finally. I stamped out the last embers of the fire, shouldered the rifle, and headed north for Swain's Gap. The highway ran through the gap and it was only an hour's walk from Eagle Knob. When I reached the highway I turned east and presently a man came along in a car and gave me a ride. I got out at Swain's mailbox and plodded down the ridge to the house.

"I wasn't worried about you," Henry Swain said. "I knew you could take care of yourself if you had to spend the night in the woods. Jim! What's the matter, boy?"

"He's dead," I told him. "The Still Run Buck. He's dead."

"You got him? You sure-enough got him!"

"No. I missed him. But he tried to jump a ravine and didn't make it and fell forty feet on his back and broke his neck. He beat me! I walked him down and he still beat me!"

"I know," Henry Swain said. "He done that to me too."

"Were you—were you glad you—missed him?"

"I think I was, boy. Yes, I was glad."

"I didn't have time to be glad! He was dead before I had time to be glad!"

"But you wouldn't been?" He put his hand on my shoulder. "Breakfast's waiting for you, Jim."

"Will you help me get him out of the woods? He's in that deepest ravine at the foot of Eagle Knob."

He nodded. "There's an old road runs back in there. We can get the pickup within a mile of the knob. A buck as old as he was—well, I doubt if the meat will be worth the trouble, but of course, you want to have his head mounted."

"No," I said.

"Then you just want his antlers on a board?"

I shook my head at him. "I want to bury him. I want to bury him in that little meadow below Still Run where he used to come out and feed."

He didn't think I was crazy. He just looked at me as one man at another. "I see," he said. He studied me a moment and I saw by his eyes that something had occurred to him. "You go in and eat your breakfast. I have got to run down to the Crossroads, but I will be

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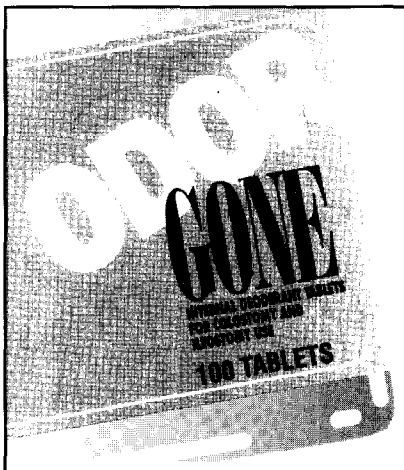

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back by the time you're done. Then we'll go get him."

It took us a long time to drag him out of the ravine and a longer time to carry him to the pickup. We lashed his forefeet together and then his hind feet and we carried him out on a pole. On the ride back to the farm neither of us said a word.

We buried him in the little meadow. We dug his grave deep so the varmints would not get at him and we packed the earth solidly above him and we put rocks from the ridge on his grave. We did the best we could for him, because he had been a king and a king deserves the very best.

Afterward we walked slowly, side by side, to the pickup and climbed in. Henry Swain started the motor. I did not look back. I looked ahead, knowing now that I had to go home. That was where I belonged. I could still enroll for the university's second term, which began in February. I would come back every year to hunt with Henry Swain, but now I had to go home.

There was no clear-cut symbol involved. It was simply that I had come through an emotional experience probably more profound, in its way, than any I would ever know again, and in the coming through had grown older. Without the Still Run Buck I would have matured anyway. In time I would have realized that my place was not here, that I belonged where I could make the most of my advantages and of whatever talents were mine. The Still Run Buck had simply taken me the short way home, sudden and violent and painful and at the same time as involved as a thing could be.

A familiar car stood parked at the house and my father sat at the kitchen table talking with Miss Molly. He shook hands with me and with Henry Swain. Then he shook hands with me again. I remembered the light in Henry Swain's eyes when he had said he had to go down to the Crossroads that morning.

"You sent for him," I said. "You called him long-distance from the Crossroads."

"Yes, I done that," Henry Swain said. "It seemed like a right good thing to do."

"I came as fast as I could," my father said. "Lord, Jim, you've put

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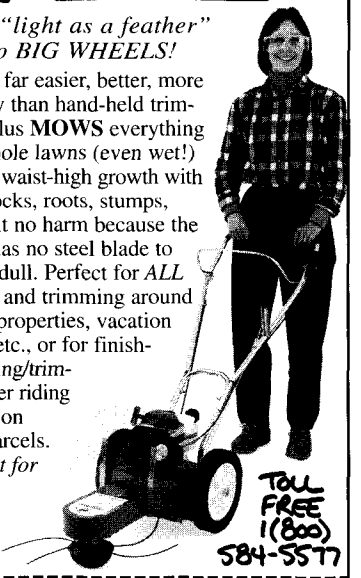

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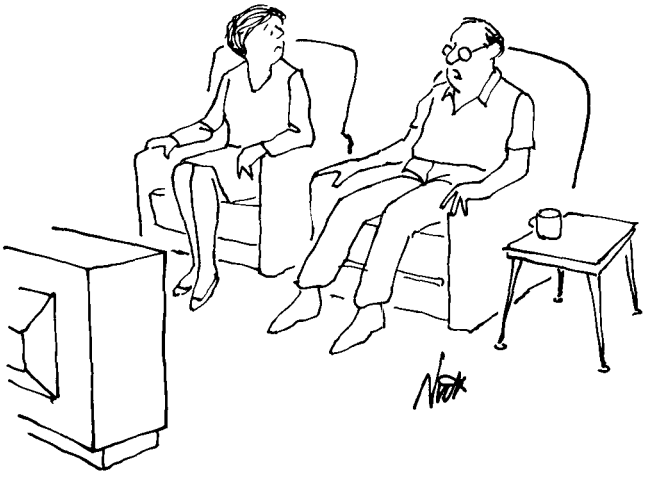

"When the economy's sluggish, I'm sluggish."

"It was so embarrassing! I took my dad to the video arcade, and he tried to play the change machine!"

"Thanks. Got any more pennies?"

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on at least ten pounds and you're as brown as a chestnut."

He looked at me, dropped his eyes, and looked at me again. Somehow I sensed that he was going to ask me to go back with him. I didn't let him. I beat him to it. I said, "I was coming home tomorrow. But maybe, since you're here, we could leave this afternoon."

"We can leave the minute you're ready," he told me.

I went to my room and packed. Then I stood at the window and looked at the mountains. The sunlight was bright on Bluetop and Eagle Knob and all the ridges between, brighter than gold on all the places where the Still Run Buck had roamed. ▲

Lock, Stock, Barrel

continued from page 49

condition of my BB gun to a man who couldn't clean spark plugs? Because a man who couldn't clean spark plugs would sooner buy a new gun than tamper with a mechanism that would discharge a BB only at a downward angle. With this in mind, one seemingly favorable evening, I invited dear old Dad to accompany me outside for the all-important demonstration.

Cocking the gun and pointing it indiscriminately upward, and hoping to make my point more dramatic by catching the BB in my hand as it dribbled from the barrel, I pulled the trigger.

It would be the only time in its short life that the gun ejected a shot with a velocity beyond the capability of human eyesight. Human eyesight, unfortunately, had no trouble observing the unbelievable hole the BB had ripped in the eave trough directly above the entrance to our porch.

My dad only stared at me. He never stared at me as much as Mother stared at me, but sometimes he stared longer. This was one of those times.

The gun would betray me one more time before I finally relegated it to the attic to rust in peace.

You've heard of the "shot heard 'round the world"? This wasn't it, but surely it had been heard 'round Richfield Center, if not Puptown and even Henpeck, eight miles to the northeast.

My brother, Meryl, owned a .22 rifle (which he would never let me shoot), and I had this lousy BB gun.

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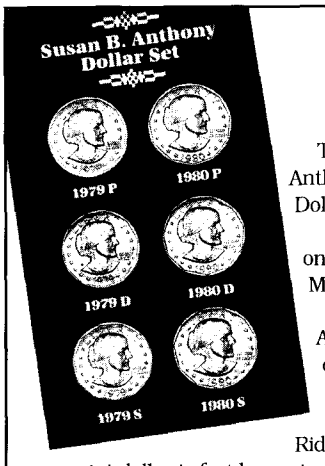

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Thinking to even the score on this otherwise peaceful sunny afternoon, I liberated one of his live shells, with the idea of exploding it by inserting the bullet part in a hole in one of Mother's clothesline posts and hitting the cap of the shell with a hammer. (I had brighter ideas than that at age six or eight, or whatever, although none come to mind at the moment.)

Anyway, what happened was, when the shell didn't explode at the first whack, I kept whacking at it until I'd driven the cap flush with the post. With it still intact, I came up with an idea dumber yet. I would get my untrustworthy BB gun, position the hole in the barrel end against the shell cap in the post, and WHAMO!

The least I can say for the idea is, it worked. The shell not only exploded, it also ripped out a slab of the post that, having no other place to go, slapped me squarely in the face.

You talk about a pair of lips that would put a duckbill platypus to shame; I had them. I would have them for a week. My two black eyes would require two additional weeks before finally turning an even more ugly orange.

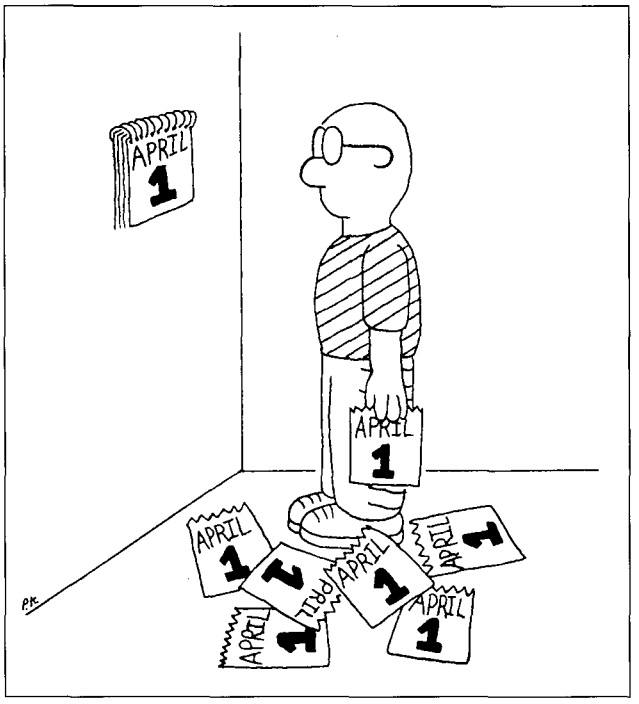
As for trying to explain to dear old Mom and Dad that the blame lay with my velocity-impaired BB gun, forget it. This would be the first time, to my recollection, that they both stared at me in unison.

Looking back, as I'm more inclined to do these days, my BB gun trauma served three purposes. Not only did I swear off firearms for life; not only would today's kids of six or eight, or whatever, possibly follow suit; but what a wonderful feeling I had knowing that my dear mother would be spared the worry of running short of bluing for the rest of her life, if not longer. ▲

My Dad and Jack London

continued from page 47

we advanced through Northern Korea and into Manchuria I had my mail and cables forwarded to me by Korean runners from a missionary in the town of Ping Yang. As it was wartime, and in addition the country was swarming with robbers and bandits it was difficult to get messages in; also it was expensive. I left orders with the missionary in Ping Yang, who received my mail and cables, immediately to dispatch any cable he received, by a runner. Also I left orders that he must not dispatch a runner with letters unless he had at least three letters. One day, in the heart of Manchuria, a travel-stained and haggard messenger arrived with three letters for me. At the risk of his life he had carried



those letters to me. The expense for so doing was $80.00, which I paid. I opened the letters. One was a local bill from my home town, which had been sent to me by mistake instead of to my agent. The other two were requests for autographs. I figure that those two requests for autographs cost me $80.00. Possibly after you read this you will realize that the fellow at the other end has cause for irritation.

Please let me repeat one thing, namely, that the dollars I offered my autograph for do not go into my pocket, but go into the treasury of the Socialist Party.

Let me point out another thing: as an experiment I have mailed out some thousands of cards such as you received, stating that the price of the autograph was $1.00. Each card was accompanied by an autograph of mine, and in advance of payment. Only one other party besides yourself has ever returned an autograph. Numbers paid for the autographs, while the vast majority calmly pocketed the autograph and I heard nothing further from them. The one other person who returned my autograph did so accompanied by a vile, indecent and insulting letter. Again, you will see from a large personal experience with autograph collectors, that I have had cause to dislike them and to be irritated by them. You are the only manly autograph collector I have met.

I have so liked your letter and your fine attitude in the matter, that I shall consider it a favor if, when I return home, which will be in about three weeks, you will let me send you a copy of one of my books with my autograph and a photograph therein. If you have any favorite book, please write to my California address and let me know.

Sincerely yours,
Jack London (signed)

As stated previously, Jack London sent Dad a copy of his book, *The People of the Abyss*. He also sent a photograph of himself and a handwritten page with the following message:

Glen Ellen, California
Sept. 18, 1909
Dear Stanford Hannah:

While just now you are interested in war and all the practices of killing your brothers, read herein and learn that there is a higher, nobler battle, namely the saving of your brothers.

Savages can kill each other; so can cats, rats, and roosters. But men should be above killing one another.

Some day, when man is really civilized, he will look back on the twentieth century when men were so barbarous that they trained themselves to become expert in legalized murder.

Affectionately yours,
Jack London

Dad never met Jack London, but many years later, while visiting the site of London's ranch and the remains of his burned home at Glen Ellen, Dad saw London's wife, Charmian, in her declining years. ▲

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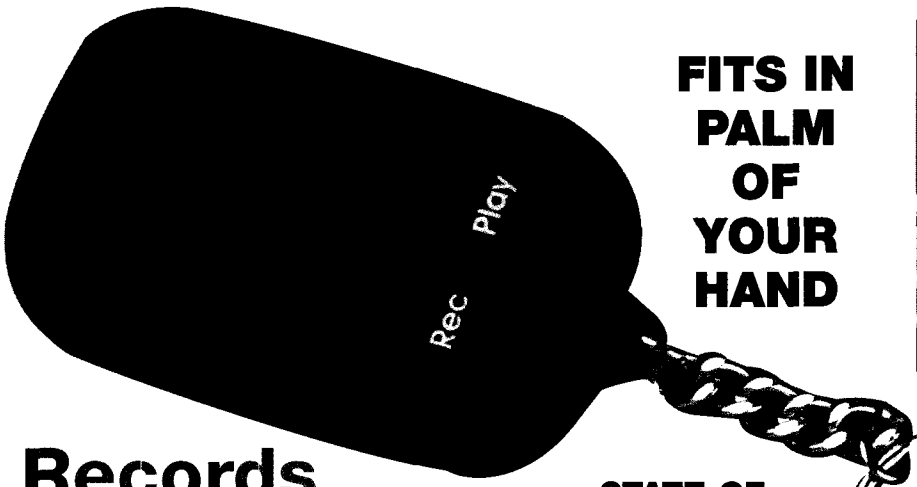

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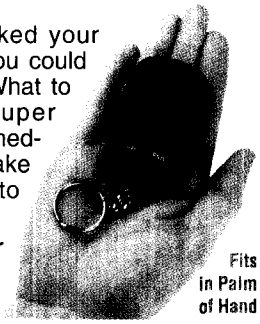
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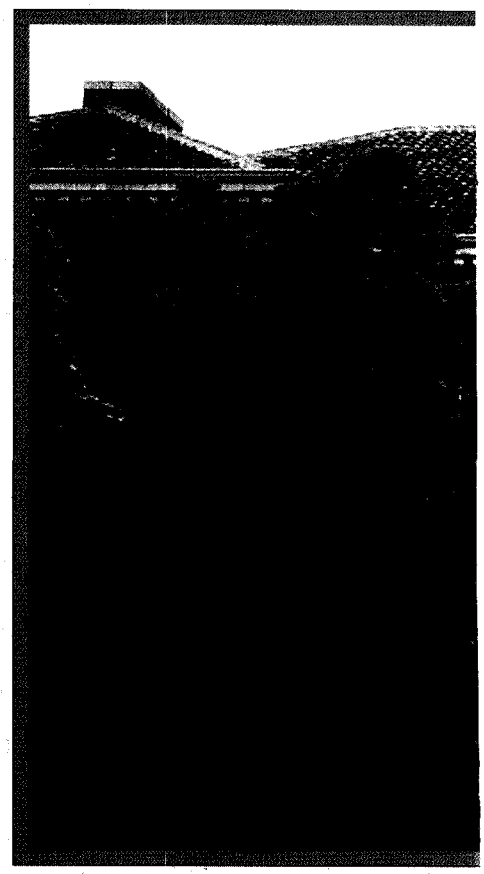
CALIFORNIA'S IRISH CONNECTION

St. Patrick himself would feel right at home in the stateside mansion and gardens inspired by Killarney's sprawling Muckross House.

by Joy P. Gage



Five murals depict scenes from Ireland's Killarney lake area and decorate the blue-green walls of the ballroom. A smaller painting shows Brickeen Bridge, which connects Upper and Lower Killarney Lakes. In the den hangs the head of a red Irish deer shot at Muckross House in 1910. Irish yew trees and hedges abound in the gardens.

But is this Ireland?

No, it's California's Filoli House and Gardens—a showplace developed by the same American who once owned the Emerald Isle's famous Muckross House.

The 654-acre Filoli estate is located on the eastern slope of the Coast Range mountains about 12 miles southwest of the San Francisco airport. The mansion (43 rooms, 36,000 square feet) was built by William Bowers Bourn II. He coined the name "Filoli" from the first two letters of three words: FIght, LOve, LIve. The words are taken from a credo which Bourn admired: "Fight for a just cause, love your fellow man, live a good life."

Bourn was president of the Spring Valley Water Company, water supplier to San Francisco, when he made a transatlantic crossing that forever linked his family with Ireland. On that crossing, his daughter, Maud, met Arthur Rose Vincent of County Clare,

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A two-hour guided tour of Filoli House can stretch into an all-day event for nature lovers who want to enjoy the sunken garden, shown at left in the summer. Although Filoli's grounds are not as expansive as those in Ireland—the Muckross property is the center of a natural park that comprises 25,000 acres—they contain similar plants and trees. Other links between the estates are subtle. A rug owned by Queen Victoria graces Filoli's floors and is a reminder that Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were guests at Muckross House in 1861. Mounted antlers, symbols of Irish country life, are displayed over the mantlepieces of both homes.

Ireland. The couple later married, and Bourn purchased Muckross House and its surrounding 11,000 acres on the Lakes of Killarney in County Kerry as a wedding gift for his daughter and son-in-law. The doting father made frequent visits to Ireland and became fascinated with the countryside. As a tribute, he built the stateside Filoli and included many reminders of Ireland in the plans.

For the past 20 years, Filoli has been owned by the National Trust for Historic Preservation, a gift of Lurline B. Roth, who purchased the estate after the death of the Bourns. Open to the public from mid-February through early November, it is visited by 50,000 tourists annually.

In the mansion, docents point out special features in each of a dozen areas. Of particular interest are the parquet floors of quarter-sawn oak, a fireplace with an 18th century Italian Carrara marble mantel, wall hangings from China, a rug once owned by Queen Victoria and purchased by Bourn from Edward VII, and Baccarat crystal chandeliers. The oversized electric stove in the kitchen receives equal time with the *objets d'art* found in other rooms. Guides point out that the stove was installed by the Roths during World War II. At a time when new stoves were hard to acquire, Mrs. Roth, heiress of the Matson Navigation Company, replaced Filoli's worn-out coal stove with this electric model, designed for one of the Matson ships.

As impressive as the mansion is, the gardens are the distinguishing feature of the estate. They attained world-class status during Mrs. Roth's 40-year residency at Filoli. Her accomplishments earned the Distinguished Service Medal of the Garden Club of America, and Filoli's formal gardens are named in her honor.

The 16-acre garden is arranged to take maximum advantage of the natural surroundings. A grove of olive trees along the front drive softens the transition from the formal area to the natural native landscape. The Woodland Garden mixes rhododendrons with other shade-loving plants placed among the native oak trees. A marble plaque over the gate to the Woodland Garden reads "Festina Lente." Translation: "Make haste slowly."

Visitors will find this admonition

continued on page 84

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BIRTHDAY BY THE BAY

Annapolis has two reasons to party during 1995. As the city marks its 300th anniversary, the U.S. Naval Academy prepares to celebrate its 150th year.

by Carolyn Hughes Crowley

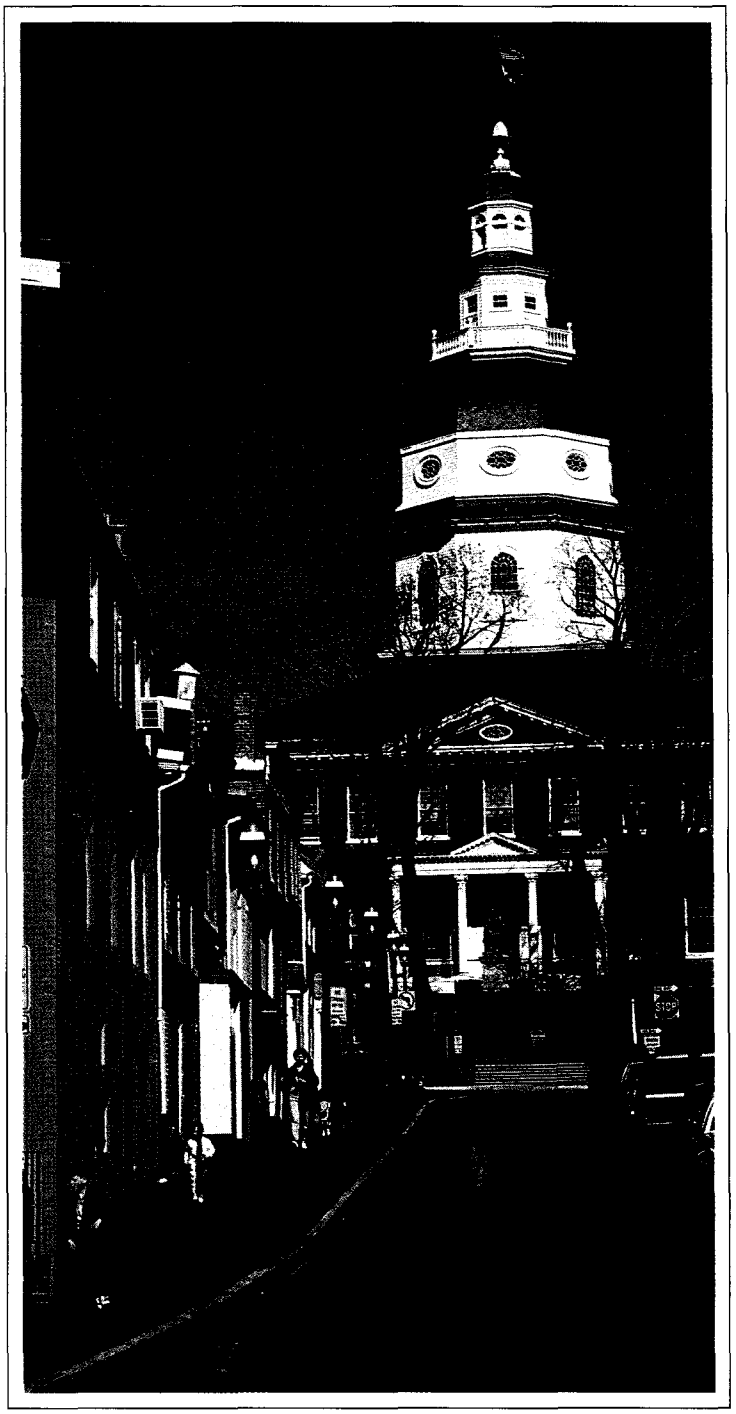
Among the celebrants of the 300th anniversary of Annapolis, Maryland, are mobcapped women wearing working-class clothes from the mid-1750s to 1790s—the city's "golden age."

"I'm a woman of property," says guide Pam Williams. "I own a tavern that I inherited when I was widowed. My mobcap keeps my hair clean, so I wash it once or twice a year. To wash it more often would be dangerous. I have no right or left foot to my buckled shoes, so I change them each day to wear them out the same."

Her feet don't hurt her a whit, she tells us, as we hurry down the narrow brick streets of the city's historic district. We pass numerous seafood restaurants, cozy inns, old Georgian colonial homes, and clapboard row houses.

Annapolis' thoroughfares radiate like spokes from two hilltop circles, the centers of political and ecclesiastical authority. Two grand domes watch over this living colonial town of about 34,000 persons. The looming white dome at State Circle belongs to the State House, the nation's oldest capitol in continuous legislative use.

After the American Revolution, when Annapolis served as the U.S. capital for nine months, George Washington made a tearful address in the Senate chamber of the State House and resigned his commission as Commander in Chief of the Continental Army.



Looming over the Annapolis historic district is Maryland's State House, dating back to 1772. Part of the city's attraction for tourists is its location—just 30 miles from Baltimore and Washington, D.C., on the Chesapeake Bay.

Three weeks later, the Continental Congress returned to this simple room to ratify the Treaty of Paris, officially ending the Revolutionary War. Today, a life-size mannequin of General Washington stands before rows of leather-topped wooden desks. The 188-member General Assembly meets in the State House for only 90 days each winter.

Synonymous with Annapolis is the United States Naval Academy, which celebrates its 150th birthday this year. A visit to the city would not be complete without a stop at the Academy, where some 1,200 plebes (first-year midshipmen) begin their studies each July. For seven weeks they endure 17-hour days as they learn to march smartly with their M-1 rifles along the academy's walkways. The four-year bill for a midshipman's tax-paid, 140-hour program is approximately $200,000. Discipline, sports, and an honor concept foster leadership in a Spartan setting. The institution allows no televisions in a midshipman's room, and no "mids" can have cars at the academy until they are seniors.

Frequently during the school year, the academy's more than 4,000 midshipmen gather outdoors in front of the multiwinged Bancroft Hall—the largest dormitory under one roof in the country. The facility contains five miles of

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BOAT AND BREAKFAST

Overnight visitors aboard the 45-foot powerboat *North Star* have more room and amenities than many apartment dwellers: two showers, enough berths to sleep eight, efficient kitchen, cable TV, CD player, and stereo with speakers everywhere. Guests can pop in some '60s discs, crank up the volume, and watch the sun set and the moon emerge. They can pretend to be prosperous boat owners aboard their personal yacht as they enjoy the spectacular view from the top deck.

As the evening settles in, the only sounds are the waves gently tapping the *North Star* and the ducks swimming among the boats at the pier. Sleep comes easily, thanks to the silence, the rhythmic rocking of the boat, and the cool night air.

Around 9:00 a.m., a young man delivers a continental breakfast in a large wicker basket. The menu, simple but tasty, includes fresh fruit, a variety of breads and rolls, juice, hot coffee, and the local newspaper. Guests leave well rested, well-fed, and eager to tour the nearby historic district of Annapolis.

— *Carolyn H. Crowley*

hallways and 33 acres of floor space. Each noon the brigade officers ask for an accounting of those present; the students then salute the flag and march to military music into the 55,000-square-foot dining hall for lunch.

"You have a sense of the future when you watch the exercise," explains Williams, our guide. "You hope only good will happen to them because they're so vital and well-intentioned. Color and pageantry are everywhere. If you happen into this gathering, you're lucky. It lasts about 15 minutes."

On Friday afternoons in the spring and fall, the midshipmen march in full-dress parades at Worden Field; each Wednesday afternoon, they practice at the same location. When they are marching, saluting, and handling their rifles, they make every move as a unit.

Visitors can peek into a typical dormitory room. The tidiness is noteworthy. "There are no maid or janitorial services in rooms, and all clothes have a particular space," says Williams. "Folded socks must point in the same direction in the closet."

The "Father of the Navy"—Revolutionary War hero John Paul Jones—is buried at the Naval Academy in a vaulted crypt underneath the copper-domed chapel. The U.S. ambassador to France started searching for Jones' grave in 1899. Six years later, Jones' well-preserved remains were found in a Parisian cemetery and brought to Annapolis with a squadron of U.S. warships as honor guard. Young marines stand at the marble sarcophagus, which is supported by four pallbearing dolphins.

Not all of Annapolis' appeal is related to history. As small as it is, the city offers much entertainment, including a symphony orchestra, ballet, theater groups, and opera company. However, the main attraction is the past, and visitors bump into landmarks at every turn.

Among the not-to-be-missed attractions are the homes of the four Maryland signers of the Declaration of Independence. The restored William Paca home, a five-part Georgian home built between 1763 and 1765, stands today as one of the most elegant sites in Annapolis. Its two-acre, classical English garden features cedar hedging, an herb and vegetable area, and a wilderness tract. The Hammond-Harwood House is another outstanding example of American colonial architecture. It was built by a bachelor gentleman not as a principal residence but as a place to entertain.

Tourists have never needed an excuse to visit Maryland's historic city by the bay. However, the dual anniversaries of Annapolis and the Naval Academy provide good reason to make 1995 the year to discover one of America's great treasures. ★

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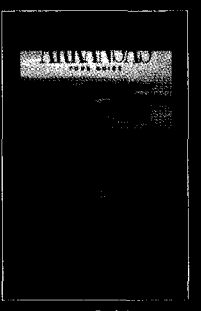
Find out what's the big "to-do."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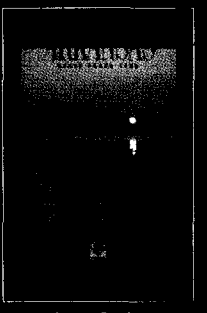
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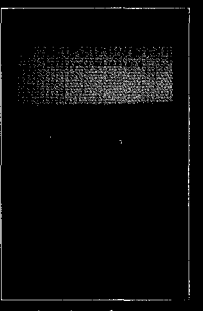
Calendar of Events

Highway Map

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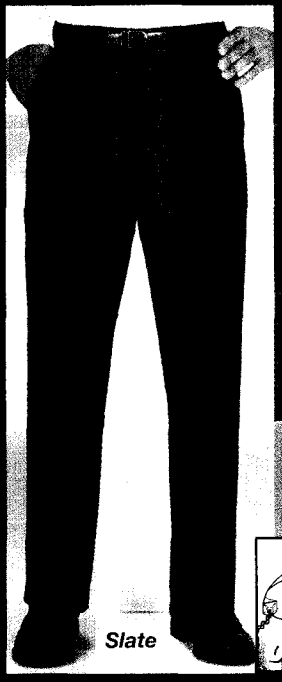

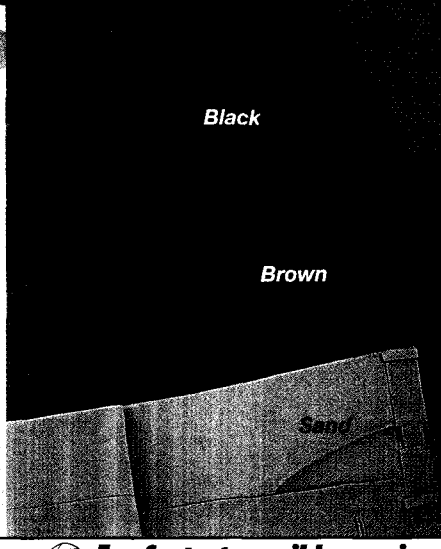

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California's Irish Connection

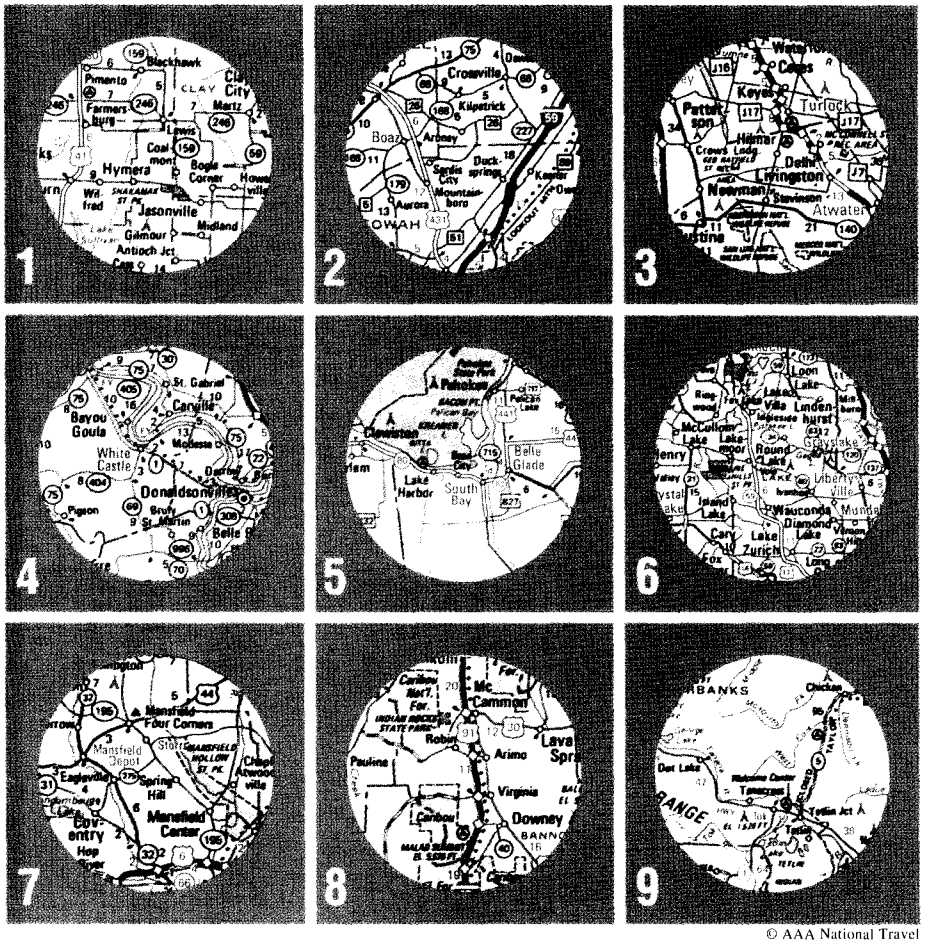
continued from page 79

good advice for touring the formal gardens. They are best enjoyed by meandering slowly through the succession of separate areas that form distinct "rooms" within the spread. The whole is laid out in a system of parterres, terraces, lawns, and pools. Visitors' eyes are drawn to spectacular focal points by the carefully orchestrated design—the Sunburst Locust viewed from the sunken garden and the tranquil High Place seen at the end of Yew Allée.

Not to be missed are the two knot gardens, a feature rarely found in this country. Originally designed as formal ornaments for castles and palaces, knot gardens are planted with various low-growing plants in an intricate, ribbon-lacing pattern. Such gardens were much in vogue in 16th-century England. Filoli's two knot gardens were planted in 1976 by a local garden club as a bicentennial project.

More than 20,000 annuals are planted each year, ensuring a special display of flowers in the spring, summer, and fall. Magnolias, rhododendrons, and azaleas are at their peak in early spring; the Sunburst Locust tree is spectacular in late spring; the rose gardens are at their best in summer; fall is colored with copper beeches, chrysanthemums, Japanese maples, and ginkgoes.

Whatever the season, a stroll through Filoli provides beauty and tranquility. Lest the importance of all that escapes the observer, an inscription on a sundial in the center of the garden reminds visitors, "Life began in a garden." ▲



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Where do you think you are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the map of a single city, state, or province. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains, and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify these locations? If you find the game too easy (but you won't), try to guess the theme of this month's map game.

(Answers on page 103)

Muckross Estate

The magnificent scenery of Muckross Estate once caused 18th century Bishop George Berkeley to comment, "Another Louis Quatorze may make another Versailles, but the hand of the Deity only can make another Muckross." Two centuries later, visitors continue to be captivated by the deep blue waters and emerald mountains that define Muckross.

The estate is set on the middle of the three Killarney Lakes proper. Because automobiles are not permitted on the grounds, the quickest way to move around Muckross is by a horse-drawn jaunting car, hired in Killarney. The drivers, who double as tour guides, are experts in local history and can recount tales of the MacCarthy clan who first lived at Muckross. One of the family built Muckross abbey in 1448 for the Franciscan friars. Although Oliver Cromwell's men destroyed the abbey in 1649, the ruins are said to be among the most complete remains of the period.

Visitors have been allowed to tour Muckross House since the property was converted to a museum in 1964. The 46-room house is strategically situated under the shadow of Torc Mountain with a full view of the Lower and Middle Killarney Lakes. Thousands of tourists annually view the furnished rooms, peruse the impressive display of crafts from County Kerry, and wander the grounds. Like its California counterpart, Muckross has a well-manicured lawn and lush gardens.

Arthur William Bourn Vincent, the only surviving member of the Vincent family who lived at Muckross, now resides in San Francisco. At the death of his mother, his father, and grandfather, he deeded Muckross to the Irish nation, and it is known today as the Bourn-Vincent Memorial Park. Vincent, who is vice-chairman of the American-Ireland Fund, has a definite opinion about the best way to see Muckross. "Take a week," he says, "at least a week—and walk different parts of it each day."

If you're going, Muckross House is open year-round.

■ For further information, contact the manager of Muckross House at (064) 31440.

—Joy P. Gage

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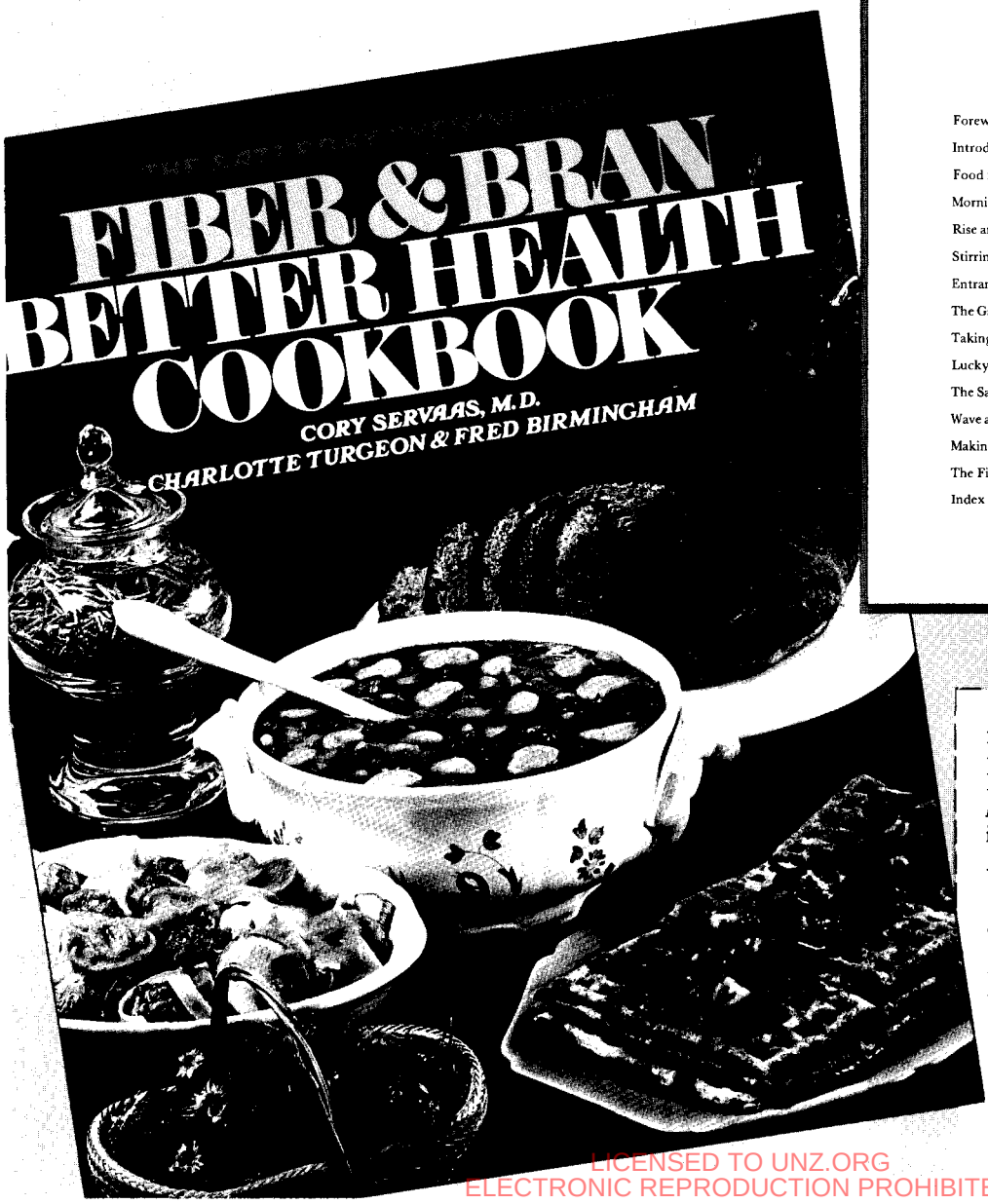

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OUT OF AFRICA... MAJOR MEDICAL DISCOVERIES

Once a mediocre and uninspired student of engineering, Dr. Denis Burkitt found his calling in medicine and became one of the most influential researchers of the century.

by Ethel R. Nelson, M.D.

One of this century's most remarkable medical careers came to an end when Dr. Denis Parsons Burkitt died at his home in Gloucester, England, at age 82. Dr. Burkitt was renowned in medical circles for discovering a grotesque cancer in children (Burkitt's lymphoma). His discovery led to the isolating of the first human cancer-causing virus, the Epstein-Barr virus. In his later years, he worked in another medical field—the neglected area of nutrition—popularizing the role of insufficient dietary fiber in so-called "Western diseases." He became known worldwide as the "bran man."

Denis Burkitt's modern medical odyssey reached its zenith in 1993 when he was awarded an American Nobel equivalent, the Bower Award in Scientific Achievement at the Fels Planetarium of the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia. The prize was a gold medal and $373,000 in cash. No one was more surprised than he.

Burkitt's beginnings were inauspicious at best. Born in 1911 in Enniskillen, Northern Ireland, he was a mediocre student. The loss of his right eye at age 11 intensified his difficulties. His younger brother, Robin, surpassed him in sports ability and popularity. His father, James Burkitt, was a successful engineer-road builder who also had made a name in British ornithology. When he entered the famed Trinity College in Dublin at age 18, Burkitt required tutoring. Years later, he found among his father's belongings this letter from that long-suffering teacher:

"Dear Burkitt:

"The enclosed gives all information. [Grades enclosed.]

"Don't blame me if he gets stuck and loses his 10 guinea fee or if he fails his exams in October 1930 and loses the year.

"I suppose you have thought of it. But I daresay he will pull it off. All the same, it is a risk.

"I hold this up till I have seen his marks. The April fee (10 guineas) must be paid shortly before he sits for the term finals. The October fee will fall due shortly after."

James Burkitt had underlined the words "Keep This," which he had written on top of the letter, perhaps feeling his son might have been underestimated.

Married for 50 years, Denis and nurse Olive Burkitt shared a passion for their medical mission in Africa. He is survived by Olive and their three daughters, each of whom gave them three grandchildren.

Throughout life, Burkitt remained a humble man, even though honored by royalty such as Princess Anne, here bestowing him with yet another honor.

The Calling

Then a remarkable change took place. A senior student invited him to a meeting run by Christian students. "I found these men friendly and possessing something very attractive," Burkitt recalled.

Through the influence of these friends, he made a halting religious commitment. "This gave me a new sense of motivation, identity, and direction," he recalled. "It was not long before persistent prayer for guidance led me to the conviction that I was being called to be a doctor." Changing his course to medicine was not easy, but it was a decision he never regretted. As soon as he started his new career, he was filled with boundless enthusiasm and, for the first time, began to find himself near the top of the class. "My IQ, which I consider was never high, had not changed, but my attitudes and confidence had," he recounted.

Burkitt took two years of surgical training in various English hospitals and obtained his fellowship in the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh. Uncertain about what course to follow, he signed up as ship's surgeon on a cargo

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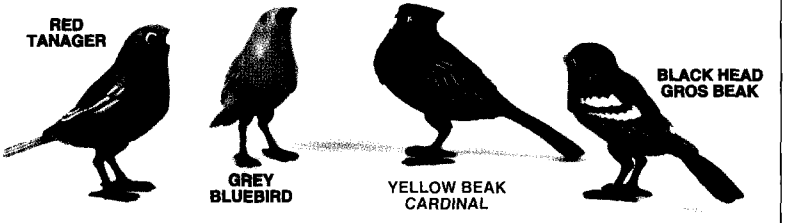

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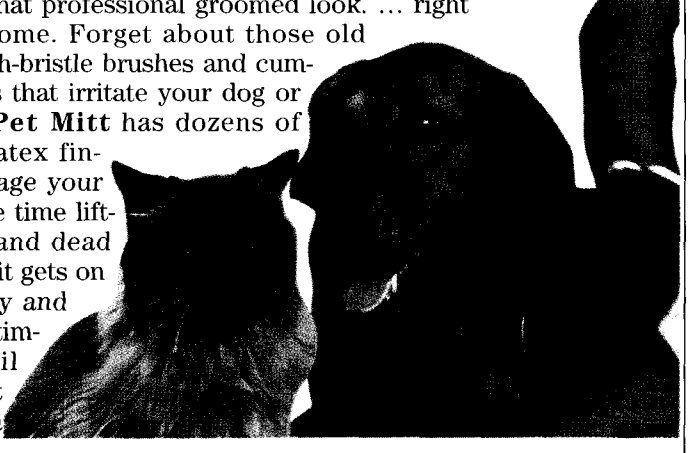

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ship plying between Britain and Manchuria. During the voyage, he made his decision. After leaving the ship, he obtained application forms for the Colonial Medical Service in West Africa, where his best friend from medical school, Cofie George, had returned after graduation. More than 20 years of his life's work would be for the less privileged of Africa. Providence stepped in again, however, making him feel that further surgical training would better prepare him for his chosen career. This time, he became the senior surgical resident in a Plymouth hospital, and it was there he met Olive Rogers, a student nurse, who would three years later become his wife.

Finally, after much prayer, he confidently made application to the Colonial Service, stating he would go in a missionary spirit. "This, surprisingly, seemed to scare the officials," he recalled, "and using the pretext that I had lost an eye, they rejected my offer without even an interview. It was a profound disappointment." He could think only of his mother's wise adage: "Disappointment, His appointment? Change one letter; now I see." But where was "His appointment?"

Because Britain had been at war for some time, Burkitt next decided to join the army, where he was readily accepted despite his missing eye. For three years, he and Olive corresponded, with only occasional opportunities for meeting because of duty requirements and wartime travel restrictions. They were married in July 1943 when Burkitt obtained a 48-hour leave. Within a few weeks, an overseas posting took him away from his bride for the next 2½ years.

Fortuitously, one of his army assignments was to East Africa. The beauty and great need of this country haunted him. When the war terminated, he felt called to Uganda, but Olive, at this time, failed to share his vision. She agreed, however, that he should make application to the Colonial Medical Service, possibly thinking of his previous rejection. Burkitt, overjoyed, quickly filled out the papers, feeling sure that with his previous army assignment in East Africa, they could hardly turn him down again. He proved correct.

Stationed in 1946 at a rural 100-bed hospital in Lira, Uganda, Burkitt found himself serving his African "apprenticeship" 275 miles from the nearest x-ray machine or medical consultant. His initial disappointment at not being assigned to the Kampala teaching hospital turned into an advantage. Not only was he responsible for the health of a surrounding population of 200,000, but he also learned self-reliance. In addition, dealing with the problems of a rural African hospital taught him valuable lessons that would serve him well in later years. Then, after only 19 months at Lira, he was unexpectedly transferred to the Mulago Hospital in Kampala.

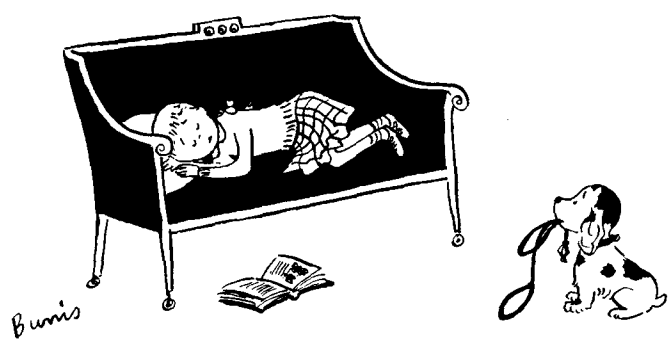
It was as though his ten-year preparation had ended. Then one day in 1957, fellow staff member Dr. Hugh Trowell asked Burkitt to consult on a problem case in the Mulago Hospital children's ward. He found there a five-year-old boy with massive, disfiguring swellings on both sides of his upper and lower jaws—really a shocking sight, even for a seasoned surgeon. Denis explained, "What at the time appeared to be a casual medical consultation eventually was to lead, after years of research, to the identification and understanding of the form of cancer now known as Burkitt's lymphoma."

But the intervening, lengthy investigation unraveled slowly, like a detective story, and included a 10,000-mile safari. Just why was this mysterious childhood tumor geographically limited to an equatorial belt across Africa and the eastern coastline? Drs. Ted Williams and Cliff Nelson accompanied him on safari in search of answers. With a total expense tally of a mere $2,034, Burkitt set an all-time record in frugal research, visiting 57 African hospitals in eight countries where he gathered data regarding the tumor's incidence.

News of the cancer excited virologists around the world, who had suspected a virus as the cause. Researchers clamored for fresh tumor tissue. Among those feverishly working on the problem was Dr. Anthony Epstein and his associates in London. The Epstein group eventually isolated the so-called Epstein-Barr virus from Burkitt's lymphoma tissue.

But this was not the end of the story. Years later in Philadelphia, virologists Werner and Gertrude Henle found antibodies to the Epstein-Barr virus in the United States and identified this microbe as the cause of infectious mononucleosis (the "kissing disease" of college students) as well.

In 1966, the Burkitts regretfully packed their household goods and moved to England. Little did he think that he would soon launch into an entirely new research project when a friend introduced him to Captain "Peter" Cleave, a retired medical naval officer. Cleave eagerly explained his theory of an association between nutrition and a gamut of conditions he termed "Western diseases." These included coronary heart disease, diabetes, gallstones, diverticulosis of the bowel, appendicitis, hiatal hernia, hemorrhoids, and varicose veins. He explained how



The Perfect Squelch

When ten-year-old Dian was given a puppy, her mother made it clear that she would have full responsibility for taking it outside whenever necessary. Dian agreed, and for some time carried out her assignment faithfully. Later, her enthusiasm waned. One night when she was wakened to do escort duty, she made tearful protests.

Her mother immediately reminded Dian of her promises. Then she went into a lengthy explanation of why people must keep promises, and how it builds one's character to do unpleasant things. Finally, as a clincher, she pointed out that she had had to do much the same type of thing for Dian when she was younger.

Fully awake by then, Dian moved to the door. "But you," she said coldly, "didn't have to take me outside."

—Vincent Thomas, Jr.

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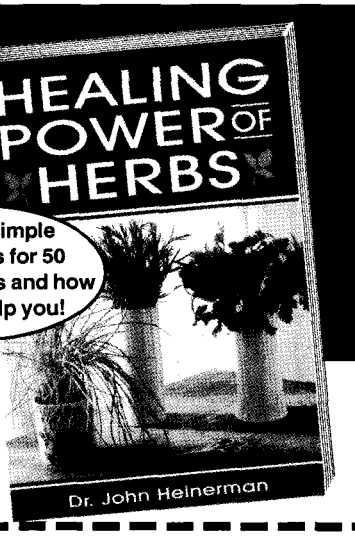

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If you suffer from any of these conditions, you need this book!

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Anemia	Convulsions	Hangover	Intestinal Gas	Stomach Indigestion
Arthritis	Coughing	Headache	Liver Problems	Stress
Asthma	Dental Problems	Hemorrhoids	Menstrual Problems	Urinary Tract
Bad Breath	Depression	Blood Pressure	Morning Sickness	Infection
Bladder/Kidney	Diabetes	Hip-and-Joint	Motion Sickness	Vaginitis
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Bronchitis	Drug Abuse	Hypertension	Nervousness	Wrinkles
Bruises	Eczema	Immune System	Night Blindness	Yeast Infection
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"Keeping America Healthy Since 1910" HL17

these diseases were never seen in Third World countries and, hence, firmly believed they were caused by overingestion of refined sugar. He even called these disorders the "saccharine diseases."

Burkitt listened with interest because he knew from his African medical practice that such diseases had been rare or absent in his patients. "I was like a climber crossing a skyline and suddenly seeing a whole panorama of new and unexplored country before me," he acknowledged. "This revolutionized my concept of health priorities and unleashed unthought-of possibilities."

But Burkitt did not entirely agree with Cleave. Realizing that Western peoples eat a refined, fiber-deficient diet, he favored the lack of fiber as a prime contributor to these common disorders. He began his own worldwide investigation, doing hundreds of comparative bowel transit times (the time for food passage through the gastrointestinal tract) on various population groups with differing diets.

Burkitt made one or two fact-finding safaris in Africa each year. During one trip in 1969, he met Dr. Alec Walker in South Africa. Walker, a biochemist, had made extensive dietary comparisons between black prisoners and white South Africans. The African prisoners, on their unrefined native diet, never had appendicitis or constipation, both of which were commonly found in Caucasians, while living on a highly refined diet. Few Africans had diabetes, gallstones, colon cancer, or obesity, frequently seen in whites. Walker also had related a fiber-depleted diet to these diseases.

Attending a medical conference at the Mulago Hospital in 1970, Burkitt presented a paper on his new area of extensive, data-gathering nutritional research, with emphasis on the lack of fiber in Western diets and how it related to certain diseases. Dr. Hugh Trowell also had returned to Africa for the conference. Enthusiastically, he reminded Denis of his former interest in nutrition and the fact that he had written a scarcely circulated book in 1960, *Non-Infective Diseases in Africa*. In it, Trowell had compiled a list of diseases that were never seen in Africa but common in Western countries. Before long, Burkitt and Trowell pooled their information and coauthored their first of several books on nutrition.

Now, with firm data in hand, Burkitt determined to popularize the benefits of fiber in the diet. His three friends—Cleave, Trowell, and Walker—had been unable to make an impact on the medical world. But with the scientific credibility gained through Burkitt's lymphoma studies, Burkitt reasoned that perhaps his medical colleagues would listen to him. He soon became the spokesman for the new fiber theory.

In 1972, Burkitt and Trowell began a series of friendly meetings with the British miller executives who had become quite antagonistic to the doctor's "brash" ideas concerning the inadequate fiber content of bread. The case finally was referred to a national Committee on the Medical Aspects of Nutrition (COMA). Little did Burkitt and Trowell dream that the committee would be *eight long years* in its "coma." But when they reached their decision, the British went all the way. Today, for example, every restaurant in Britain serves whole-wheat bread

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rolls—a far better record than their equals in the United States.

For more than 20 years, Burkitt tirelessly traversed the world, skillfully and humorously lecturing on the potential for preventing disease through improved nutrition, including the dangerous role of a high-fat diet. He estimated that he made at least 50 Atlantic crossings during this time. His total medical writings exceeded 300 articles, and he coauthored seven books on both lymphoma and nutritional subjects.

Truly humble, Denis always acknowledged the help and friendship of colleagues. He considered his medical role as a mere "catalyst." His contributions in cancer and nutrition research opened vast areas of research for others, to which he characteristically commented, "I have been privileged to pick up and examine two initially unpromising-looking stones, both of which, on polishing, turned out to be golden nuggets."

Always fond of expressing himself in alliterations, he stated, "One of the lessons I have learned in my life is that direction, rather than ability, determines destination. Attitudes are more important than abilities; motives are more important than methods; character is more important than cleverness; and the heart takes precedence over the head."

Ever the faithful Christian, Burkitt had prominently displayed on his study wall the words of the apostle Paul: "What do you possess that was not given to you? If then you really received it all as a gift, why take the credit to yourself?" (I Corinthians 4:7). Certainly, Denis Parsons Burkitt never did. ▲

Can you name this picture?

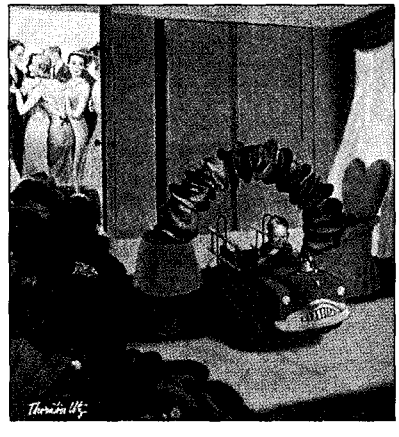
. . . contest: *The Saturday Evening Post* will award $100 to the author of the winning limerick for this picture. Your limerick must contain exactly five lines.

Send your entry on a postcard. Entries will not be returned. Enter as many times as you wish.

Send entries to: Limerick Contest, *The Saturday Evening Post*, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202.

All eligible limerick entries must be postmarked by April 22, 1995.

The winner of the March/April 1995 contest will be announced in the July/August 1995 issue.



Our congratulations and a check for $100 go to Earl M. Lellman of Ormond Beach, Florida, for the winning entry in our Nov./Dec. 1994 caption contest.

"We wish you could meet little Chad.
Says he wants to grow up like his dad,
Have a big-time career
As a bridge engineer.
But he's snug in his bed, the dear lad."

The Healing Power of Gardens

continued from page 43

designer, was told she had malignant breast cancer six years ago, she found herself in a state of shock at a hospital in California. She was to have surgery in two days.

"I went into the waiting room, which was filled with young people," she said. She couldn't bear to stay there. Her only refuge was the cafeteria in the basement, where people were watching television and eating.

"At that moment, I said, 'Topher, you're going to spend the rest of whatever life you have making healing gardens,' " she said.

After recovering from her mastectomy, she built a garden in an 800-square-foot space at the Marin General Hospital Cancer Center north of San Francisco. It features a stone fountain surrounded by plants known for their medicinal qualities, like echinacea, periwinkle, and yew, and is intended as a quiet place for patients awaiting

continued on page 100

Fiber and Your Health—*A compilation of the best fiber articles that have appeared in* The Saturday Evening Post. *The booklet includes many of the works of Dr. Denis Burkitt, interviews with Dr. James Anderson, fiber-filled recipes, and more. To receive this informative booklet for your personal medical library, send $4.00 to AFPM, Box 1144, Indianapolis, IN 46206-1144.*

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Vinegar Can Be Used For WHAT?

CHICAGO (Special) - Research from centers around the world report what ancient healers knew thousands of years ago -- *that vinegar is the wonder elixir for a healthier life.*

Since ancient times a daily dose of apple cider vinegar has been taken to control appetite and maintain well-being.

Even Japan's feared Samurai warriors of years ago relied on a vinegar tonic for strength and power. A tonic you can make in your kitchen.

Today, countless reports and scientific studies praise the curative and preventive powers of vinegar as part of our daily diet.

And now after long research, for the first time, over 300 vinegar super-healing home remedies and recipes have been gathered by noted natural health author Emily Thacker in her exclusive new book, *"The Vinegar Book."*

It's the most complete collection since the discovery of vinegar 10,000 years ago.

You'll learn how to control your appetite to lose weight with a meal-time vinegar cocktail.

Find trusted home remedies to beat colds, ease painful arthritis, and other joint diseases.

Vinegar is nature's own drug-free anti-inflammatory.

Scientific tests show organic vinegar is a natural storehouse of vitamins and minerals, including beta carotene -- over 93 different components -- to fight what ails you.

More than 70 different research studies have verified that *beta carotene lowers the risk of getting cancer and it boosts the body's immune system.*

When fresh apples are allowed to ferment organically, the result is a vinegar that contains natural sediment with pectin, trace minerals, beneficial bacteria and enzymes.

And pectin helps your body reduce cholesterol levels to lower the risk of cardiovascular disease.

"The Vinegar Book" will amaze and delight you with 308 natural ways to enrich your personal life and home. Time-honored folk remedies that show step by step how to mix vinegar with other kitchen staples to:

- Improve your metabolism
- Aid digestion
- Help lower cholesterol
- Uses for middle ear problems
- Condition problem skin
- Fight age and liver spots
- Gain soft, radiant skin
- Amazing hair treatments
- Relieve nighttime leg cramps
- Soothe sprained muscles
- Fight osteoporosis with calcium
- Help headaches fade away
- Corn and callus relief
- Aid to maintain health
- Skin rashes, athlete's foot
- Relieve insect bites
- Remedy for urinary problems
- Use for coughs, colds
- Destroy bacteria in foods
- Heart and circulatory problems
- Fight high blood pressure

And the above is only a brief sample of the 308 uses for vinegar you'll learn about.

You'll know how grandma's recipe for her famous pie crust depends on a spoonful of apple cider vinegar.

How a combination of vinegar and fruit juices relieves arthritis symptoms and other aches and pains.

Try a delicious low calorie, calcium-and-iron rich chicken soup and vinegar recipe.

Combine your favorite herbs with vinegar to create tenderizers, mild laxatives, mouth washes, tension relievers, and mouthwatering tasty salad dressings and more.

Of course, we all know the cleaning power of vinegar. But Emily Thacker's research has uncovered a host of new moneysaving ways to keep your home, laundry, clothing, brass, copper and other possessions sparkling clean. And with less effort.

You'll also delight in making and bottling your own special vinegars. It's so simple to follow Emily's recipes. Homemade vinegars make such wonderful gifts. You could even end up selling your creations to food and gift shops.

And get ready for many compliments when the family and friends bite into those delicious pickle treats you make.

Yes, 308 remedies and recipes are yours to enjoy on a no-risk trial basis for 90 life-improving days. Imagine, three full months without obligation to keep this exclusive, one-of-its kind book.

When you read it you'll say: "Is there anything that vinegar is not good for?"

To get your trial copy direct from the publisher at the special introductory price of $12.95 plus $2 shipping and handling simply do this:

Write "Vinegar Preview" on a piece of paper and mail it along with your check or money order payable to: The Vinegar Book, 718 - 12th St. N.W., Dept. F5409, Canton, Ohio 44703.

You can charge to your VISA/MasterCard by mail. Be sure to include your card number and its expiration date. And for even faster service -- credit card orders only -- phone Toll Free 1-800-772-7285, Ext. F5409.

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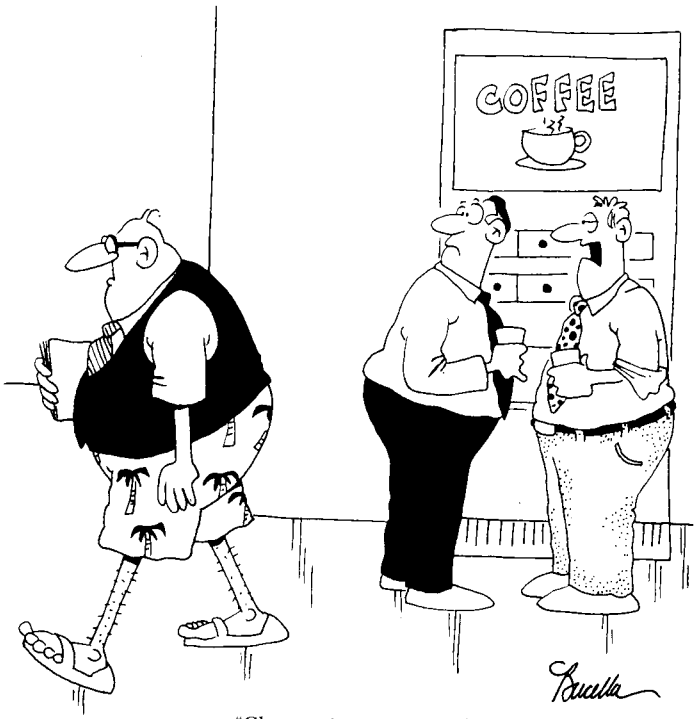
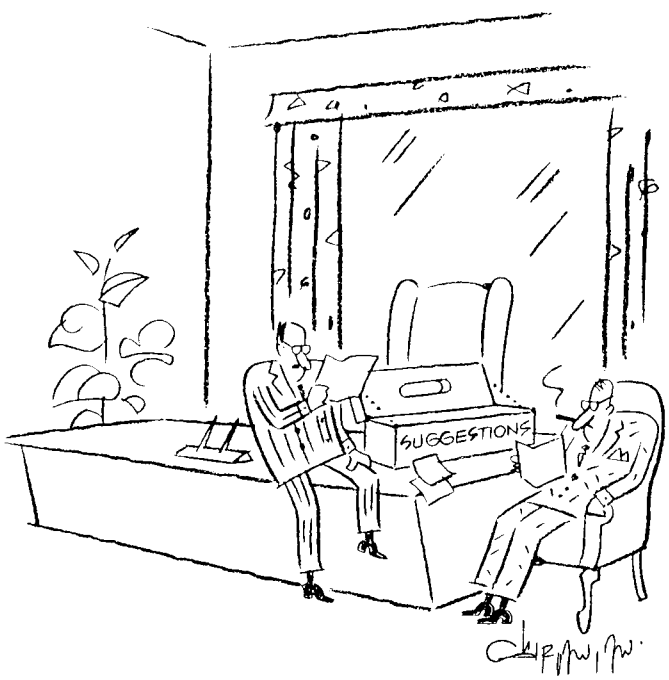


"Cheney is semiretired."

"Downsizing!"



"Here's a great idea. It's from me."

"Any awards or honors other than the gold star you got in third grade?"

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

by Cory SerVaas M.D.

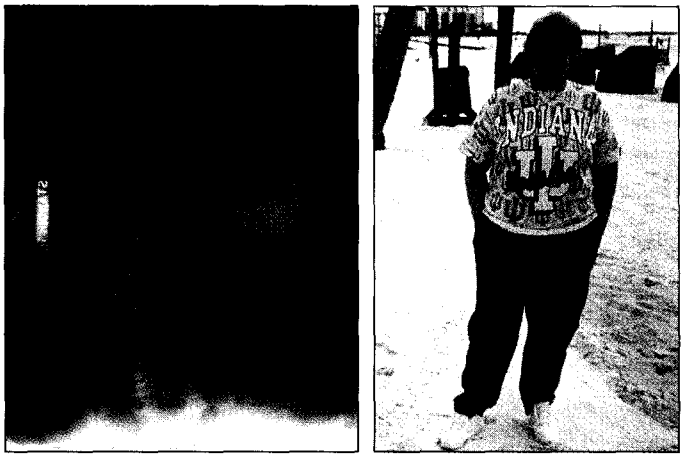
"Prevention of disease must become the goal of every physician."—*Henry E. Sigerist (1891-1957)*

Untreated Scoliosis Leads to Back Pain

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I read the "Medical Mailbox" as soon as my *Post* arrives. It is so interesting and informative. Please address "debilitating adult idiopathic scoliosis." Every time an article is written, it is for children or young adults. I am a 58-year-old woman who is slowly getting worse, even with exercise. I can still sit, walk, and stand (limited), but the pain is getting much worse. I use a scooter to get around.

Miriam E. White
Jeffersonville, Indiana



Scoliosis that is minimal in youngsters can, if left untreated, become painful in adulthood. Although Miriam White has maintained her posture through rigorous aquatic exercise, her spinal deformity continues to worsen, and she may face surgery to alleviate the pain. Early diagnosis is important.

Thank you for sharing this problem. We sent your letter to The Hospital for Special Surgery, New York Hospital, Cornell Medical Center. Dr. Kostas P. Velis, M.D., F.A.C.S. (Fellow, American College of Surgeons), of the Spine and Scoliosis Department, responds:

"Some teenagers with untreated or inadequately treated scoliosis develop severe spinal deformities in adult life associated with persistent, disabling back pain. In the older age, the condition becomes worse, and the patient stands with a prominent hip on one side, bending to the opposite side and forward. The patient reaches actually 'the end of the road,' with activities of daily living markedly reduced and a strictly sedentary existence.

"Recent research into the reasons for this deterioration suggests the interaction of multiple processes, two of which stand out as more pivotal. First, the forces of gravity and motion on an asymmetric spine eventually produce osteoarthritis in the joints between the vertebrae and degenerative disk changes. Second, genetically determined osteoporosis reduces bone mass even at an early adult age, weakening vertebral structure and again permitting increased deformity. This effect becomes more dramatic as menopause is approached and in the postmenopausal stage.

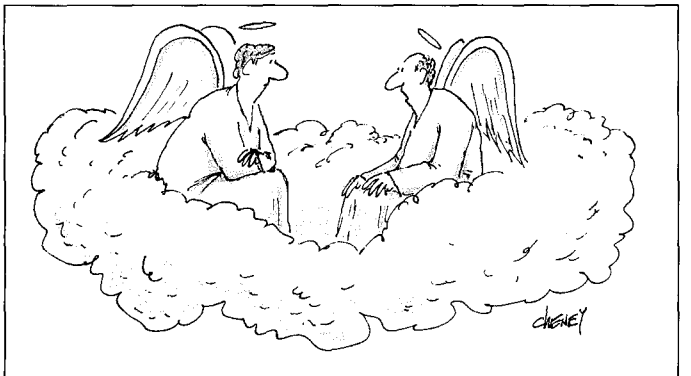
"Nonsurgical treatment is directed mainly at the relief of back pain and includes anti-inflammatory and pain-relieving medications, physical therapy, molded body polyethylene bracing, and brief periods of bed rest.

"Whenever the condition of the patient permits and the nonsurgical approach fails, surgical intervention becomes a feasible option. Pain remains the primary indication for surgery. Special fusion techniques developed in the last decade can relieve back pain by stabilizing the reduced spinal deformity."

Most scoliosis starts as slight, hard-to-notice curvatures. The hem of a dress might hang unevenly; a child bending over from the waist while wearing a swimsuit might reveal one shoulder blade protruding more than the other. It is important to seek medical attention when such conditions are noticed.

Early treatment is important in avoiding future pain and suffering. Indiana has a state law that requires all youngsters in grades five, seven, and nine to be examined for early, not-too-obvious signs of scoliosis. However, only 21 states have such a law. Also, because physical education teachers are usually the ones asked to do the checking, and because many schools can no longer afford physical education classes, some young people may be slipping into adulthood scoliosis.

Mrs. White, because you know the pain and suffering involved with the adult phase, you might have some ideas on how we could persuade other states to pass laws about having their youngsters checked for scoliosis.



"A world war, three car accidents, a hurricane, a fall down a flight of stairs, and it was that last handful of movie popcorn that did it."

Lysine Prevents Fever Blisters!

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

Several years ago, *The Saturday Evening Post* ran some articles regarding L-lysine and shingles. At that time, I sent for them, due to the fact that I had shingles.

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I have misplaced the information and would ask if you would mail me the articles again. You see, at this time, my husband has shingles, and I can't convince him that L-lysine would be beneficial.

I do enjoy your magazine, which my daughter-in-law sends me for Christmas.

Norma J. Foster
Macomb, Illinois

We're sorry you can't convince your husband that lysine might prevent shingles, which is caused by the herpesvirus. We're convinced that lysine prevents fever blisters caused by herpes simplex.

Dr. Richard Griffith went to his grave still trying to persuade the FDA that they should allow claims to be made for lysine in the prevention of fever blisters.

We had the good fortune to know this remarkable man. His sincere dedication to the welfare of humanity was apparent to all who knew him. He had no ax to grind, no monetary interest, but he knew he was right.

He also told us of his own experiences with lysine while working at Eli Lilly Company and later as a practicing internist. One of the most interesting was his story of a woman who took a huge chocolate Easter bunny with her when she and her husband drove from the Midwest to Florida. After consuming the chocolate, she developed a case of shingles in Florida. Dr. Griffith showed that lysine counters the excess arginine in which the shingles virus proliferates.

His work has a good scientific basis. Lysine is an inexpensive food supplement; the Japanese produce tons of the substance for animal feed in this country.

We believe Dr. Griffith and his followers will eventually be proven right. We're sorry if that isn't soon enough to help your husband. Dr. Griffith felt that lysine should be started as early as possible to treat shingles.

We are sending his articles to you.

Nonstop Hissing

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I moved to a small town in Virginia, and the doctor I went to see is not up to date with "tinnitus." I have a hissing in my left ear that is continuous 24 hours a day.

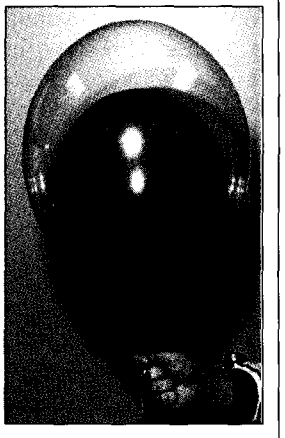
Is there anything that can be prescribed to help me with this condition? I'm sure thousands of your readers would be grateful for all the help that you can give.

Phil Kastin
Blacksburg, Virginia

Tinnitus ranges from a minor nuisance to a major misery and is caused by many problems inside or outside of the ear. The character of the annoying sound often helps pin down its cause. The hissing sound you describe usually results from damage to the delicate hair cells inside your ear from many years of exposure to noise. When enough hair cells are affected, the noise produced is usually high-pitched—or a low-volume hissing. Other important causes of tinnitus to be considered include side effects of medications, hypertension, hyperthyroidism, Ménière's syndrome, stress, tumors, and even ear wax.

Discovery of the cause, of course, points to the appropriate treatment. But if your tinnitus cannot be halted, some common-sense measures can help. Light background music, or other constant background noise such as a fan, may help mask the sound. To help prevent tinnitus from worsening, ears should be protected from loud noises. Likewise, stay away from aspirin, caffeine, and nicotine. Low doses of a tranquilizer sometimes help, either by a direct effect on a nerve or part of your ear, or perhaps by reducing the anxiety that can accompany this annoying problem.

Common strawberry hemangiomas such as this can be successfully treated with the laser therapy that removes the redness.



The red-seeking laser can puncture the red balloon without damaging the clear balloon surrounding it—a perfect device for removing birthmarks.

Hemangioma: Benign Tumor?

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

Recently, I have been diagnosed with a hemangioma in the liver. I am told it is a benign entity. Can you tell me more about this?

Ruth Myers
La Vergne, Tennessee

A hemangioma is not malignant—it will not spread to other areas of the body and is not recurrent. The tumor is made up of newly formed blood vessels. You may be familiar with a common type of hemangioma called a capillary hemangioma (strawberry mark), which develops shortly after birth on the skin of infants.

Benign liver tumors do not cause any symptoms and are often detected incidentally during abdominal surgery, or what's called a *laparotomy*. Asymptomatic small hemangiomas are estimated to occur in one to five percent of adults. If they are seen on CT scans or with ultrasound, they are generally left alone.

Scanning techniques and arteriography may provide clues to the existence of a hemangioma in the liver. In most cases, no treatment is indicated.

The Trials of Triglycerides

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

Both my brother and I (ages 58 & 62) have a mild problem with cholesterol; however, we have a bigger problem with a high triglyceride count. Information on cholesterol can be found readily—however, the same cannot be said for triglycerides. Would you please explain why triglycerides are dangerous, how they are formed, and how best to reduce a high triglyceride count?

While in Europe this past summer, I heard of a theory that foods such as bread and pasta contribute to the triglyceride count—is there any truth in this?

Anna Antoni
Ontario, California

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Triglycerides are fats made in the liver from the excess carbohydrates or starches we eat. Like cholesterol, these fats can be deposited along the walls of blood vessels and increase a person's risk of hypertension, stroke, and heart attack. Carbohydrate foods are essential to good health and need to be eaten regularly at moderately frequent intervals to meet the energy demands of the body. It is the *type* of carbohydrate foods that helps determine your triglyceride count. The carbohydrates in granulated sugar, honey, and fruit have already been broken down into simple sugars, or "simple" carbohydrates, and so are easily converted into triglycerides. On the other hand, the carbohydrates in pasta, bread, potatoes, legumes, and other vegetables are called "complex" carbohydrates. The body must work harder to break them down, so these carbohydrate sources will contribute less to your triglyceride count.

To lower a triglyceride count, nutritionists recommend minimizing sugar, sweets, syrup, honey, and desserts while increasing complex carbohydrates to meet energy demands. Keep your total daily fat intake at or less than 30 percent of calories as well.

Help for "Slow Learners"

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I read the article in the Jan./Feb. 1995 edition of *The Saturday Evening Post* regarding Dr. Ingersoll and Integrated Visual Learning. I am requesting any information that you might have regarding this matter. I, too, have a daughter with problems in school, and the traditional methods are not helping. Please send the address of where I might write Dr. Ingersoll.

Beth Thurston
Long Beach, California

Dr. Ingersoll can be reached through Integrated Visual Learning, 11828 Canon Blvd., Suite E, Newport News, VA 23606 at 804-599-7978.

MMS and Retin-A

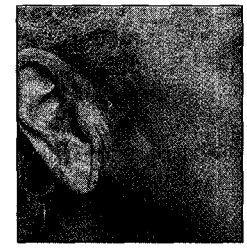
Dear Dr. SerVaas:

My daughter, who is in her early 30s, just had her second Mohs surgery for a basal cell cancer in an area by her nose. This time, she had to have reconstructive surgery.

I would be interested to know if there are any studies being done with Retin-A as a preventive measure to use in this particular area.

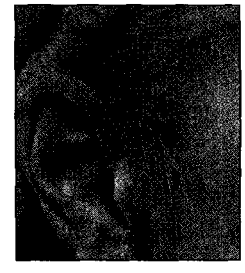
In case of a return of the basal cell, what other methods of treatment can be used? Obviously, she can't continue to have surgery in this area if another alternative would be possible. Is freezing an alternative?

I would greatly appreciate any information you can provide and, of course, would welcome information from *Saturday Evening Post* readers.



Large basal cell carcinoma before surgery.

Carcinoma removal and closure with flap.



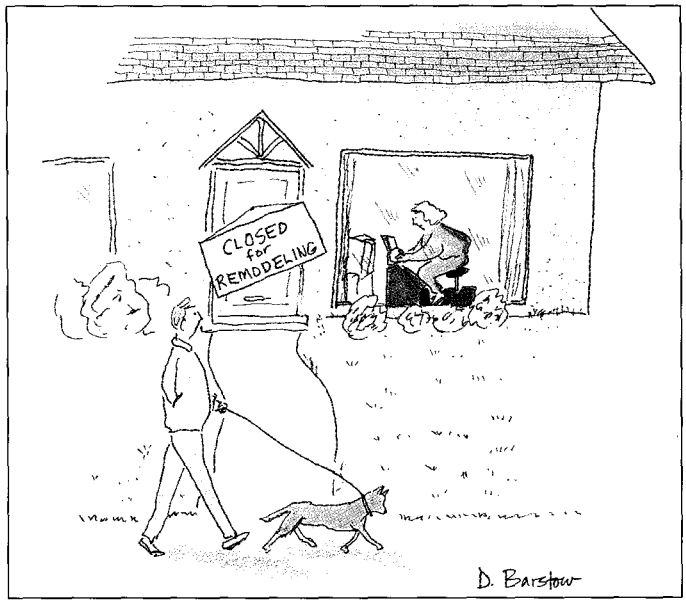
Result at three months.

Dr. C. William Hanke, professor of dermatology, pathology, and otolaryngology at the Indiana University School of Medicine, responds to your questions:

"Retin-A is a topical agent used effectively by dermatologists for acne and the blotchiness and fine wrinkling of photoaging. It is doubtful that Retin-A can penetrate deeply enough to protect against skin cancer.

"Mohs micrographic surgery (MMS) is the treatment of choice for recurrent and other difficult-to-cure basal cell carcinomas. Performed under local anesthesia by dermatologists, MMS provides cure rates of 95 to 99 percent. The technique involves layer-by-layer removal of the tumor with total microscopic control of the surgical margins. This allows the maximum preservation of normal tissue, and a much better functional and cosmetic result is obtained.

"Other treatments commonly used by dermatologists for previously untreated (primary) basal cell carcinomas include cryosurgery (freezing), curettage (scraping), excision (cutting), and radiation. While the five-year rate for each of these methods is approximately 90 percent, the cure rate is only 50 percent if these standard methods are used for recurrent tumors. Mohs micrographic surgery is a superior method for recurrent basal cell carcinomas."



Painful Polyneuropathy

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

My sister in San Diego has been diagnosed as having "polyneuropathy." I have never heard of that. Could you explain or enlighten me about this? Some days she suffers terribly. What is the cause of this, and is there a cure?

Mary A. Huigerty
Indianapolis, Indiana

A *neuropathy* is a general term for a problem with the way the peripheral nervous system works. The peripheral nervous system is made up of the nerves that connect the brain and spinal cord to the various organs and muscles in the body. When more than one nerve is involved simultaneously, the person suffers from *poly*neuropathy. Symptoms

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of neuropathy depend on which nerves are involved.

Polyneuropathy is not a disease in and of itself, but results from an underlying cause. The more common diseases causing polyneuropathy are diabetes mellitus and nutritional deficiency, especially of the B vitamins, as seen in alcoholism and pernicious anemia. The condition also occurs in hypothyroidism and sarcoidosis. Polyneuropathy may result from continued exposure to various toxic chemicals, such as heavy metals and carbon monoxide. Many solvents and industrial poisons can also cause it.

There are several forms of this condition, including the acute, rapidly progressive form, Guillain-Barré syndrome. In the most common form, however, symptoms develop slowly, often over a period of months or years. The person's hands and feet may become numb, causing prominent tingling and burning pain, a condition sometimes called "stocking-glove" distribution. The pain is often more intense at night and may be worsened by touch or temperature changes. The symptoms affect both sides of the body equally, and the muscles of the affected area may weaken.

Treatment of polyneuropathy depends on its underlying cause. Proper treatment may inhibit the progress of the disorder. Mild cases may respond rapidly to treatment; however, the disease can recur if the cause is not avoided. Intermittent treatment courses of prednisone have helped certain patients with chronic polyneuropathy.

Osteoporosis Therapy

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

From a recent question-answer column in one of our daily newspapers, a 62-year-old individual with osteoporosis and multiple compression fractures of the spine, who suffers from rib cage and back pain, etc., asked for help.

The answer given was: "The fractures don't heal because the bones are deficient in calcium; this mineral is necessary for healthy bone metabolism and reconstruction. Therefore, you need a prescription drug, such as Didronel or Calcimar, which will help drive calcium into your bones. Try to stabilize the osteoporosis with medication."

Dr. SerVaas, I am an 87-year-old female who suffers the same problems as above noted. A recent x-ray indicates osteoporosis, compressed spinal fracture, plus fast-developing scoliosis. For several years, my personal physician has had me on hormones, plus calcium intake by food. He has given me no more help. I need your advice.

Please, will you advise me if the above two named medications are recognized treatment for the problems—and if they might help me?

I must add that I read and appreciate your "Medical Mailbox" first upon receiving my *Saturday Evening Post*.

The health of your skeletal system depends on an ever-changing balance, with bits of old bone being removed to be replaced by new bone. Osteoporosis is an exaggerated loss of bone resulting in increased risk of fracture, stooped posture, loss of height, and chronic back pain. A calcium-rich diet and regular weight-bearing exercise will help strengthen bones at any age, but these approaches alone may not be enough to balance the scale and stop bone loss. For some people, medications can also help. Besides the estrogen replacement therapy you mention, calcitonin is a treatment option. The Food and Drug Administration has approved its use for postmenopausal women with osteoporosis. This naturally occurring thyroid hormone can reduce pain and slow bone breakdown. Calcimar, a brand name of calcitonin, is derived from salmon. However, its chemical structure requires daily injection, which can be costly. Also, antibodies produced by the immune system in

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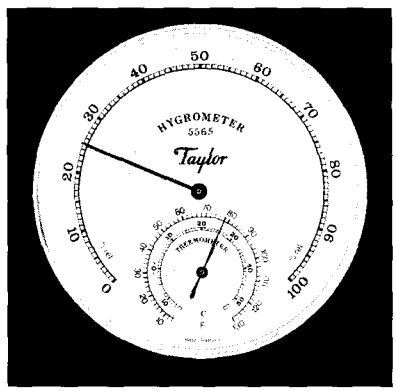
response to a salmon-derived product can reduce its long-term effectiveness.

Although widely used, Didronel (or Didrocal, an etidronate-calcium carbonate combination) is not approved by the FDA for the treatment of osteoporosis. Approved for another serious bone condition called Paget's disease, Didronel can relieve pain and reduce bone loss. Despite pressure from patients and physicians, the FDA ruled last November against its use in the treatment of osteoporosis. The FDA said that current data is not sufficient to grant approval.

Demystifying the Humidifier

In the winter, maintaining a comfortable level of indoor humidity can be a real challenge.

When the outdoor temperature drops, so does indoor humidity. Do you know the humidity level in your home? Too much humidity promotes the growth of dust mites and mold, making life miserable for those with allergies. Dry air, on the other hand, leaves skin dry, lips chapped, and throats parched. Low indoor humidity can also increase our susceptibility to colds and other respiratory infections.



A typical hygrometer for measuring the humidity or moisture in the air.

You can measure the humidity level in your home with a "hygrometer," available in many hardware stores. Room humidifiers can help add water to the air, but be aware the unit itself can become a breeding ground for bacteria. Consumers must closely follow the manufacturer's instructions for maintaining and cleaning the unit. Making sure your home is well-insulated will keep moist air inside. A humidity level between 30 and 50 percent (depending on the outside temperature) will help strike a balance between comfort and health for you and your family.

Diverticulitis in Brazil

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

Your response to Andree L. Ziehmer in the March/April 1993 issue of the *Post* intrigued me.

This year, I was diagnosed by Dr. Angelita Gama, through a colonoscopy, with diverticular disease, in Sao Paulo City. Every time I have a painful, bleeding bout, I have to take Azulfidine (sulfasalazine) tablets for one month. Dr. Gama started me out with six tablets a day, but they made me so sick, I am down to three now. I am 71 years old and have had two nasty bouts since July.

Your reply to A.L. Ziehmer implied that there may be a link from sulfa to fatigue—and that is what is bothering me now, a terrible fatigue that I cannot account for.

If you have any information as to what this diverticulitis really is, how it comes, what I should or should not eat, if there is any diet (Dr. Gama didn't mention it, and I live way into the interior of Brazil; it's difficult to get to the big city), I would very much appreciate you sending it to me. I would like to avoid any more bouts of this, if at all possible.

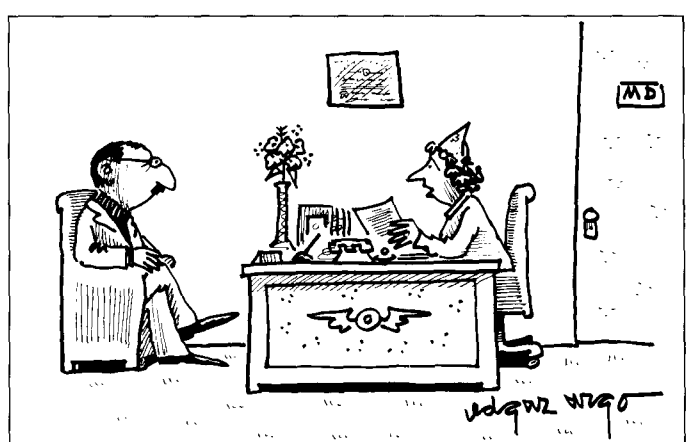
Just in passing, let me say that my 40-year subscription (minus the lonely year that *SatEvePost* wasn't published) is a third-generation one. My grandmother always had it, and then my parents continued. I, born in White Plains, New York, in 1923, learned to read with it. But since you came onto the scene with all your information, advice, updates, and lessons, the magazine has taken on a whole new aspect, exciting and terrifying at the same time, but so hopeful and encouraging! Thank you from the bottom of my and my family's hearts, and to the whole staff who must work so hard but surely enjoy their jobs.

Lilburne Flohr-Svendsen
Barra Bonita, Brazil

Diverticulitis involves inflammation of the colon (large intestine) wall and is often accompanied by fever and bleeding. Interestingly, this is a disease of industrialized Western countries and does not appear to have been common before the turn of the century. The emergence of diverticulitis coincides with the start of milling, a process that removes two thirds of the fiber content from flour. The relationship between low dietary fiber and diverticular disease is well established.

Most gastroenterologists prescribe antibiotics to treat an attack of diverticulitis. Symptoms usually subside, and the patient gradually advances to a soft, low-fiber diet and a daily psyllium seed preparation such as Metamucil or Fiberall. After one month, a high-fiber diet is recommended to help prevent the painful recurrence of symptoms. The generous consumption of whole grains in cereals, breads, pastas, legumes, vegetables, and fruits will help provide the dietary fiber needed to maintain digestive health.

In the United States, Azulfidine (a brand name of sulfasalazine) is used to treat mild to moderate ulcerative colitis and other forms of inflammatory bowel disease. Patients on this medication can become folate deficient, and because folate is a B vitamin, the deficiency may contribute to fatigue. Green leafy vegetables, liver, kidney, and asparagus are foods rich in folic acid. Relatively poorer sources are milk, poultry, and eggs. Folate with B_{12} is a safe, water-soluble supplement and should be available in Brazil. When next visiting "the big city," you may wish to consult a gastroenterologist to confirm your diagnosis and to find out the best treatment approach.



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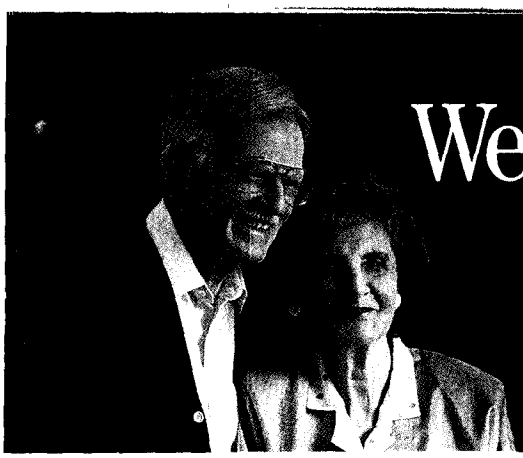

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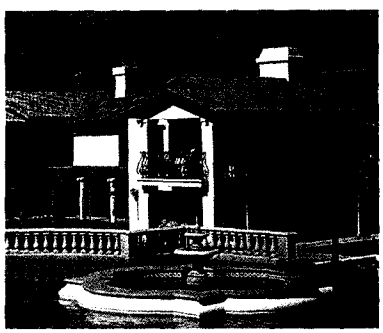

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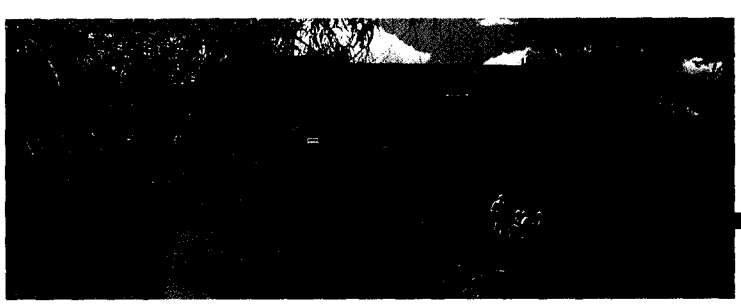

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The Healing Power of Gardens

continued from page 90

radiation and chemotherapy.

She is now building a two-acre meditation garden at the Norris Cancer Center in Los Angeles, with a donation from a family whose daughter died at the hospital. Ms. Delaney designed the garden with two different groups of people in mind.

"You have people coming in who are panicked that they aren't going to survive," she said. "And ones who aren't, who are accepting it."

The gardens that Ms. Delaney and others are designing around the country are often built with volunteer labor and donations. Perhaps nowhere is this sense of community more alive than among those artists and designers who are building gardens for AIDS patients.

"I've lost about six friends to AIDS and two more are just starting the process," said David Kamp, who used to design landscapes for estates in Connecticut.

Two years ago, Mr. Kamp joined forces with Bruce Detrick, a founding member of the Tamarand Foundation—a nonprofit group in New York devoted to making life better for AIDS patients. With private donations, they built a garden on a terrace off the AIDS unit at Terence Cardinal Cook Hospital on Fifth Avenue at 105th Street. The terrace, once a barren space that baked in the sun, now offers shady sitting areas for patients whose medication makes their eyes sensitive to light, and low planters that are accessible to people in wheelchairs. Patients have grown tomatoes, peppers, fragrant herbs, and colorful flowers. Mr. Kamp's design emphasizes the sound of trickling water and wind chimes, as well as the fragrance of herbs, because hearing and smell are the two senses least affected by AIDS.

Mr. Kamp has also learned much from the horticulture therapy program at the Howard A. Rusk Institute of Rehabilitation Medicine in Manhattan, which has been in the forefront of using gardens in physical therapy.

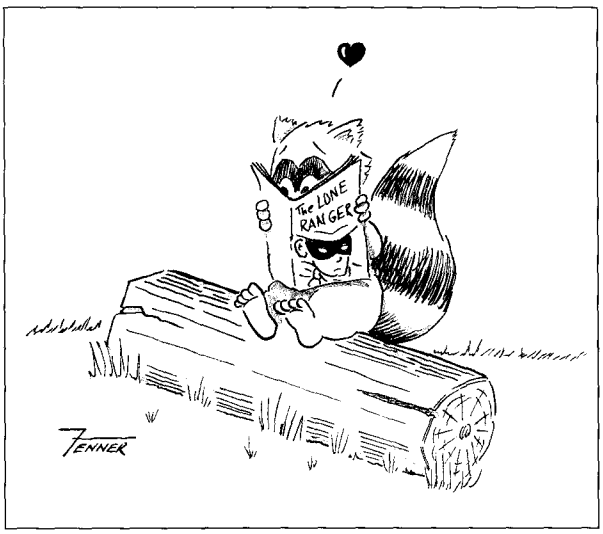
"It feels really good to be touching the soil and plants again," said Jane Porcino, who is regaining the use of her hands after a stroke.

"You lose so much when you have a stroke," she said as she potted a plant in the institute's greenhouse. "The ability to walk, to use the computer. It feels very good to do this. It's one less loss."

The neurologist Dr. Oliver Sacks, who recounts the soothing effects of plants on his patients in his books *Awakenings* and *The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat*, is a familiar face at Rusk.

"I had people who were so anxious in the hospital that I would do my consultations in the greenhouse," he said. "They would often feel less pressured there and have less tics and involuntary movements."

Dr. Sacks has watched deeply demented patients "who couldn't tell a knife from a fork" planting gardens. "They do not put a plant upside down," he said. "They have a deep, natural sense of how plants grow."



Gardens have also been found to soothe Alzheimer's patients, especially if the spaces are designed to fit their special needs.

"Alzheimer's patients are very mobile, and they have a huge amount of energy," said Patrick Mooney, who teaches landscape architecture at the University of British Columbia. "If they get agitated, they can go over a six-foot fence."

Mr. Mooney has compared the rate of violent incidents at five different residences for Alzheimer's patients in British Columbia. One, Cedarview Lodge, had a garden designed especially for these patients. Another had an outdoor area with no special design, and three had no outdoor space at all.

In both residences with gardens, the rate of violent incidents declined by 19 percent between 1989 and 1990. In the non-garden institutions, the rate of violent incidents increased by 681 percent.

Gardens for Alzheimer's patients need fences with hedges or vines to screen out distractions on the other side, a path that will always bring them back to where they started, continuous lighted handrails to help navigate, and colored concrete surfaces to cut out glare.

The Cedarview garden includes fragrant herbs to awaken the senses and stir childhood memories, and even a clothesline where some patients enjoy hanging up the linens.

"Residents are not inclined to be violent, provided they are secure and can have access to spaces and get off on their own," said Lenore Nicell, director of Cedarview. "They need to experience solitude, yet feel safe."

Such widely varying accounts of the soothing powers of nature may well lead to a new vision for healthcare. "Until it becomes common knowledge," said Mr. Mooney, "that the ex-perience in naturalistic environments is fundamental to psychological wellness—whether in the normal population or special population—then we cannot make the case for really improving the human condition."

Post Book Shelf

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Dean, who operates his own businesses, is famous for shunning the spotlight. Parton describes the first and only record-company function he ever attended with her. On the way home, he took off his tuxedo jacket, tie, and shirt in the car before announcing, "I am not going on any more of these wingdings." Parton writes, "He has been a wingdingless man of his word ever since."

She also talks about her family, friends, and music-industry peers, and in case anything has been left out, provides a question-and-answer section at the book's end in which she is both interviewer and interviewee. In one example, she asks herself, "What's the best-kept secret about Dolly Parton?" Her answer: "That I own the *National Enquirer*!" Also: "What advice would you give someone who wants to make it in show business?" ("Believe in yourself. Work hard. Keep your sense of humor and your day job.")

It should please Dolly Parton's fans to note that she does all these things quite well in *Dolly: My Life and Other Unfinished Business*.

—Jack Gramling

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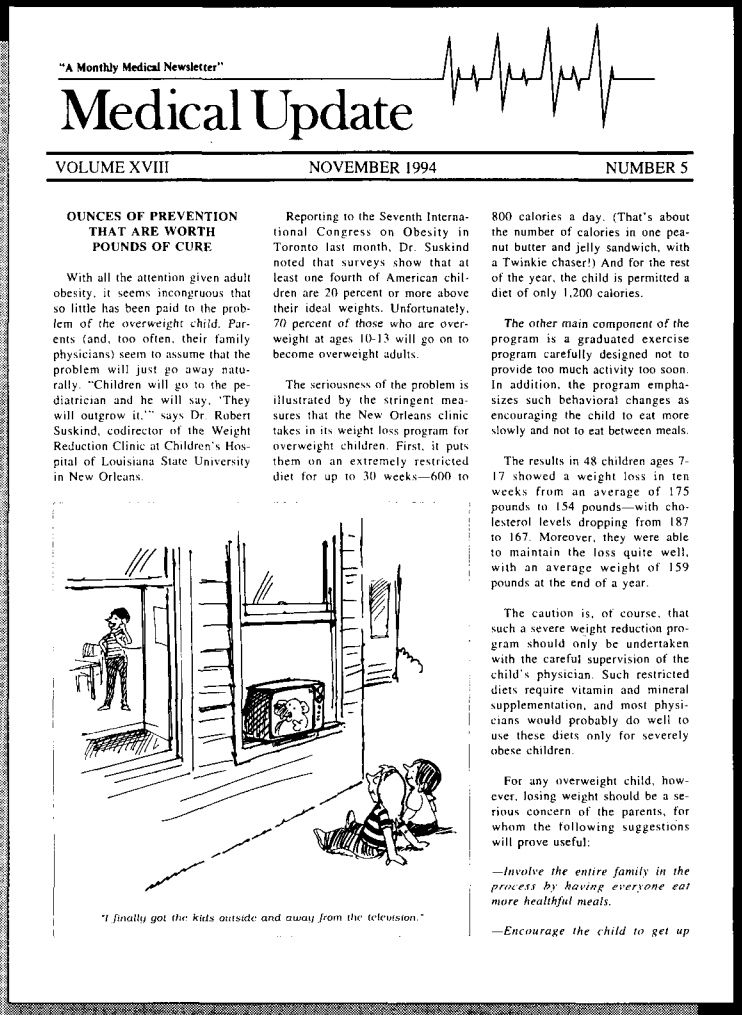

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OUNCES OF PREVENTION THAT ARE WORTH POUNDS OF CURE

With all the attention given adult obesity, it seems incongruous that so little has been paid to the problem of the overweight child. Parents (and, too often, their family physicians) seem to assume that the problem will just go away naturally. "Children will go to the pediatrician and he will say, 'They will outgrow it.'" says Dr. Robert Suskind, codirector of the Weight Reduction Clinic at Children's Hospital of Louisiana State University in New Orleans.

Reporting to the Seventh International Congress on Obesity in Toronto last month, Dr. Suskind noted that surveys show that at least one fourth of American children are 20 percent or more above their ideal weights. Unfortunately, 70 percent of those who are overweight at ages 10-13 will go on to become overweight adults.

The seriousness of the problem is illustrated by the stringent measures that the New Orleans clinic takes in its weight loss program for overweight children. First, it puts them on an extremely restricted diet for up to 30 weeks—600 to 800 calories a day. (That's about the number of calories in one peanut butter and jelly sandwich, with a Twinkie chaser!) And for the rest of the year, the child is permitted a diet of only 1,200 calories.

The other main component of the program is a graduated exercise program carefully designed not to provide too much activity too soon. In addition, the program emphasizes such behavioral changes as encouraging the child to eat more slowly and not to eat between meals.

The results in 48 children ages 7-17 showed a weight loss in ten weeks from an average of 175 pounds to 154 pounds—with cholesterol levels dropping from 187 to 167. Moreover, they were able to maintain the loss quite well, with an average weight of 159 pounds at the end of a year.

The caution is, of course, that such a severe weight reduction program should only be undertaken with the careful supervision of the child's physician. Such restricted diets require vitamin and mineral supplementation, and most physicians would probably do well to use these diets only for severely obese children.

For any overweight child, however, losing weight should be a serious concern of the parents, for whom the following suggestions will prove useful:

—Involve the entire family in the process by having everyone eat more healthful meals.

—Encourage the child to get up

"I finally got the kids outside and away from the television."

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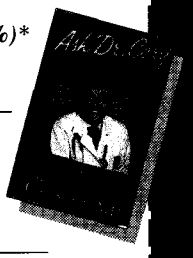

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Dr. Denis Burkitt

continued from page 57

the National Cancer Institute, he was one of Burkitt's early converts. Dr. DeVita laughed as he recounted the story about the time, many years ago, when he went to hear Dr. Burkitt speak. He fully expected to hear about Burkitt's lymphoma, but was treated instead to an address on the subject of diseases attributable to a fiber-depleted diet.

Dr. DeVita encouraged Americans to work at doubling their fiber intake. He pointed out that there are two general classes of fiber: lignins and celluloses. Lignins are extremely indigestible fibers that are found on the outer coating of wheat grains. Celluloses are found in the structural parts of plants, apples, and other fruits—such things as cantaloupe and bananas are high in cellulose.

"I always use cantaloupe as an example of a great source of cellulose," said Dr. DeVita. "Cantaloupe is low in calories—only about 100 calories in an average cantaloupe—but it contains about 10 grams of fiber. So if you eat a half-cantaloupe for breakfast, you get about five grams of fiber. It's also a very, very good source of beta carotene—and it tastes good."

Dr. Alec Walker of the South African Institute for Medical Research in Johannesburg presented us with more evidence that fiber prevents disease.

"In tribal South Africa," he said, "I became interested in the difference in their diet and their lack of many of our diseases. I found that they ate similarly to my Scottish ancestors in the Highlands perhaps 150 to 200 years ago, who ate oatmeal porridge three times a day, seven times a week; thick soups at night—barley and lentils, etc.; meat only occasionally, and not many dairy products. But they produced a fine breed of people, and as evidence, Napoleon said the Scottish soldiers were the best in Europe. The situation has changed now, but in their time, the diseases that are so important to us were much less prevalent," according to Dr. Walker.

"I think that perhaps now we advocate diets that appeal to our common sense; we do not advocate outlandish diets. Much of what we now know works well is primarily a reversal to the past. Now, of course, it could be asked, 'Since advocating high fiber may mean big changes, what evidence have we got?' Strong evidence is forthcoming from wartime experience in certain countries where they did have more bread that was mainly unrefined. They had more fruit, more vegetables, less of animal foods and sugar. There's excellent evidence that obesity, which affects so much of the population, became less prevalent. Appendicitis frequency went down, and there was excellent evidence that diabetes was much less a problem. Certainly in Norway, heart attacks went down.

"The diet of the native in Africa was high in cereals, high in legumes, not very high in fruit and vegetables. It was low in fat, low in sugar, and very high in fiber. Now that it has been discovered that fiber is so essential in the diet, the South African government has subsidized whole-wheat, whole-grain dark breads—to the extent that they are much cheaper than white bread—in an effort to prevent the native populations from developing gallstones and other diseases that come about when they begin eating fiber-depleted foods.

"Oh, it's nice here. But I don't feel right without underwear."

"Among other things, we noticed that tribal Africans had enormous stools two or three times a day. We determined with stool markers that their food passed through their digestive tracts very rapidly," said Dr. Walker.

I remember attending a fiber-and-diet conference in Bethesda, Maryland, where fiber-food authorities from around the world had gathered. The most popular item on the menu was whole-wheat bread, and there wasn't a slice to be found in the dining room after the group met for lunch or dinner. Potatoes, beans, lentils, and, of course, breakfast cereals were consumed by all.

Dr. Burkitt had long proposed that less than an ounce of unprocessed bran a day would revolutionize gastrointestinal behavior. That is the equivalent of two tablespoonfuls. Unprocessed bran is today available in most grocery stores, and the percentage of nonnutritive food fiber by weight is listed on food labels—due in part to the efforts of Dr. Burkitt's disciples.

Internationally recognized discoverer of Burkitt's lymphoma, eminent researcher, clinician, and lecturer, Denis Burkitt was a basically humble man. He found great joy in the simple pleasures of life. He was a dedicated family man who spent as much time as he could with his wife, Olive, three daughters, and nine grandchildren who survive him in England. And he remained true to his Christian beliefs. His devout faith is evidenced, not only by his missionary work in Africa, but also in his writings. In addressing the birth of a grandchild with Down's syndrome, Dr. Burkitt wrote:

". . . As a family we were shattered to learn that our youngest grandson was a child with Down's syndrome. What initially appeared as a stunning tragedy has already turned out to be—and we believe will continue to be—a blessing to us and to many others. Weakness and suffering bring out the best from people in the way of love, caring, and understanding, and with these we have been enveloped and overwhelmed. Ability, fortune, or success, on the other hand, foster the destructive evils of arrogance and jealousy. God has so often chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty. Our daughter and son-in-law have demonstrated their loving acceptance of this little one by naming him Edward Samuel, his second name meaning 'a gift from God.' A comment from our daughter expressed all that we as a family felt. 'When Jesus rode into Jerusalem, he deliberately chose to be carried by a humble, stupid animal, a donkey. Edward may in the world's eyes appear stupid, but what does it matter if he can be used by Jesus?' We pray that he will be a pilgrim pointing others up-

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Doctor Tips on Chest Pain and Clogged Arteries

(SPECIAL FEATURE)-If you regularly have chest pain, ringing ears or even leg pain ...your arteries may be clogged...and you may be on your way to a heart attack or stroke. A remarkable health guide by Dr. Edwin Flatto is now available that reveals a medically tested method that can stimulate your arteries to cleanse themselves-the natural way-without drugs or surgery.

It's called "Cleanse Your Arteries & Save Your Life." And it shows you exactly how nature can activate your body's built-in artery cleansing mechanism once you stop eating the wrong foods. It also warns you of the potential danger of certain so-called "cholesterol" diets.

Your own doctor will tell you that partially blocked arteries can produce many of the following symptoms. And he'll also agree that many of these symptoms may be improved once circulation is enhanced and the cleansing process begins. "Cleanse Your Arteries & Save Your Life" is based on documented scientific principles that can help:

- **Reduce chest pain (angina)**
- **Reduce the risk of bypass surgery**
- **Lower the incidence of heart disease**
- **Reduce dizziness & loss of balance**
- **Improve a partial loss of hearing**
- **Help clear up ringing in the ears**
- **Help clear up leg pain, cramps or tiredness in the legs**
- **Stimulate your body to produce a natural substance that seems to protect against heart attack**
- **Make your body dispose of cholesterol**
- **Thin out sludgy, poor circulating blood**
- **Reduce blood triglyceride levels**
- **Lower high blood pressure naturally**

By following Dr. Flatto's advice you can feel better than you have in years. You'll learn which delicious foods to eat and which to avoid. And you'll probably have more energy than you know what to do with. Here's just a small sample of the useful and helpful information you'll find in this valuable aid to better health:

- **When women run higher risks for heart attacks**
- **Which vitamins seem to offer protection against heart disease**
- **Which popular health foods may be dangerous**
- **The real truth about chelation therapy**
- **The real truth about Omega-3 fish oils**
- **The real truth about polyunsaturated fats**
- **How to calm your nerves naturally**
- **What simple food helps you lose weight**
- **Relieve gas and constipation naturally**

Right now, as part of a special introductory offer, you can receive a special press run of "Cleanse Your Arteries & Save Your Life" by Edwin Flatto, M.D. for only $8.95 plus $1 postage and handling. It is not available in any bookstore. It is only available through this special offer. Your satisfaction is 100% guaranteed. If you are dissatisfied in any way, simply return it in 90 days for a full refund-no questions asked.

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ward as he makes his way toward the Celestial City. . . .' "

Perhaps Dr. Burkitt's love for humanity and firm beliefs provided the basis for his tireless crusade. Although Dr. Burkitt received many honors from around the world, his friends were particularly grateful for his election in 1972 as a fellow of the Royal Society. However, few of the awards made it to the wall of his study, which did prominently feature the words of St. Paul: "What do you possess that was not given you? If then you really received it all as a gift, why take the credit to yourself?"

As a proud officer of the Christian Medical Fellowship, Dr. Burkitt left a lasting impression on many students who couldn't believe such a prominent scientist could be so down-to-earth. When asked to autograph his books, Dr. Burkitt frequently inscribed:

Attitudes are more important than abilities.

Motives are more important than methods.

Character is more important than cleverness.

Perseverance is more important than power.

And the heart takes precedence over the head.

In recent years, Dr. Burkitt's theories have borne fruit, especially in the area of cancer prevention. The National Cancer Institute now endorses a fiber-rich diet for protection against colon cancer, and because a high-fiber diet is generally lower in fat, for protection from breast and prostate cancer as well.

The verdict on fiber, then, is in. And the world owes a resounding "thank you" to the man who spent his life calling it to our attention—Denis Burkitt, M.D. A small change in the Communion tray might be just the symbolic gesture to honor his work and, perhaps, convert health-conscious members in the congregation. ▲

Where Do You Think You Are?

(answers from page 84)

(Theme: Cities named after birds)

1. Blackhawk, IN
2. Ducksprings, AL
3. Crows Landing, CA
4. Pigeon, LA
5. Pelican Lake, FL
6. Loon Lake, IL
7. Eagleville, CT
8. Robin, ID
9. Chicken, AK

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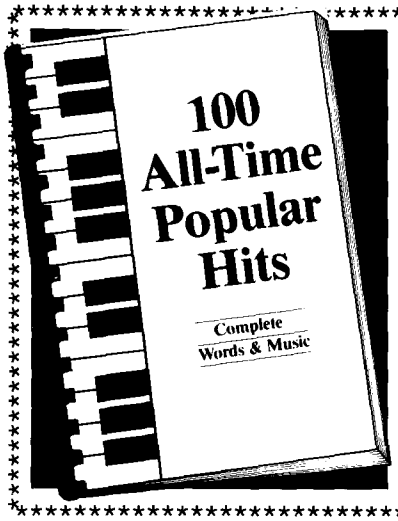

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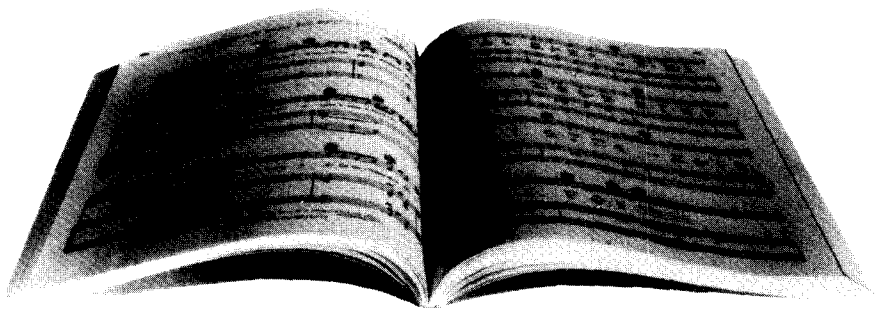

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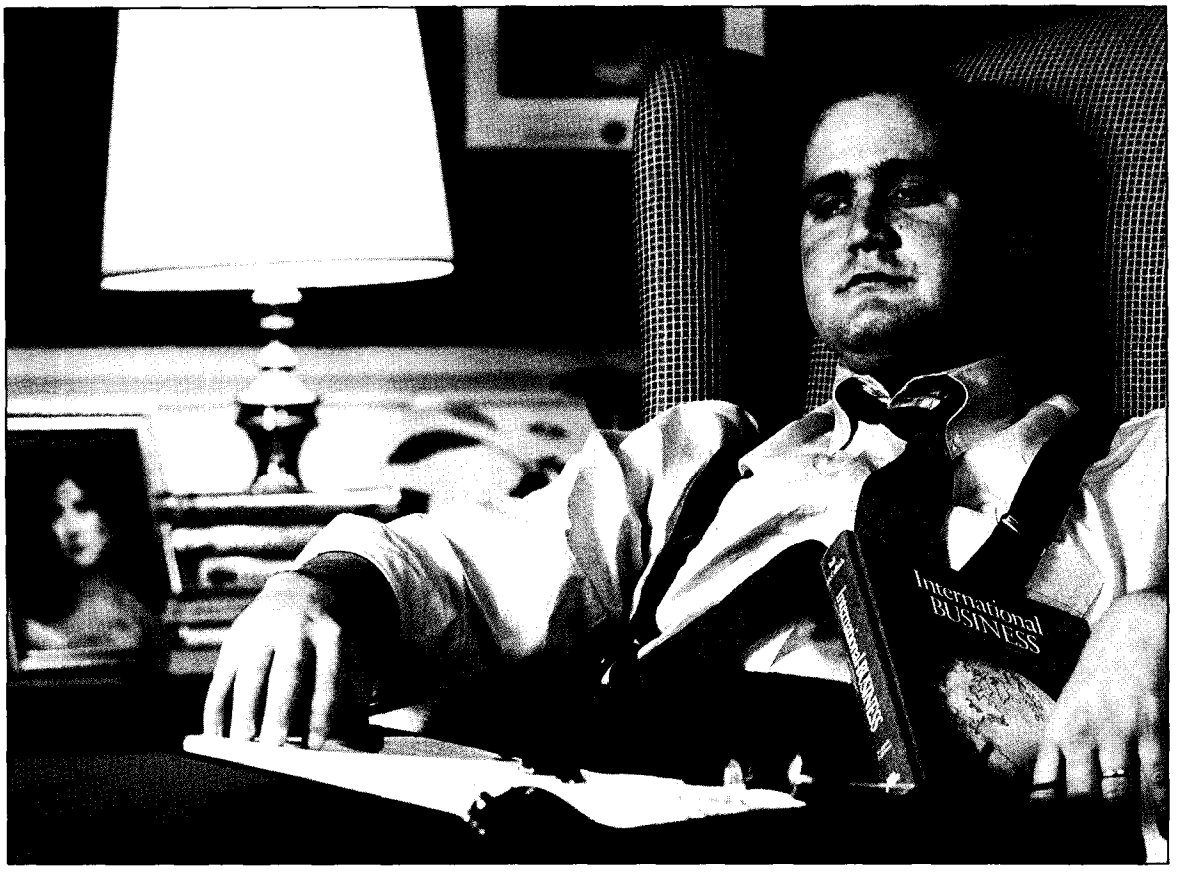
Joe just got home from night school.



His kids are asleep. So is his wife. Joe has a project due at work in the morning that he hasn't started working on. And he's behind on his homework. Joe thinks there must be a better way to earn his college degree. *And he's right!* For Joe, and other busy adults wanting to earn their degrees without the inconvenience of night school, there is **The Liberty University External Degree Program.**

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